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BATTLE OF THE BUSH.

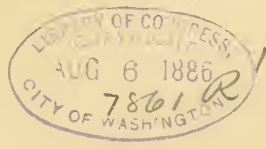
DRAMAS AND HISTORIC LEGENDS:

Illustrated.

ELABORATED FROM THE STARTLING EVENTS OF THE
NEW ENGLAND WARS OF AN HUNDRED
YEARS—TRAGIC, COMICAL, PRO-
GRESSIVE, AND DIVINE.



BY
ROBERT BOODEY CAVERLY.



BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY B. B. RUSSELL.
1886.

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CATALOGUE.

THE TRUE
LEGENDS, TRAGEDIES, COMEDIES, AND HISTORIES CONTAINED
IN THIS BOOK, ENTITLED

BATTLE OF THE BUSH,

TO WIT:

- LEGEND NO. 1. { Tisquantum a Chief of the Tribes, p. 3.
 { Sassacus, a Sagamore of the Pequots, p. 8.
DRAMA NO. 1. The Last Night of a Nation, p. 15.

HISTORIES.

Pilgrim Incidents, p. 15—Indians Kidnapped in the East, p. 17—The Hostile Pequots, p. 8—Priscilla, the Bride, p. 33—Miles Standish, the Pilgrim Hero, p. 36—John Alden, a Lad of the Mayflower, p. 37—Sassacus and His Slaughtered Tribes, p. 55—Arrows and Snake Skin, of Canonicus.

TRAGEDIES.

Fight on the Niantics, p. 20—Slaughter of the Pequots, p. 50—Murder of Sassacus, p. 55.

LEGEND NO. 2. The Mohegans and Narragansetts, p. 61.

DRAMA NO. 2. Miantonimo (the Narragansett), p. 77.

HISTORIES.

Roger Williams and Canonicus, p. 77—Uncas, the Mohegan Chief, p. 67—Alliance, English and Narragansetts, p. 81—Frank and Angeline; their Courtship and Marriage, p. 83—Invasion, Miantonimo upon the Mohegans, p. 93—Eliot the Apostle, and the Tribes, p. 103—The Four Colonies and Fifty Clergymen on the Death of Miantonimo, p. 74—Ninegret and the Dutch, p. 87—Story of the Two Quakers, p. 105—The Forgery by Daddy O'Brien, and the Irish Wake, p. 112.

TRAGEDIES.

Battle, Uncas and Miantonimo, p. 122—Murder of Miantonimo on Sachem's Plain, p. 123—Nanuntenuo Hunted Down, Wounded, and Taken to be Slain, p. 99.

-
- LEGEND No. 3. { Weetamoo, Queen of Potasset, p. 130, and
Mother Duston, p. 139.
- DRAMA No. 3. { King Philip, p. 128—The War and its
Horrors, p. 145.

HISTORIES.

The Peace of Massasoit, p. 127—Philip's War, Origin, etc., p. 128—Mrs. Rowlandson, and her Captivity, p. 167—Captivity of Mrs. Kimball, and Her Release, p. 182—Of Mother Duston and Hannah Bradley, both from Captivity Released, p. 189—Alliance, Mary with Jo, 179.

TRAGEDIES.

Fight at Medfield, p. 173—Assault upon Mrs. Kimball and Her Children, with Her Deliverance by Wonalancet, p. 186—Bampico Slain by Mrs. Bradley, p. 190—Slaughter of Ten Indians by Mrs. Duston, p. 185, 186.

-
- LEGEND No. 4. { The King, Oliver Cromwell, and their
Conflicts.
- DRAMA No. 4. { The Regicides, their tragic Deliverance,
p. 202.

HISTORIES.

Charles I. and Oliver Cromwell, p. 197-202—Charles II. his Reign, p. 197—Dr. Drug and his Prescriptions, p. 223—The Regicides Pursued in the Wilderness, and their Escape, p. 228-245—Leonora, her Fortune and Heroic Deeds, p. 246—Kianemo, his Alliance and Marriage to Leonora, p. 231-247—Trial of King Charles I., p. 207.

TRAGEDIES.

Fight, Jenny Geddes with the Bishop, p. 205—Charles I. Beheaded, p. 207—Cromwell Dissolves Parliament, p. 209-215—Kianemo Pursued in the Wilderness, Escapes for Life, p. 235—At the Command of Leonora, he Kills the King's Constable, p. 245—Goffe in Fight at Hadley, p. 233—Cromwell's Death and its Results, 218.

-
- LEGEND No. 5. Major Waldron and his Massacre, p. 251.
- DRAMA No. 5. Chocorua in the Mountains, p. 259.

HISTORIES.

Chocorua in the Murder of the Campbells, p. 251—His Pursuit to the Mountain Top, p. 297—His Curse, p. 299, 300—Lovewell's Fight with Paugus at the Pond, p. 272-274—Conflict at Cochecho, p. 255.

TRAGEDIES.

Killing of the Campbells, p. 252—The Shooting of Paugus, p. 273—Ralle Murdered by the English, p. 260—Chocorua Slain on the Mountain, Calling Down an Endless Curse, p. 297.

Drama No. 1 . . . Battle of the Bush. — Last Night of a Nation.

THE
LAST NIGHT OF A NATION.
(N. E.)

An Historical Drama.

[YEARS 1585 TO 1637.]

BY ROBERT B. CAVERLY,

POET AND HISTORIAN.

CHARACTERS.

BREWSTER . . . An Old Pilgrim.	JOHN ALDEN Assistant.
MAJOR SNODGRASS . . The Hero.	PRISCILLA . . Mullins' Daughter.
HULDAH His Wife.	THE NARRAGANSETT, . { A Red
BRADFORD Governor.	} Man.
MASON English Captain.	SASSAMON Interpreter.
HOOKE A Sailor (Irish).	HYPsABETH . . . A Lame Cotter.
UNDERHILL, Eng. Capt. (a Swell).	SASSACUS . . . The Pequot Chief.
WEQUASH Indian Leader.	SUSANNA . . . A Pilgrim Mother.
UNCAS . . . The Mohegan Chief.	WEETAMOO, The Squaw Sachem and
STANDISH Chief Captain.	"Potent Princess."

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1886.

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LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE
Sir Francis Drake	<i>Frontispiece.</i>
Tisquantum and the Pilgrims	6
The Conflict	10
Snodgrass in the Springtime	20
Standish House	34
Hypsabeth after the Battle	58
The great Garrison	59
The Red Man	64
Massasoit and Governor Carver	80
Ship at the Shore	93
Native Manhood	122
Duston Statue	125
Garrison at Wamesit	180
Death of King Philip	184
Hannah Duston at the Massacre	186
Giant of the Woods	191
Maid at the Wheel	196
King Charles the First	214
Greenwood Grave	234
Crossing to the Contoocook	240
Chocorua in the Mountain	249
Chocorua at the Grave	262
The Conjuror	290
Tisquantum's Return	340

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Incidents in New England's Primeval History	15
Trouble with the Tribes foreshadowed	16
Hunt, the Kidnapper, and Indian Captives	17
Snodgrass, the Marketman, etc.	18
Trouble — English with the Pequots	20
Priscilla and Grandfather at Home	21
The Alliance — English with Narragansetts, broken	21
Mason and others advance upon the Pequots	22
Fight on the western Nianticks	23
Indian Character. — The Situation	23
Flight of the Pequots. — Huldah alarmed	25
Governor Bradford's Anticipations	27
Heroism of Snodgrass	29, 50
Arrows in a Snake-Skin	30
Indians with Bundle of Sticks. — A Coat to Sassacus	32
John Alden, Priscilla Mullen, and Miles Standish	33
Standish employs John to woo Priscilla	36
John solicits Priscilla to be a Wife to Standish	38
The White Bull from England	39
The Squaw Sachem of the Nip-Mucks	39
How Miles receives her Answer from John	43
How Matches were made at Sligo	44
John resolves to leave N. E. — Priscilla follows to the Ship	45
She induces him to abandon the Voyage	45
Nuptials prepared at the Sea-Shore	46
Priscilla on the Milk-white Bull	47
Orders to Major Snodgrass, and his Orders thereon	49
Snodgrass against the Dogs	51
The Advance to take the Fort, and the Conflict	52
Sassacus and Weetamoo in Desperation	55
Weetamoo meets her Fate valiantly	55
The Battle and the Devastation	56
Hypsabeth on the Slaughter of the Pequots	57

BATTLE OF THE BUSH.

TISQUANTUM AND SASSACUS.

(LEGENDARY.)

TISQUANTUM had been cradled on a branching bough of the forest by an Indian mother. Beardless he stood erect. His hair was long and brown, his complexion a copper color, and his person comely. He was a native of the wilderness, had seen but a few of its winters, and knew nothing of civilization. In his boyhood he had just begun to wander with his paternal tribe on its wild-wood excursions; had just begun with the bow and arrow to strike down the timid game: or to unite with the Indian hunter in pursuit of the wild wolf or the bounding deer.

Just before this, Sir Francis Drake (in 1586) had visited this lovely land, and had named it New England. And Captain John Smith, with his extensive fleet (of 1614), coming next, harbored for a season on the Isle of Shoals (where a monument long since has stood to his memory); and then, all the way from Cape Cod to the Penobscot, this captain, as an adventurer, surveyed the sea-coast. Smith then returned, but left a part of his fleet here, at the Kennebec, in charge

of one of his commanders, by the name of Hunt. At length, as it happened, Tisquantum, with some twenty-five other Indian boys, young and unsuspecting, had been decoyed on board the ship. Thereupon its moorings were cut, and the tardy fleet, with its freight of furs and little Indians, floated away, and took its course eastward upon the high seas. The waves rolled high, and the giddy lads were elated, but many an Indian mother, in the wild forests of New England, bereaved, wept that night in the agony of their hearts.

To a foreigner it is apparent that a native like Tisquantum would prove to be an attractive curiosity. Hence these Indian boys were all conveyed away to Malaga, and were sold into slavery to the Spaniards.

Not quite content with his condition in Spain, Tisquantum, in the course of many months, through the aid of friends, was taken to London, and thence, after considerable time, aided by the master of a vessel, he worked his way back to his native wilderness in the New World. His return here tended to appease the animosity of the troubled tribes, as some others also had returned. In his absence he had learned something of the English language, so that occasionally, as between the natives and settlers in the advancing years, he would become of use as an interpreter.

On his return here, at first, the Patuxet tribe in Rhode Island and Massachusetts made him their chief, and he ruled and roved as their leader; but, as history has it, the plague of 1617-18, and the terrible wars of that time with the Tarratines of the east, had soon scattered and destroyed Tisquantum's entire tribe, so that in 1620, on the arrival of the Pilgrims, this In-

dian leader was found here, a lonely wanderer of the woods.

His noble bearing as a native Indian, his apparent honesty of purpose, and his knowledge—though imperfect—of English, welcomed him to the Pilgrims as an interpreter. And as we have said elsewhere, —

They hailed him, 'Squanto,' wandering here alone ;
Who, sore depressed, bereaved of friends and home,
Recounts events which true tradition brought,
Of Indian life which sad experience taught,
How far and near the dead unburied lay,
Their own Patuxet race, all swept away ;
Yet nations seaward, deep in woods afar,
Spared from the scourge of pestilence and war
Still thrive ; there Massasoit, whose power maintains
The peace of Tribes, in full dominion reigns.*

Thus, then, it was with the Patuxets at the advent of the Pilgrims. Their bones, mingled with the ashes of their enemies, were plain to be seen almost everywhere within this domain, in and about the numerous Indian battle-fields, around the sickly wigwams, upon the hills, in the valleys, and along the shores of the sea. From this lamentable destruction of the "heathen tribes" by the combined agency of war and the plague prior to their coming here, the Pilgrims took courage. They regarded this signal event as nothing otherwise than a special interposition of Providence, in the removal of the native tribes for the more successful settlement of their colony. Tisquantum remained with the English as an interpreter, instructing them in the Indian language, as did also Samoset, his friend. His member-

* From Caverly's Epics, page 337.

ship in the Pilgrim Church was of short duration. About two years after the landing, falling sick, he died in December, 1622. Of this, we heretofore have written :—

SQUANTO,* meanwhile, who 'd served a peaceful end,
 And in the Pilgrims' God had found a friend,
 Bereaved and worn by care of bygone years,
 In mazy pathways through a vale of tears,
 Falls sick; and as by fever low depressed,
 And life in doubt, to Pilgrims thus addressed
 His sovereign will: "This hunting-ground is mine,
 The lakes, the vales, those mountain heights sublime,
 The green-grown banks, where Merrimac bright glows,
 And all the hills far as Patuxet goes, —
 Those spacious wilds, my kindred, now no more,
 In full dominion held and hunted o'er;
 Then, dying, all their titles thence descend
 To me, Tisquantum, now so near this end
 Of life. To thee, my Pilgrim friends, I give
 This broad domain, — here may the white man live;
 My bow and arrow too, — I give thee all;
 Hence let me go obedient to the call
 Of angel Death. Adieu!

Thus gracious dies

The last red man beneath Patuxet skies,
 And thus the English sole possession share,
 By will from Squanto, all this region fair;
 Forever, thence, to lay the forest low,
 To fence fair fields, and drive the crooked plow,
 To waste the wigwams which for ages spread
 The wild, and build broad mansions in their stead,
 School-houses, temples to the God of grace,
 And cities proud, peculiar to the race

* Alias Tisquantum.



TISQUANTUM AND THE PILGRIMS.

Of Adam. Diligent through honest toil
They reap rich harvest from the virgin soil.
From culture urged with bold aggressive sway,
Wild beasts, becoming frantic, flee away ;
As ravenous bears and moose and wolves recede,
Neat-cattle and the noble horse succeed
In aid of husbandry. Full flocks abound,
The herds increase as roll the seasons round ;
The desert even, through culture's grateful care
Soon set with fruit, begins to bloom and bear ;
Fair nature smiles responsive to the plan
Of faith in God and industry of man.*

From the first treaty in 1621, which was negotiated between Massasoit, king of the tribes, and Governor Carver, there continued a peace of fifty years, save now and then a fight, mostly among themselves, as in that of 1637, wherein the friendly tribes united with the English, and undertook and nearly accomplished the extermination of the Pequots.

Yet more or less of jealousies between the tribes and the settlers existed. They cropped out from time to time, but on the part of the Pilgrims were successfully appeased under the gallant leadership of Massasoit and Miles Standish, as more fully will appear in Drama No. 1, which is to follow this brief legend, and in which also some reference is made to that faithful young adventurer, *John Alden*, and to that historic lovely lady, *Priscilla Mullen*.

* From my Epics, page 340.

SASSACUS,

KING OF THE PEQUOTS.

It is now May 15, 1637. There is an extraordinary alarm throughout the English plantations in New England. Miantonimo, chief of the Narragansetts in southern Massachusetts, hath sent a notice to Boston that the Pequots fortified on the Mystic River are hostile, and have sent away their children and squaws to an island. Thereupon forty men are raised and sent to Narragansett to join other forces to be raised by Miantonimo himself, with the intent of falling in upon the Pequot warriors by a surprise, and thence to drive them out of the world. And then, in another direction, Captain Mason, with ninety men raised in Connecticut, had been sent away to make war upon the same Pequot enemy. Uncas also, with a large body of Indian warriors, advanced with Mason, and on their march to Saybrook they fell in upon about thirty Pequots, killed seven of them, and piked their heads upon the lofty walls of the Saybrook Fort. Thence they advanced to take a fortification of the enemy, which was situated on a rise of ground in Connecticut, where Groton now stands. The English, with about five hundred allied Indians, arrived there on the morning of the 25th of May, and surrounded the eminence before the dawn of the next day. The battle was obstinate, furious, and deadly. The Mohegans and Narragansetts in the advance, however, began to hesitate; and the English, fearing that they might not stand their ground bravely, urged them onward, and told them that the Pequots would be led against them by that bravest of all sagamores, Sassacus.

Mason and Underhill also, using cheering words, addressed Uncas, the leader of the Mohegans, and We-quash, a fugitive Pequot chief, who had piloted the forces to the field of action, and who was to lead in aid of the Narragansetts, exciting them to bravery, commanded them to follow the English. The army advanced to the onset, and at midnight, while the unsuspecting Pequots were quietly and securely reposing within their fortifications on the Mystic, the English, approached their rude gates.* The Pequots within (numbering some seven hundred), at once aroused by the barking of a dog, became distracted, not at first knowing the danger or doom that impended the entire fortification. Hostile Indians were stationed all around the vast fort in order to shoot down any who might attempt to escape, and the invading English force advanced against the gates. The fort had two entrances at opposite points, into which they entered, the one and the other at the same time. *Wanux! Wanux!* English! English! was the wailing cry of the five hundred savages within the wild wigwams of the entire garrison. The bow, the arrow, and even the tomahawk were then as nothing against the invaders, such was the onset, the alarm and consternation within the fortress.

The English, sabre in hand, backed up by the Mohegans and Narragansetts, from wigwam to wigwam, pursued and slaughtered them without distinction or mercy. Men, women, and children falling, fell. At length fire was applied to the mats and other materials covering the wigwams. It furiously overspread the

* See Caverly's *Indian Wars of New England*, pages 84-99.

fort, and the dead and dying, enveloped in smoke and flame, were consumed. A part of the allied forces, in a circle around and on the outside of the fortress, made it a duty, as we have said, to shoot down all that attempted to fly. Some of the hostile victims, trying to ascend the pickets to escape the flames, were shot down. Upwards of five hundred Pequots perished in this battle. Only two of the English were killed, and about twenty of the assailants were wounded.

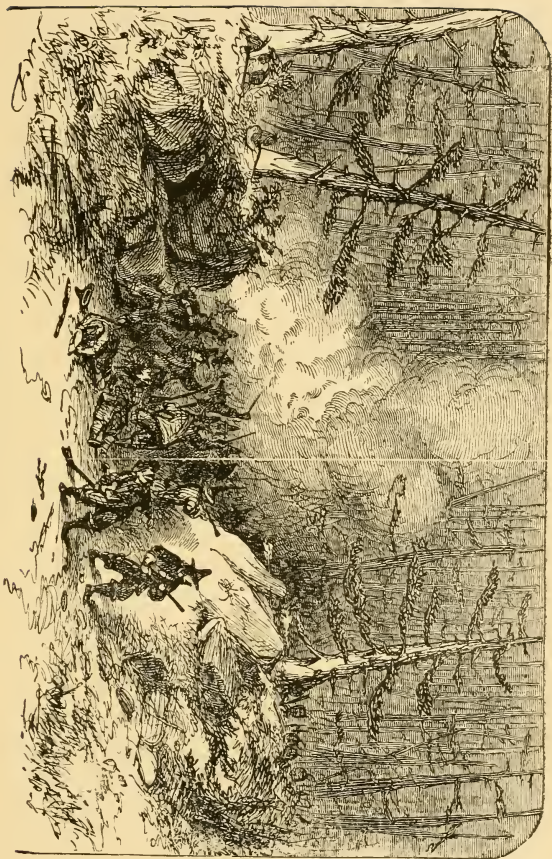
Sassacus himself, happening to be in another fort not far away, upon learning the fate of his tribes destroyed his habitation, and after visiting the ruins of the fort and the burnt bones of his race, he with a few others fled away to the faithless, treacherous Mohawks. Thus perished the Pequots, and thus ended the war, and very nearly the entire Pequot nation.*

Yamoyden thus celebrates this tragic event :—

“And Sassacus, now no more,
Lord of a thousand bow-men, fled ;
And all the chiefs his boast before
Were mingled with the unhonored dead.

Sanap and sagamore were slain
On Mystic's banks in one red night,
The once far-dreaded king in vain
Sought safety in inglorious flight ;
And reft of all his regal pride
By Maqua's hand he fell and died.”

* Cotton Mather says that while this Pequot battle was progressing a party of three hundred (?) of them from another place came up, and they “acted like bears bereft of their whelps ;” that they “combined a bloody fight for miles together,” that they made a fort of every swamp in their way, until they became finally “discouraged and gave over” at a place called Fairfield.



THE CONFLICT.

At this battle, waged as it was by the English and their Indian allies on the one side, and by the perfidious Pequots on the other, Sassacus, their great sachem, as we have said, was absent. Many of his men were also away, who, as appears subsequently, came in and rallied in the fight. Tragical indeed was that scene on the morning after the battle. When the news of the loss of his nation fell upon the ears of Sassacus, and his eyes came to behold the ruins of his great wigwam fortress, together with the mangled bodies of his slaughtered tribes, he, with his thirty Indians, appearing as the remnant of a powerful heathen nation, the picture was pitiful.

The dead extended from the fort to the distant swamps; and the whole loss to the Pequots, first and last, was nearly seven hundred. Mather says: "When they" (Sassacus and his remnant tribe) "came to see the ashes of their fort and the bodies of so many of their countrymen terribly *barbikewed*, where the English had been doing a good morning's work, they howled, they roared, they stamped, they tore their hair; and though they did not swear (for they knew not how), yet they cursed, and were the very pictures of so many devils in desperation."

This was the last day of Sassacus on his old hunting-grounds in the valley of the Connecticut and along the beautiful Thames.

The hand of Sassacus had been raised against every man's hand. His hostile nation had left its scars on the red, brawny faces of all the neighboring tribes. And now, while he lingered there in sight of the horrors of that tragic morning, amid the mangled bodies of his

tribes, and in the midst of the wailings which Mather has described,—alas, how desperate! “whither, oh, whither could he fly?” Not one of all his thirty bereaved friends who were then filling the air with their wild lamentations had the power to aid, to comfort, or to tell him. The English then were away, but, still reeking with vengeance, they were as yet on the alert, and were still seeking his blood. Where—to whom—should he fly! Like a wounded deer pursued by the hounds he leaped; he sought the Mohawks! and they, too, were still bearing upon their bodies the same deep-cut scars which Sassacus himself had made. But nowhere else could he go. Forgetting his own bloody aggressions, and depending for his life upon an unforgiving, merciless foe, impetuous he flew away to that Mohawk tribe on the borders of New York. The Mohawks murdered him, and then afterwards turned and made war upon Passaconaway.* It was thus Sassacus fell, and from that a great Indian battle came off at Pennacook.†

The wrath of the English, and of their allied Mohegans and Narragansetts, had swept away his nation like a pestilence, and then, like a fish caught in the net, or a bird in the snare, Sassacus perished. The Mohawks (as if in fear of the English), when Sassacus came falling into their open arms, slaughtered him in cold blood, and then with savage ceremonies they treacherously transmitted his bleeding scalp to the English government at Boston.

Here ended the last sad lesson, elaborated as it is

* Caverly's "Indian Wars of New England," p. 154.

† Bouton's History of Concord, N. H., gives an account of that battle.

from the history of this famous belligerent, the fated Sassacus, — a lesson among many, wherein the wrath of man has been permitted to prevail over his better passions; and where professed civilizations, as well as barbarisms, have been at fault, through which an entire nation perished in a night; and that original Pequot tribe of New England, as such, fell, never more to be seen.

However cruel the provocations that urged the immediate necessity of destroying the Pequot race might be, the reader cannot but be surprised at the evident complacency of its leading enemy, Cotton Mather, in announcing the result of that murderous conflict, when he asserts that in a little more than an hour “five or six hundred of these barbarians were dismissed from a world that was burdened with them.”

He states that on that terrible night of May 20, 1637, not more than seven or eight persons of all that multitude of Pequots at the garrison escaped; these fled with Sassacus to the Mohawks.

Dr. Dwight, on this subject, concludes it thus: —

“Undaunted, on their foes they fiercely flew,
As fierce the dusky warriors crowd the fight
Despair inspires; dread combats strength renew
With groans and shouts they rage unknowing flight,
And close their sullen eyes in shades of endless night.

“Indulge, my native land, indulge the tear,
That steals impassioned o’er a nation’s doom,
To me each twig from Adam’s stock is near,
And sorrows fall upon an Indian’s tomb.

“And oh, ye chiefs, in yonder starry home,
Accept the humble tribute of this rhyme !
Your gallant deeds in Greece or haughty Rome,
By Maro sung, or Homer’s harp sublime.”

It is said there had been no Indian nation more fierce, more warlike, or of greater terror to their neighbors than the Pequots. After repeating many of the enormities perpetrated by this nation, the famous Cotton Mather continues his narrative thus: “Unto all which, there was annexed the slaughter of nine men, with the taking of two *maids*, by this horrid enemy lying in ambush for them, as they went into the fields of Wethersfield. So that the infant colonies of New England, finding themselves necessitated unto the crushing of serpents, while they were but yet in cradle, unanimously resolved that with the assistance of Heaven, they would root this nest of serpents out of the world.”

NEW ENGLAND.

THE LAST NIGHT OF A NATION.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Country Kitchen with Wild-wood Surroundings.*

Brewster. Well, this world's events are varied, tiresome. But little of earth is there here to be cared for, or to be saved. Born in a foreign land, and of a good old English mother, ferried over to this at infancy unconscious,—to me the years unseemly have come, unseemly also they go. [*Enter SUSANNA, listening.*] Now, nothing remains of nativity; nothing—nothing! *Age* in its hatefulness, sparing life but to make it a dreariness, is hovering. *Time* in its advance doth make the mind forgetful, delirious, dreamy,—oblivious to all save a mother's love, a father's care,—making more faint the flickering glimpses of boyhood's bewilderings. Of the “Mayflower” historic, though cradled in it, to me there is no return, naught of memory. Ah! Susanna, you are here.

Susanna. Yes, I've been listening to your soliloquy,—a story sad but true. Still, reverend sir, you do not forget the perils which still invade this *wilderness*,—this wilderness of savage, wicked wanderers.

Brewster. No! These natives, slow to forget heathenism, have called forth many an agony. *Tears* there have been, and signs of tears still remain. *Dreams* are ominous. In the matter of a dream coming events foreshadow themselves. Massasoit is a king, noted,—peaceful he was and still may be,—yet *wrong* in its offensiveness, may make a tyrant. Other sagamores, though afar off, are more dreaded,—hence more to be dreamed about. I tell ye true,—for these three nights, successively, dream upon dream hath moved me; for three long nights continuously these dim eyes of mine have discovered, upon the curious coat of a savage, three drops of blood. [*Enter STANDISH.*] Now such a sign is ominous, bespeaking direst deeds. So says Sassamon, our soothsayer. Ah! Who comes? Is it Standish? [*Raising his hand inquiringly.*] What news? What do ye hear?

Standish. I am sad to say, a story prevails that the Tribes are more and more in discontent; that far in the east the Tarratines, vexed in hunger and hardship, are arming themselves, meditating war, as some say, against the Mohawks on the south of the Great Lakes; some say those tribes, and all the rest at heart, have ill designs towards us. But we shall see. Our English authorities in Boston, I'm told, are already anxious, in deep deliberation; that a committee of vigilance, promptly appointed, have gone forth eastward, northward, westward.

Brewster. Indeed, I fear it. To me it is ominous of dread war. And what, Susanna [*turning to her*], what news do *you* bring?



SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.



Susanna. News! My dear sir, you don't, *don't* know what ominous dreadful things are coming to light. Let me tell ye, for three long weeks I've been dreaming and dreaming — dreaming of blood.

Brewster. There it is, right there; I told 'um so! And dread fear begins to overspread our habitations, and is now again moving us; tearful, troublesome times, apparently near, are at hand.

Standish. A foot messenger, as I hear, has arrived in Boston from the Sagadahock. It is rumored that the savages there are angry with us, and are in motion; that one Captain Hunt long ago had kidnapped some of them, and that thence on board his ship upon the high seas he carried them to Spain, sold them there into slavery. These and other grievances they reiterate in their murmurings against our settlers.

Susanna. And faith that is it! I understand how it comes. From that came the message to caution our Governor. Murders! Alas! Alas! Murders! Murders upon our English mothers, and upon our helpless innocent infants. [Exit.

Brewster. We may as well, through faith in our God, compose ourselves. It is often better to hazard much than never to trust. The Tribes are human, humane, and are created so to be. They have heads as we, hands as we, and hearts as we. In the human heart there is something written, — a rule righteous imprinted *there* as by an engraving. An engraving not of wood, not of steel, but of gold. Hence implanted in it there is that golden rule as from God, — continuous and eternal and to be adhered to. But what wickedness works, in violation of a righteous rule, may haunt us, does haunt us, nay, much mischief makes.

Standish. You are *right*, we grant, but what shall be done as against them. Hunt was conscienceless, devoid of faith, and without care or forethought. Yet our settlers, a pious people, must be defended.

Brewster. Yes, Hunt's behaviour was ruthless; his crime retroactive. His infamy entails itself, bringing forth threatenings, deathlike.

Standish. But what have we who are not slaves, nor to be enslaved, to do with slavery?

Brewster. Nothing, mayhap, save through others, *others* our Saxons. Yet art thou not thy "brother's keeper?" God's laws are inevitable, immutable, and he who enslaves a man, sooner or later dies, as die he ought, half man, half devil. Nay, deserves death and something more. Death falling upon Hunt as upon Adam may, and perhaps does, in its consequences fall prematurely upon us. In this our time, so it cometh to pass, from such experiences; and it is no miracle that savages are made more savage, a match for demons. Hence, threatenings of blood are made the more and more terrible, bespeaking murderous deeds. [*A cry without: "Taters! taters! turnips and cabbages! plenty on 'um!"*]

[*Exit STANDISH.*]

[*Enter SNODGRASS with basket in hand.*]

Snodgrass. How are ye, Elder? How are ye old gal? Wal, I've come to this market a terrible sight too late. I started from my plantation soon as the day cracked in the east. I've come all the way down from Quampegan with my hand-cart loaded; hard up I am; nearly fagged out. I've brought down some cabbages, turnips, harge-grass, taters, and I've been clear away

over on the t'other side of the meadow to sell 'um. I sold the taters to an old Jew of a critter, and by *jingoes!* he had a beard longer than the flax on old Aunt *Dinah's* distaff. And says I, "*Jew*, where d'ye get all that hair?" Why! it hung down from his joles all yellow. 'T was spotted like the fur of a coon's tail. And says I, "What will you take for it?" I kind'er thought our *Matilda* would want it. That *are* thing, as I calculated, would have stuffed twenty bustles, and as many rag babies. And says I, "What'll ye *take?*" And says he, "What'll ye give?" Wall, I'll be blessed if I could trade with that old cuss at all. He had more love for money than I had for the whiskers. So I let him go, hook and line.

Brewster. Then you could n't trade?

Snodgrass. No! But I afterwards sold the cabbages to an old squaw for three shillings each — two feet of wampum, and took the rest in tobacco. Now I tell ye, that this *wampum* is a mighty nice thing. See here (holding up a piece of wampum). I bought this of a sneaking old curse, that had no trousers on. And says I, "Where do ye come from?" And says he, "Wampum! wampum!" I handed him out a pistereen, and don't ye think, that old curse did n't know what it was. And says I, "*Here*, hand us that *are* string of clams!" I did n't swallow but one on 'um. *More* than *one* at a time with the shells on *allers* lays hard on the stomach. Now, Elder Brewster, what do ye think of the redskins? I know an old Scotch woman who is terribly afeard of 'um. Why, she can't sleep o' nights in thought of 'um. And now I'll start along. [*Enter HULDAH.*] But here comes my old *Duck, Huldah.*

Huldah. Husband, where on earth have you been all these hours? I have been tired, — *tired* of waiting and waiting, — and have heard awful ominous things.

Snodgrass. What things, Huldah? In all ye have heard of 'um, did ye hear any good of yourself? If ye did, then let right on, — *let right on*, for that would kind 'er tickle us. It would tickle our fancies, — ha! ha! ha! But now tell us, what did ye hear?

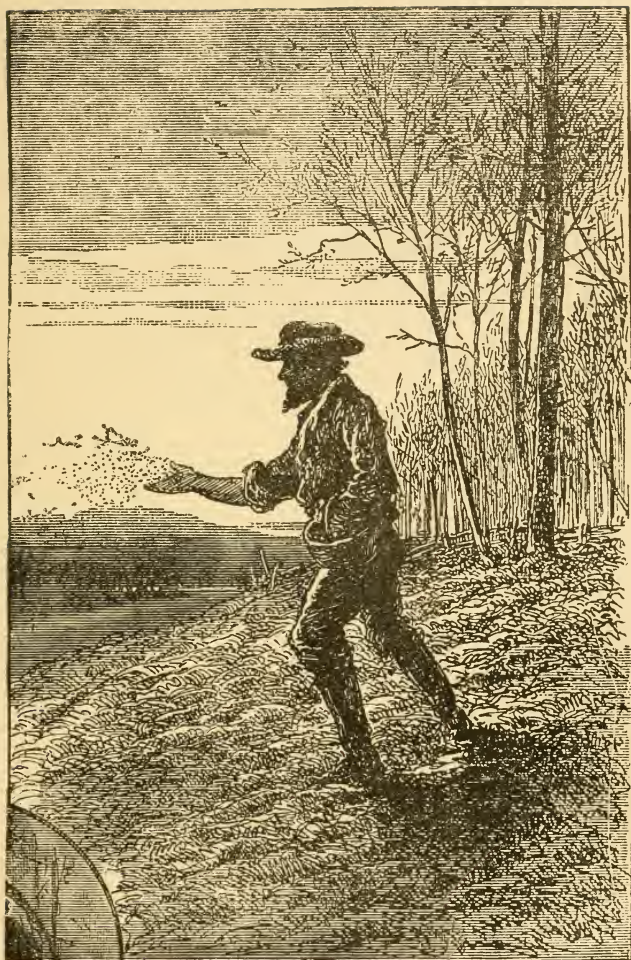
Huldah. Why, they say, Captain Mason has just come down from the Mohawk country. He brings awful terrible tidings. He's been told that the Pequots are burning, destroying, and making murders everywhere up the Hudson, and as how the Dutch on Long Island have armed themselves, and are besetting the tribes at their camp-fires, perpetrating horrid, *horrid* slaughter. O dear, *dear*, if they come down *upon us*, what, *what shall* we do?

Snodgrass. Do? It's of no use to be skeered. It's the best way to take and kill 'um. Come, come along, old lady. [Exit. Enter STANDISH.]

[A voice without: "Wampum! wampum to sell!"
[Enter SUSANNA, listening.]

Standish. My dear Brewster, this day brings startling tidings. Our English authorities in Boston are alarmed; are preparing for a savage war. I understand they are making an alliance with the Narragansetts and Mohegans, — and that united they are about to invade the Pequots, and that the Pequot depredations upon them are about to be avenged in blood.

Susanna. Then in turn, I fear it, the Pequots will come down upon us. Alas! Alas! The fagot, the tomahawk, and that bloody, bloody scalping-knife at



SNODGRASS IN THE SPRINGTIME.

morn, at noon, or at midnight! Ah! who shall know the hour of the dread conflagration, or of the crimson, cruel slaughter? Oh! A dread death is upon us English wives, and upon our dearest little ones.

[*Exit SUSANNA.*]

Brewster. Standish, whence comes this news? Are there proclamations?

Standish. No proclamations, Elder. Everything, as yet, is in secret. The tribes are coy, and coy are the measures that are to be taken to beset them. Our treaty with them has been set at naught, as you know. Colonial laws have been violated, broken, and Oldham on the Connecticut has been slain of savages. His blood upon them cries, cries from the very ground. It is time that all the volunteer recruits we can muster should be up and away.

[*Curtain.*]

[*Horns and trumpets in the distance.*]

Scene same.

[*Present BREWSTER, and PRISCILLA comes tripping in.*]

Brewster. Ah! here comes, as she is wont at night, my dear grand-daughter, Priscilla.

Priscilla. Grandpa, you bear the appearance of being quite fatigued to-night. The labors of the day, I fear, have greatly tired you. Shall I, my dear grandpa, help you to an easy chair? (*Seats him.*) Shall I bring your slippers?

[*Enter STANDISH.*]

Brewster. (*Takes her hand.*) Yes, and then, my dear, going to your rest, you may again bless me, as ever, with your sweet, sweet good night.

Priscilla. (*Placing the slippers carefully and greeting him with a kiss, bids him*) Good night, grandpa.

[*Exit.*

Brewster. A better, sweeter girl than that never lived. She is the common comfort of my old age, a pattern of loveliness. In this world, if an old man may prophesy, that lovely Priscilla in faith, in truth, and in usefulness shall live, and shall prove to be to this, and in this world a shining light, a prize to whoever shall win her hand. (*From without great news*). Now let me prophesy: that girl in womanhood shall live by making others live; she shall be a servant of all in kindness, making herself to be a queen, loved, honored, and admired on earth as an angel.

[*Exit STANDISH. Enter MASON.*

Brewster. Now what have ye heard, Captain?

Mason. I am from Boston. The colony has manned three ships of war. Endicott is commander, clothed with strict instructions to invade the Pequots on Block Island, and, sparing women and children, the braves are all to be put to the sword.

Brewster. Such tidings seem to me, in my sadness of thought, to be incredible. The events as now foreshadowed portend more than I had ever dreamed about. I much fear that the colonies will lose much of life in the impending contest.

Mason. In the next place, as I learn, Endicott is commanded to advance into the Pequot dominions, obtain the infidel murderers of Stone, together with a thousand fathoms of wampum. He is to demand some of their children as hostages for the performance of all treaty conditions. And if the children are refused,

they are to be seized by force, and with them taken back to Boston.

Brewster. When did the ships depart.

Mason. The fleet left some days ago. Startling events, as I think, are on foot nearing us. [*Exit.*

[*Enter* SNODGRASS.

Snodgrass. Elder Brewster, what de ye think of all these tragical stories which are flying about. The Injuns are plagy pugnacious in these times. Only think, down in our parish they have pitched in, and have upset old Aunt Molly Pepperel's hen-pen; they've killed and carried off her creeper chicken, and two of her best roosters; and, worst of all, the tarnal critters overturned her blue-pot, and have destroyed all her dye-stuff. I just got a glance at one of the tramps today; he sneaked away over beyond old Nathan's cow-pen.

Brewster. Was he friendly? Did he appear to be brutal, as they are wont—inclining to skulk as if at early dawn to betray and to destroy?

Snodgrass. He was a beardless, black-haired curse of a critter. His nose originally, as I should guess, belonged to a Roman knight. There was a sort of a Mount Ætna of the face, standing high up on the middle on't. The full structure was enormous, turning up at the seed *eend* like the colter of a plow. He kind'er shied away, and the last I discivered of him he was peeking around Deacon Drown's hog's sty. I'll tell it to ye all: look out for y'r hogs, for y'r hens, and for y'r dye-stuff. And I'll go home and tell Huldah to look out for her'n. If the scamps show their heads there she'll go for 'um; and I'll tell ye if they get into a scratch with her—ha! ha! ha!—if they don't catch

it, then there's no faith in finger-nails. Depend on't they'll feel the need of shin-plasters to be held constantly on hand. Such things have been needful, and will be so agin. Well, I'll go. [*Exit.*

[*Enter HOOKE, a sailor.*

Hooke. How are ye, Parson Brewster? I have news to tell ye. There have been conflicts with the Indians by the naval force. I served on board the craft. Have just now returned. On the way up there, when the force reached Block Island, the Indians, cutting our acquaintance, were off to a vacation to the swamps, or to the ambush, or somewhere else. Pequots, unaccustomed to the smell of gunpowder, ventured not to run the risk of it. Powder proved quite offensive to their nasal organs, and they skedaddled.

Brewster. Well, in that case, what was done by the naval force?

Hooke. Well, we conquered 'um. In two 'days we killed one Indian, shot one dog, burnt one wigwam, and destroyed all the corn.

Brewster. From thence, what next?

Hooke. Then we sailed round to Saybrook, re-enforced Gardner; and then the craft proceeded along the coast of the Western Niantics. And there the Indians, at the sight of vessels and full of suspicion, came running down to the shore, inquiring, "What cheer, Englishmen? What do ye come for?"

Brewster. What answer was given to them, in return?

Hooke. In faith and be sure our English commander made them no answer at all — at all. Perceiving this, the old squaws, with their little ones, again turning towards us, inquired: "What now? Englishmen? Are

you angry with us, Englishmen? Are you angry with us? Will you kill us?" No answer was made, our craft anchored there that night far out from the shore; and the curious Pequot women and children silently but sadly turned away.

Brewster. Did ye see anything more of them?

Hooke. Nothing, nothing more, my lord. Dread alarms during the night of darkness reverberated through the wilderness — and during the day, never a Pequot in that neighborhood was to be found. [*Exit.*

[*Enter HULDAH, in trouble.*

Huldah. Oh, dear, Elder Brewster, what is next — next to come upon us? Danger on the island, danger in the wilderness, danger in the cot, danger in the church, and in the highway! Oh, it threatens us! It is like a pestilence! With dread vengeance it is to come upon us, and upon our innocent children! Pray for us! Oh, pray for us, that the God of mercies may save — may save us! [*Enter SNODGRASS, and listens.*

Brewster. Sad, — so it is. (*As if in prayer.*)

Save us, our God, from blood and tears below;
A plaint goes up, a note of woman's woe.
Fierce vengeance tempts her singleness of heart —
Her heroism true, her guileless art,
Her purity, her own maternal care,
Her faith in God, that never knows despair,
Her love, indeed, that triumphs most and best
In trial sad, when most by danger pressed,
Whose truth endures when fails this vital breath,
Inspires fond hope "and smooths the bed of death,"
To her sweet peace let prayers wend up afar,
Avert, O God, a dread avenging war.

Snodgrass. Now what's the use, Elder Brewster, of all this fear and fret; of all this — this boo-hooing about — not much of anything. It's natural enough for a heartless heathen to be a murderer; but they can't conquer us. As old Mother Goose used to say, it don't lay in their breeches (even when they have 'um on) to do much. They're nothing but lousy, lazy, ignorant, savage sneaks. I know 'um, egg and bird; have sold 'um taters and cabbages, and bought wampum on 'um. Why don't you English settlers do as I did? Kinder bargain with 'um, and let 'um go along hunting and fishing, trousers or no trousers. It's no use to kill 'um. No, — give 'um a blessing, a little fine salt, as the saying is, then they'll be good natured. That's the way to come it over 'um. They would n't hurt *me*; I'm not a bit afeard; no! I'm not skeered. [*A war-whoop cry without — "Woach, woach, ha, ha, ha, hack, woach;" a gun explodes, and Snodgrass, alarmed, skedaddles, tumbling over chairs; all fly hither and thither, pursued by the Indians.*] [Curtain.]

COMIC. — An Indian having been found frozen to death, an inquest of his race was convened to determine by what means he came to such a death. Upon a full hearing they returned the following verdict: Death from the freezing of a great quantity of water inside of him, which he had taken instead of rum.

ACT II.

SCENE I. — *Governor Bradford at his Headquarters.*

Governor. Of the great past, with its many startling events, forgetfulness, as it is wont, follows it, — loses it. Oblivion in its disguise, with stealthy tread, creeps creation o'er. All the way, where generations have advanced in this new world, it hath beclouded everything. Here, all along up to the advent of our settlers, all there was in the history of Indian exploits, on earth, oblivion hath covered in, — nay, departed, it lies deep buried down, and dwells only in the past:—

Give me thine aid, ye gods of early date,
Or native nymph, or spirit from above ;
Snatch from the fangs of unrelenting fate,
The by-gone page, unknown of light or love !

[*Enter* STANDISH.

What cheer, my Captain ?

Standish. Governor, I am sad to say there's but little to cheer us ; our intelligence is various, conflicting—threatening us, at times. Sure I am, however, that at the final trial the colonies will be more than equal to all emergencies. Our Plymouth colony, as you know, is threatened with savage invasions. Tidings also from the Pequot dominions are filled with startling, crimson cruelties. Yesterday, five men at Saybrook,

haying in a meadow, were surprised by savages, and two of them were slain. Two men in a cornfield near there have been carried away captive. Six others were betrayed by savages; two of them were slain. Almost everywhere in the settlements there are maimings, torturings, and kidnappings implacable.

[*Governor points him to a seat.*

Governor. We are at a loss — we hesitate — Miantonimo and the two sons of Canonicus — troubled and troublesome — have been here. They are now away. We have jointly resolved to declare all further alliance with the Pequot nation to be impossible. Katoshanakin has also been here; we received him with an escort. Vengeance inevitably must unmercifully fall upon all murderers; and when the traitors are taken alive, as it is ordered, they must be delivered over to us.

[*Exit STANDISH. Enter MASON.*

Mason. Governor, the Pequots, mad and startled at the hearing of a gun in the distance, fell upon our man Tilly, maimed him, cut off his legs and arms, leaving him as yet alive — lingering. Also, three men at Wethersfield are slain — two were taken captive; a horse and twenty cows are killed. [Exit.

[*Enter UNDERHILL presenting a letter to Governor, who, opening, requests it read.*]

Underhill (reads).

CAPT. UNDERHILL, — “The Pequots under Sassacus have sent their women and children away to an island. They are meditating a war of blood upon the settlements.”

	His	
(Signed)	×	MIANTONIMO.
	Mark.	

Governor. Indeed I am inclined to think all this may be true. [*Exit. Enter SNODGRASS and HOOKE.*

Snodgrass (to Underhill). How are ye, Captain? How are ye, ye reverence? Posted — (*seeing the letter*) — posted are ye? Now, for instance, what do ye think of these tarnal tribes that threaten to murder everybody? Accordin' to my notions, an Injun ain't worth the ghost of a noticing, anyhow. He comes to jist the nearest to a nasty nothingness of any critter I ever did see. They 're cursed cowards, sneaking about everywhere — in every place where they have no business to be. Give me forty men and I'll drive 'um all into the — the — into hell. Sneaks, and nothing else; pretending to own all the lands hereabouts, when they have n't a deed of an inch on't. Captain, tell the Governor to send us forty blunderbusses, and fifty pounds of powder, with a hundred pounds of pudden, and I will give 'um some.

Hooke. Indade, what will ye want of the pud-din'? Why not give the blackguards powder and bullets?

Snodgrass. First and foremost, ye see, the blunderbusses we must have, and the powder we must have, and pudden, ye see, will be good for their stomachs (*bringing his hand up*) and for mine — ha — ha — ha — and more than that, we can fill it into the blunderbusses on top of the powder, and then we'll fire straight. The gods, we'll spank it right into their blessed bosoms! And, zounds, how it will splather 'um. It'll give um old-fashioned all overishness.

Hooke. But and by faith they are numerous; and suppose, concentrating their tribes, they outnumber ye?

Snodgrass. And then we'll turn to and surround 'um. I'll tell ye what, valor shall perch upon our blunderbusses. It'll swash all over and about us.

Hooke (aside). Valor outside more than in, perhaps. Now look-a-here, Snodgrass (*beckoning him*), let meself advise ye to ye temperance; and, sure, there's one of three things ye must do,—ye must eat less, take phisick, or bu-burst!

Snodgrass. Pshaw, Hooke, you are joking! Old Mother Morrill says that one of them 'ere Injun curses came creeping round her hen-house yesterday morning; and what do ye think the critter did?

Hooke. Can't say. What did he do?

Snodgrass. Do? Why he shot her old spotted sow, and then, the lords! how he did take to his heels! Now, if any Injun should come sneaking round my premises in that way, I'd just let him have a dose of pudden. I'd give it to him hot. If they come in tribes, then I'll splather 'um—I'll fire a buster of a bombshell straight into the flock. [*Exit HOOKE. Enter HULDAH.*] Well, Huldah, you are 'round again—in terrible trouble, I dare say—doleful, dolorabus, dolor-abum! What now?

Huldah. Oh! husband, there is trouble; a despatch has just come! Canonicus has sent to the Governor at Plymouth a bundle of arrows—and, oh my!—(don't you think) the bundle of arrows was tied up in a rattlesnake's skin! And the rattlesnake's skin and arrows are interpreted as dread threatenings—threatenings of blood.

Snodgrass. Wa'll old lady, that's kind'er snaky. What did the Governor do?

Huldah. Do? In return he filled up the snake's

skin with powder and shot, and then sent it with its arrows straight back to Canonicus, as much as to say: "Ye infidels, if bloody, murderous war is what ye' mean, then, come on!

Snodgrass. Yes, yes, that 'll do; that 's snaky enough. Yes, out from the snakes, I guess, by this, the sneaks will begin to smell gunpowder. Gunpowder inwardly, or on the joints of their hind legs, hath quite a weakening effect, especially when they begin to smell it hot. Before they get entirely through, as I guess, they 'll smell the powder and the pudden too. Come, we 'll go.
[*Exit.*

[*Curtain.* GOVERNOR *seated.* *Enter* MASON and SUSANNA.

Mason. Governor, we have news, startling news. There's a man at the garrison who says, that the colonial governor at Boston is concentrating a large force with the intent to assail the Pequots on the Mystic. That they are to be reinforced by our Indian allies, the Mohegans and the Narragansetts.

Susanna. Oh, let us go back, Captain Mason! O dear! dear! Let us go back and inquire further.

[*They retire.*

Governor (alone). Of what avail are treaties with these ungodly wanderers of the wilderness, — faithless, fearless heathen. Treaties we've had with Sassacus, also with others, voluntary signed, sealed, yet as soon as made, violated. Discretion has no enduring stability in the heart of a savage. Of little economy is civilization if, in the event of revenge, its precepts and its conditions are to be set at naught and forgotten. Of what

avail is religion if, through ambition and selfishness, your holy writ, the psalter, and prayer book, no longer to be cherished, are to be laid aside. Of what use if by force of a thirst for dominion or blood, might is allowed to make merchandise of manhood? Still, at whatever cost, our colonies must be defended and sustained. [*Enter STANDISH.*] Good eve, Standish. What news?

Standish. I learn that the murderers of Stone are still secreted, protected by the Pequots; but we shall hear something more of this, mayhap, from the friendly natives. [*Enter a Narragansett and the Interpreter.*] Oh, yes!

Standish (introducing them). This, your excellency, is a Narragansett sent here, as it appears, by Canonicus. (*Narragansett bowing and at the same time laying at the Governor's feet two bundles of sticks.*)

Governor (privately to Standish). For what are these?

Standish. This bundle, your excellency, as I am informed, — these sticks indicate the number of beaver skins which the Pequot nation proposes to present to the colony as an atonement for alleged wrongs. They are sent to invite a treaty with the pale faces, as they call us.

Governor. Captain Standish, what return ought the colony to make to this?

Standish. Perhaps a present, bespeaking friendship, will best answer. Molasses tends to serve the fly-trap better than vinegar.

Governor (stepping out and returning, beckons the leader, and presents a coat). Here take this coat for Sassacus. Tell him in future to send to my court not you, but a delegation of chiefs, clothed with power for specific treaties, red men of note more discreet, more dignified.

Narragansett. That the chief will do. Thank! Thank you! (*bowing low.*) Your commands me will carry to big Sagamore Sassacus — our king brave — 'T is great gift — 'T is from white man's chief — 'T will please our big chief. Sassacus wants peace.

[*Exit NARRAGANSETT and INTERPRETER.*

Governor. From this I trust —

Sweet peace shall come, a harbinger of health,
Of generous thrift foreshadowing weal and wealth,
With prompt good will and noble deeds at hand,
Glad tidings down to bring, to cheer the land,
To heal the heart, and thus to make amends
For wilful waste, which from the past descends.

Then this fair vale, from mountain to the main
In grandeur budding, bright shall bloom again;
And plenteous harvest with her golden ears,
Crowning the prudence of progressive years,
Filling the field, — triumphant grace shall give
To honest toil, — here may the white-man live!

[*Curtain.*

SCENE II. — *Alden and Priscilla seated within a rural tent.*

Snodgrass (entering. Exit Priscilla. Beckoning John as he starts to retire.) John, how are ye? John, you've fallen in love with that gal, I take it. Kind'er love her, John? Umph! Never mind, I'll bet ye there's a fortin in her! Handsome, young, shy as a cony. Well, well John, never blush! When ye are older ye won't feel it so much. You won't feel so faint, and Priscilla won't feel so skittish by the side of ye, nither. Come, John, now tell me where y'r old master Standish is? I was

told t' other day, he'd kind'er taken a shine to Priscilla, himself. But he's too a old a coon. And Priscilla is a deal too young a gal for such an old 'un. How is it, John, if ye was to kind'er want to cut him out. I'll — I'll — I'll guess ye can.

John. Umph! Away with ye nonsense. Captain Standish is now away. Gone away on duty for the colonies. He rarely visits his home, leaves me in his place, and I am still in his service. But what you pretend of him is a whim, a strange sensation. Most likely 't is from some old woman.

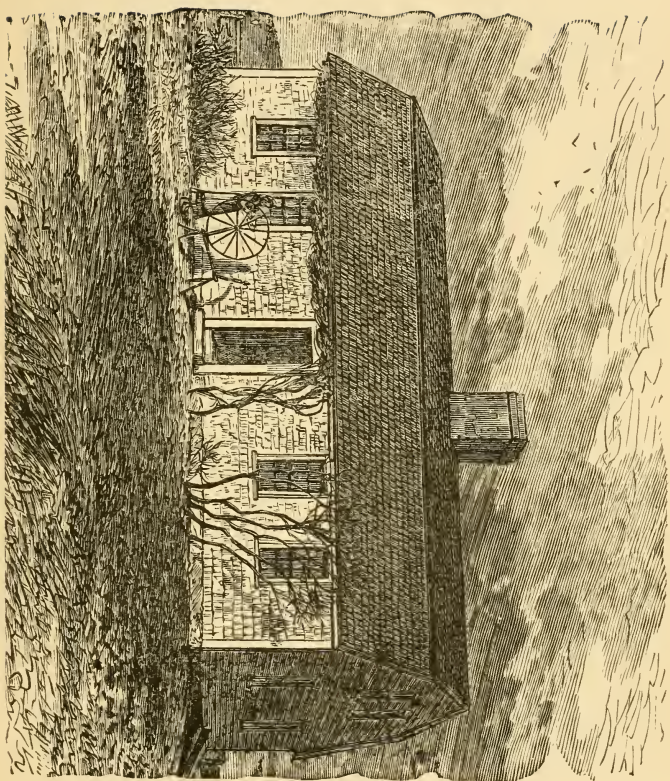
Snodgrass. Remember, John, Priscilla is a handsome gal. The loss of the captain's wife was a severe shock to him, — and after so long a time seeing such a smacking nice girl as Priscilla, I should n't wonder, should n't wonder, should n't wonder, John, should n't wonder.

John. Nonsense! I am sure my old friend and leader has no thought of a remarriage. And no one can suspect the young Priscilla herself of ever entertaining any thought of marriage with anybody. I doubt, I doubt, if she would marry the king himself. [*Exit* SNODGRASS. *Enter* HULDAH.] Ah! How fare ye, Mrs. Snodgrass. It is a long time since we met.

Huldah. Yes, time flies fast. How do ye get along, my friend? They say you are in high prospects, John. And now, how is it? I've just been having hints of your alliance with the young and beautiful Priscilla. Never better! You can never do better, John?

John. Do better than what?

Huldah. Ah! Indeed! It's no use for you to dissemble. Now don't you blush. It's all out, John.



STANDISH HOUSE.

It's no use to try to dodge in y'r love matters. Own up, John, own up. Now seriously, you may well understand, John, it'll take a wise head to catch Priscilla, she's so smart and pretty. Still, it is rumored that the old captain has set his heart upon her. Yet Priscilla may not have any knowledge of it.

John (abruptly). And I've no knowledge of it—and you have no knowledge of it. It's mere moonshine—the mere tattle of some buffoon or some silly old maid, perhaps.

[*Exit* HULDAH. *Enter* BREWSTER.]

Brewster. Master John, where now is Captain Standish?

John. The Captain has not as yet returned. He's been long away in the wilderness on duty, on a trail against the offensive Indians.

Brewster. Well, the Captain is good for anything he undertakes. He is always full of cares—abroad as well as at home. The loss of his faithful wife, and the many trials to which he has since been subjected by the troublesome tribes, constantly aggressive in these settlements, have of course encumbered him with much care.

John. On what account are you desirous of seeing him?

Brewster. Nothing, except that I would suggest to him there is a fearful uneasiness in our neighborhood, created by Indian cruelties. It seems to be increasing, and needs consideration; yet perhaps we may safely await the Captain's return. Please inform him of my call, and of my desire of seeing him. [*Exit.*

[*Enter* SNODGRASS and HOOKE.]

Snodgrass. Steve Hopkins says he's heard some-

body say that Captain Standish has had a fight with the Injuns. That he's killed three on 'um dead as a door-nail — that he's killed Pecksuot, Wituwamat, and other native scamps. They'd laid a plot to murder the Captain. He turned upon 'um, and he's sent daylight right straight into 'um, and through 'um — and that's good! gooder and goodest! Why, he'd kill the whole tribe, and hang 'um up to dry — high up to the very horns of the sky. This news is too o-be-joyful to keep. Rejoice, rejoice and be glad. Wonder what the settlers will say to it down in my Sligo. [*Enter STANDISH.*] But here comes the hero — Captain Standish himself.

Standish. Where's Alden?

Snodgrass. Who?

Standish (loudly). Alden.

Snodgrass. Who? John Alden? Oh, yes, yes! I'll go and call him. [*Calling in John.*] John, here's your old master returned, after a glorious fight with the Injuns, — but I must go. [*Exit.*]

Standish. John (*beckoning him*), I am, as you see, again here, — am as full of care as ever; and at this time I have a subject of which I desire to speak to you, privately. John, as you know, I have long confided in your faithfulness to me. In you, John, I still confide. As in the past, in the future, I will never distrust you. You know the sadness at my fireside is very great, making my life at home sad and wearisome. I need someone there to remove its dark shadows. Sick at heart I have been, and am now, at this loneliness; and as a relief, I have often and constantly of late thought of Priscilla, — have thought she could cheer me, — and

she may feel at liberty to adopt my house to be her home, her father and mother and brother now being dead. She is alone. I have seen and pitied her loneliness. The sweet girl has had grief — has heard of my grief, and may know how to assuage it through the remainder of this earthly pilgrimage. She, as I think, would be discreet, courageous, and kind; and to me, as I think, would be an angel. Now, I have revealed my thoughts to no one but to you. Please keep all this much for me. Meet Priscilla at your first convenience. Broach this subject to her. Will you do it, John?

John. Yes (*hesitating*), ye-ye-yes.

Standish. I can't, not having much learning or words, talk to her myself. I am cowardly in this. You may suggest to Priscilla that a blunt old Captain, "a man not of words, but of action," offers to her his hand and his heart, — "not these words, you know, but this is my meaning." * You, being a scholar, can say it better — yes, in better language. Such language as will accord with the conditions of love; such words as may best tend to woo and to win her over to me. What say you? Say?

John (half stammering). I'm not used to this sort of service. But (*hesitatingly*) I'll — I'll — I'll try. When I can obtain an opportunity, I will try. Captain, we had a call to-day from Elder Brewster, who desires to confer with you in reference to the peace of these colonies. [*A pause.*] Please say how soon I must have the talk with Priscilla.

* Longfellow.

Standish. Oh, seek your best chance John — seek your best chance ! After conferring with Brewster, I must be away for awhile in the east. The settlements are troubled ; the tribes have not as yet forgotten the trespasses of Hunt.

John. Now, Captain, would n't it be better for you to give this job of talking to Priscilla to some one else more experienced ? You know I am not accustomed to such undertakings ; and, upon reflection, I have great doubts if I can do it right, and I fear —

Standish (interrupting). Oh ! you are a scholar, John. You are young, and Priscilla will listen to you. You have invention, and good language and a good address. Never mind, John, never mind ; you will do right.

[*Exit* JOHN. *Enter* SNODGRASS.

Snodgrass. Captain Standish, how fare you ? We've heard of your conflicts, — all about how you laid 'um out ; and the tribes hereabouts are standing greatly in need of admonitions of the same sort. At Cocheco, Squanamegonic, and down at Sligo, where I live, the cursed critters kill the cattle — they catch the cows, pull out their tongues from their heads, leaving them alive. Up to this kind of deviltry, they have been at work a long while. Yes, Captain, they are richly deserving some of your wholesome reproof, such as ye gave to Wituwamat, when ye hung his head upon the Puritan fort ; and such as ye gave to Pecksuot when you chopped his head off. Captain, guess ye ought not to be absent — ye're needed here — there's plenty of business — plenty on't — plenty of gals — but none quite so plump as Priscilla — ah ! ha, ha. Never mind, Captain — never mind me !

Standish (abruptly). Get out, with yr gals! Our country and our lives first. Then let your love matches come afterwards. [*Enter BREWSTER.*] Ah! here is my friend.

Brewster. Captain, we learn there is considerable trouble in the east, — at the Sagadahock and along the shores of the sea. It is thought that your presence there will be needed, attended with considerable force. The Norridgewocks and Pequawkets are also rebellious, committing fearful depredations.

Standish. I 've already had some notice of this, and I am to be away this very night in that direction. [*Exit.*

Snodgrass. Elder Brewster, I 've been hearing that Winslow has just returned from England; the ship having just landed. They say he's brought over with him neat stock, among which are hogs and goats, two heifers, and a milk-white bull, — almost all kinds of critters. Agriculture is going now to start right off. Things will be made to *grow*, if the tarnal Injuns can be squelched out. Our old captain has bought of Ousamekin a lot of land called Santucket, seven miles square. He paid for it 7 coats, of a yard and a half each, 9 hatchets, 8 hoes, 20 knives, 4 moose-skins, and 10 yards of cloth. Other stories are going the rounds. The whites are suspecting a row with that young *squaw-sachem* of the Nip-mucks. The captain can conquer her if he tries. Her headquarters are in the Wachusett Mountains. She inherits all the lands between the great rivers. Guess the Captain had better kind 'er court her a little. What a bouncing wife she would be for the Captain. And then through her he would inherit the entire Nip-muck country, — and then he might

strut as *Capin Standish*, rich in fame, rich in lands, and, I'll guess, *rich* in papooses. Ha! ha! ha! But now he's away, there can be no guessing what will be done. That story, that the Captain is in love with the young Priscilla is queer. It's as they say, jist like an empty bag with a cheese in it. It's jist no cheese at all. [Curtain.]

SCENE III. — *Priscilla in the kitchen, singing, John at the door, listening.*

Priscilla. Ah! good evening, Mr. Alden (curtseying). Glad to greet you after so long, long a time. The days have moved slowly, and the little birds meanwhile have sung to me many a sad, *sad* song, you, my *dear* John, being absent. You won't forget me so long again, will you? — Oh, no, you won't! — What makes you seem so silent? — Sad are you? — Any one dead? — Have you lost any dear friend, John? or hath grief come upon your good heart in some other way?

John. My dear Priscilla, I have not come to wound you with any grief, nor to burden a kind and sensitive heart, like thine, but to inspire it, as I may trust, with healthful, hopeful promises. Captain Standish, of whose fame you have heard and known much, valiant and faithful in these settlements as he has ever been, has, as you know, for a considerable time, in his otherwise pleasant home, lived in loneliness. He, in the meantime, has deeply sympathized in his heart with you in your bereavements, and has noticed your kind-heartedness towards all those for whom you have hitherto cared and loved; and, allow me to say, Captain Standish loves you. And now in his behalf, in behalf

of our distinguished hero, who has ever proved himself to be (although the great military leader in this colony) a noble, generous-hearted man, — he, my dear Priscilla, through me extends to you his confidence; and believing, and having faith as he does in you, has authorized me most respectfully in his behalf to tender to you the unconditional offer of his heart and hand.

[*A pause.*

Priscilla. Why do you not speak for yourself, *John*?

John. I am in *this* an agent, — am an inmate of the Captain's house, am his general solicitor. I am here, as you see, at his request, bringing to his long-loved Priscilla, this his offer of marriage?

Priscilla. If the great Captain of Plymouth is so eager to wed me, why does he not come himself? 'T is very plain, "If I am not worth the wooing, I surely am not worth the winning." *

[*A pause.*

John. The Captain at this time is away, is obliged to be away in care of the colony and of our lives. From the press of dangers he had *now* no convenient opportunity, no time to be here himself in person.

Priscilla. Has he no time for such things, as you call it, before he is married? Would he be likely to find it, or make it, after the wedding?

John. Ah! My dear Priscilla, you can scarcely know how to appreciate the good qualities of Captain Miles Standish. He hath come down from a noble ancestry. He wears its ancient coat of arms. He is the heir of vast estates and of high honors. Nay, he is a gentleman of a noble, generous nature, as well as a valiant soldier, high in office. Any woman in Ply-

* Longfellow.

mouth, in truth any lady in the realm, might well be proud to be honored as the wife of Captain Miles Standish.

Priscilla (with voice half faltering). Why don't you speak for yourself, John? [*And turns towards her work.*]

John (aside). Oh! What shall I do? How can I venture to betray the trust placed in me by my dear old master, the Captain.

Priscilla (returning bewitchingly). Why can't you speak for yourself, John? (*Turning, looking him over.*) Excuse me, my dear, at least for a moment, while I look to my affairs. [*John standing in despair. Curtain.*]

SCENE IV. (*John alone to himself.*)

John. This is a cruel fix. How am I to rid myself of this entangling network. What will the old Captain say? Sad, sad I am, to have wounded the heart of Priscilla. No longer can I conceal it. My own love and respect for that sweet lady is unbounded. Oh, how can I hide myself from the Captain? First, then, I'll go hence and find the Captain and tell him all. Surely no reason can he have to frown at this my ill-success. If in this I have incurred his displeasure, I will away. That mighty ocean, that waved me hither, shall bear me homeward bound to the land of my birth, there to remain forever. Having exhausted all my efforts to serve and save my Captain in this undertaking, I can do no more; and I have no heart to supplant him, nor can I, adverse to his inclinations, dare to join hands with the dear, dear Priscilla. [*Enter STANDISH.*] Ah! he's here. Well, Captain, I am glad to have you return to me so soon.

Standish. I know you are always glad to see me, John. How now as to Priscilla?

John. In fact, Captain Standish, I undertook that duty which you assigned to me. Have done my best. Still the fates seem to be adverse to the enterprise. I interviewed the lady in the best language and with the best arguments I could invent. After suggesting your thoughts of her loneliness, her bereavements, and her aptitude for a change to a married life, I advanced to lay prominently before her your noble qualities, your highly renowned ancestry, your generous disposition, your great honor, your exalted position, your gallantry, and your transcendent achievements,—all this and more,—and yet all, as I am sad to say, to little or no purpose. Priscilla held me to an explanation. Thereupon I urged the most plausible reasons why you did not see her yourself, pressing your suit prudently and as best I might do. In answer to all this Priscilla strangely, surprisingly, inquired, “Why do you not speak for yourself, John?”

Standish (exclaiming). To the devil with such a question as that! [*Enter SNODGRASS interrupting.*]

Snodgrass. Captain Standish, a messenger is without announcing a troublesome outbreak on the Saco. Some of our men upset a canoe on that river with a papoose in it. It came near drowning the child. It has taken a dreadful cold, and I guess ’t will die. Now the men had no right to do the like of that, yet they thought that a papoose could swim. But it could n’t. It sunk; but the old squaw, diving down, brought it up alive, yet it died. The Injuns are fearfully angry on this account, and threaten to come down upon us to a murderous revenge. [*Exit.*]

Standish. Yes, there 's a hell everywhere! [*Exit.*

John (alone). What now am I to do? Can I dwell here longer? Never! Never! My guardian and friend offended, I'll return to my native shore. Her whom I may not love, and him whom my agency hath offended, may still remain here. Better be in my grave far away amid the dust of my kindred than to be here dishonored, dishonorable, or despised. This very night a ship is to leave this shore. In it, unknown, unseen of Priscilla, I'll bid a final farewell to this, this new world. Farewell! Farewell! [*Curtain.*

SCENE V. *Snodgrass and Huldah.*

Snodgrass. Now, old lady, let's you and I make a match. Matches are kind'er going on nowadays as in the olden time they used to go, when you and I kind'er bundled in, in the natural way. We've heern of 'um much. For instance, over in Sligo, there's Giles Scroggins. He, as you know, is courting Molly Brown. Here, too, there's that are love affair of Captain Standish, with that are young Mullen gal. I'm dreadfully sorry it's turning out so disastrously. The old Captain, they say, has gone off, clean away, mad. Bad luck to all the Injuns that he overtakes on his way as he goes. And there's John, too. He's half distracted. He don't know whether he's afoot or ahorseback. They say, he's starting off to go to sea; and Priscilla she'll go to — yes, she'll go to — to — to grass, I guess. Aha! ha! ha!

Huldah. Priscilla. Talk of her going to grass, not her. She was created for a better eend than to falter, or to pine away at one disappointment, or at two. She

loves *John*, but love can never make a fool of that darling girl. Her energy and labor have made her beautiful. And 'tis true as the sun, that, without energy and dignity of labor, genuine health and comeliness in woman never can be realized. Now, as I think, John is deeply in love with Priscilla; nevertheless, under his love of obligation to the Captain, he don't exhibit any signs of it. By his last talk the Captain, though angry, appears to have exonerated John from all future obligations to him, as if he had given up his suit to Priscilla; and they, as I think, are at liberty to so regard it. Hence they are free. Still, they say, John has resolved this night to take the ship. I'm no prophet, but I seem to know that before the year is to an end John'll be back agin. He loves Priscilla, and he'll come back, Mutual lovers never lose their memories. [*Curtain.*

[*A clamorous cry without, — All aboard! Ahoo! Ahoo! Ahoo! — with a rattling noise of cables.*

SCENE VI. *Seashore and ship.*

(*John nearing the ship, Priscilla nearing him, interposing.*)

Priscilla (beseechingly beckoning him). John, my dear John, stay a little! stay a little! and then, if you *must*, you may go! Tarry with your Priscilla one moment. Please, *please, will you*, John? Come back to me when the cold frosts of night shall have vanished, when the lilies we've seen shall bloom again upon the waters. Come back *to me then*. Come back, John! O do *come back!*

I'll make the gateway wild with flowers,
I'll know the very midnight hours,
Waiting, John, waiting I'll be, for thy coming!

John (exclaiming). Protection, O God! give it to me and to my dear Priscilla! Come *back*? Yes, I'll come back *now*. [*He falls into her arms.*] [*Curtain.*
[*Music lively.*

SCENE VII.

Brewster. The provocations incidental to this new world tend greatly to discourage us. No luxuries of life can we have, no conveniences, no travelling facilities, not a horse, nor a carriage, no domestic animals, in fact, save that milk-white bull and other cattle still held at the ship, which brought our Winslow from beyond the seas. [*Enter SUSANNA.*

Susanna. Elder Brewster, I am just now up from the seashore. That love affair between your dear grand-daughter, as we have learned, has been going on swimmingly. There's to be a marriage, depend upon it; it is near at hand. And then, of course, you, from your relationship and position, will have the honor and pleasure of solemnizing the nuptials.

Brewster. But, may I inquire, are the two lovers still remaining at the beach?

Susanna. They are still there. Priscilla had hastened from the home of her grandfather, had wended her way through that rocky, briery pathway, two long miles to the ship, to save to herself her dear John Alden.

Brewster. Are they still alone, or have they attendants?

Susanna. Not alone, sir. The incidents have attracted many a kind friend, who are there in deep sympathetic interest, and who are already tendering their kind offices to the alliance with congratulations,

Brewster. Why do they tarry at the shore?

Susanna. Their stay there will be brief. Thy are preparing preliminaries for the nuptial hour. Priscilla was much overcome, much exhausted by her long race to the ship. And I surmise that her John, moved of his gratitude and love, is arranging to honor her, by his gallantry in conveying her home in a manner becoming to the occasion, and in accordance to his own amorous sense of duty.

Brewster. Is there to be an escort? In our dearth what is to be the mode of conveyance?

Susanna. An escort, of course, yet for the want of numbers it must necessarily be small. The conveyance most likely will be obtained by the yoking up of the heifers at the ship, or in some other way such as John with his friends in their taste may invent. The nuptials must come off immediately. When love meets love, then, I'm sure, something must, *must* be done at once. Prepare for the nuptials.

[*Curtain. Music. Rejoicings without, shouts of laughter and conviviality, all singing.*]

[*Curtain rises, and all casting flowers to the bride dressed in scarlet and riding upon a snow-white bull, and all repeating the song, till the party on its way disappears.*]

Oh hie thee to the wedding-day,
That day of all the best ;
Fling high y'r flowerets all the way
In vernal beauty dressed."

The bridal lass upon the bull,
How joyfully caressed !
Of life and love the soul is full,
To make Priscilla blest.

Snodgrass. I'll stand by the helm ! (*Catching and swinging the bull by the tail as he disappears.*) [*Curtain.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A Cot Kitchen.*

Brewster (alone). Great doubts, great fears are still hovering about us. Sure signs of peace are as nothingness in the midst of barbarisms. Still, in such condition concessions even are better than cruelties; may prove more advisable, commendable. At least may they tend to divest folly of many of its dire disasters. Rumors of hostilities, of clandestine cruelties constantly perpetrated, are but sure signs of carnage deeper dyed, and more terrible. But we shall see.

[*Enter* SNODGRASS.]

Snodgrass. How now, Elder Brewster? You are outliving most of the settlers of the "Mayflower." Say, what do ye think now of this Injun business? of this ere Pilgrim life any how? Say, don't ye sometimes in y'r old age begin to feel kind'er crop sick? I mean kind'er skittish, as if ye sorter wanted to step right out and give it up, and then that ye kind'er did n't? My old grandfather was one on 'um. He allays used to be telling Injun stories, bear stories, and love stories, ha! ha! ha! Old friend, did ye ever fall in love? and that, too, when ye did n't know just then what to do about it, and kind'er could n't. I'll tell ye what. I accidentally tumbled into that dangerous condition once. I did. It gives a fellow a confounded

all-overishness sensation, and then I went straight off and married Huldah. But after all y'r love, y'r bad luck, and y'r good luck, this new world, as they call it, is of no great account anyhow. Injuns are every day creeping, skirmishing, *shinning about*, fagoting, murdering, and kidnapping. And what are we going to do? If I were governor I'd give 'um pudden; I'd give 'um a plenty on't, hot, right straight into their cursed bread-baskets. [*Enter MASON.*] What's up, now? [*Enter WEQUASH and UNDERHILL.*]

Mason. Major, we hear that in Wethersfield **six** men and three women have been killed, that two young girls are carried away captive, and that near the same settlements a horse and twenty cows have been killed by the tribes. [*Exit.*]

Underhill. Major Snodgrass, allow me to introduce to you Wequash, a leader of the Narragansetts. Our Governor has commissioned you, also Captain Mason and me to aid you, in a campaign against the Pequots. [*They greet each other.*] Major Snodgrass, I have from the Governor a communication committed to my charge to be delivered to you (*giving him the orders*).

Snodgrass (breaks the seal and returning them). Please read :

Underhill (reads): —

“The Governor of Plymouth Colony to Major Elihu Snodgrass, greeting. These are your orders.

“You will proceed forthwith with the large force of Englishmen and friendly Indians, which we have deemed expedient to confide to your command, with the direction that you are to advance and take the great Pequot fort on the Mystic. You are to destroy it, giv-

ing to that nation no quarter. Their women and children have been sent away, — so says Miantonimo. The Narragansetts under Wequash, and the Mohegans under Uncas in large numbers are to be there re-enforcing your gallant Englishmen, under the immediate lead of Captains Underhill and Mason. Advance at once, slay and destroy the Pequots as above directed. This being done, you will return through the Nip-muck country, drive out murderers everywhere, sparing none save women and children. Take this to be your warrant.

By the Governor,

With advice of Council."

Snodgrass. Now I am Major Snodgrass, and, faith, we 'll levy war on 'um, turning 'um eend for eend, we 'll drive 'um out pellmell and all together. But haste not too much. Fighting must be done prudently (*turning to Wequash*). Wequash, you are to lead the Narragansetts; and Captain Mason, you, leading the English, will be joined by Uncas with the Mohegans. Captain Underhill, being best fed, will lead the assault. I 'll — I 'll attend to our business affairs a little on behind. Away now; take charge of your commands; assail the Pequots; go straight in for their bread-baskets. Mark time! The band will play "God Save the King."

[*Exeunt.*

[*Three old tin whistles are sounded. Marking time with music.*]

[*Curtain.*

SCENE II. *Officers' Headquarters, Major Snodgrass seated with Hooke. Enter Mason and Underhill.*

Mason (to Snodgrass). Major Snodgrass, Captain Underhill and myself are at hand here, as you know,

with the English forces. We are stationed in this valley; we also have a re-enforcement of a long train of Mohegans and Narragansetts, under the gallant chiefs, Uncas and Wequash. We are ready for orders. Now Major, how must the fort be taken?

Snodgrass. Taken? It's to be besieged! Storm it! Fight valiantly, gallantly! Be heroes, as we are always heroes. Glorious heroes, as on Block Island, when we conquered the Indians, killed the corn, and shot the dogs.

Hooke. You killed the spaniels. But why didn't you kill the Indians.

Snodgrass. They wa'nt there. They — or — that is to say, they in due care had taken to their heels. We conquered the Injuns heroically.

Hooke. Then you did n't have a very great battle.

Snodgrass. Well, ye see, our forces were magnanimous, we had a fellow-feeling, but we valiantly destroyed a field of corn, and shot six dogs dead; that is to say, some of the dogs (*hesitating*) were dead before; I guess they kind 'er had starved to death, but we shot 'um.

Hooke. Then sure — sure it was the dogs surrendered.

Snodgrass. Yes, we gave 'um the powder pugnaciously — straight into their carcasses.

Underhill. Well, Major, we must move. Who of us must lead the assault upon the fort?

Snodgrass. Captains Underhill and Mason will lead. You will assault 'um at both eends at the same time. Pelt 'um and pudden 'um, dogs and all. Meantime, I will linger a little hereabouts, — that is to say, I will take charge of the ammunition, and take good care of

the pudden. Yes, that 's best. I will forcibly defend the rear.

Mason (to Underhill). May we advance?

Underhill. We will (*turning to Uncas and Wequash*). Now for the battle! Will you stand your ground? Will you fight valiantly, as brave heroes?

Uncas. Me will.

Wequash. Me will, too. [*Music.*]

Mason. Forward, then, to your commands.

Underhill. March. [*Exeunt, marking time. Curtain.*]

SCENE III. *Tent in the Woods.*

Brewster. Night, night, dreary upon us hangs; yet morn, as in God we trust, will soon dawn. It will dawn, as we may humbly trust, upon the bold achievements of this night, and of this our Saxon race. This war and blood is but a part of discipline, needed of mortals preparatory to progress in our faith, and to a better civilization. It doth but foreshadow proud purposes to the advancement of religious economy in this our new world. We, through faith, see it in ourselves and in the ways of Him who led Israel like a flock.

We have faith that our God at length, through these trying, troublesome instrumentalities, will manifest Himself to the extermination of this savage, wandering heathen race, who now war against us; and also to the triumphant increase and advancement of our prolific pilgrim people. [*Enter Hypsabeth.*]

Hypsabeth (lame and out of breath). Dear Brewster, awful ominous things are upon us this very night. Out, not afar off, this wilderness is full of fighting men, — English, Mohegans, Narragansetts, — armed with fire-

locks, tomahawks, and deadly sabres. The great God have mercy, mercy on us! Oh, how that sight did and does frighten me! Silently, secretly, that army of warriors were moving (as I past) just above here, out towards the great Indian Pequot Fort.

Brewster. Yes, they are to destroy the fort, and that murderous heathen, Pequot nation, too.

Hypsabeth. Oh! Alas! Alas! Destroying the fort will arouse them to dread revenge, — to murderous bloodshed. Oh, spare me! I see it! The destruction of that fort will provoke the heartless savages to turn about and murder us all!

Brewster. No danger, madam; no danger, I trust. We'll trust in Him who has a care for us, ruling over us. Not even the sparrow falls uncared for of him. There'll be lives enough to be endangered, anger enough, and blood enough at the camp-fires; ah! enough to do also, and they'll have no temptation, no occasion to come here to murder us. Enough of war, enough of dire distress and of wailings, enough of dark death. Indeed, they'll never more trouble us.

Hypsabeth. Come? a savage can come or go any where! That fort has in it more than six hundred of them. Oh, what a bloody night for all those poor pagans, of all ages, untaught, uncivilized! Poor, poor creatures, they know not of the dread thunder-cloud that hangs over them.

Brewster. It will be a surprise upon them; their two gateways, at this late hour, will be unguarded, undefended. You, I take it, are in the habit of making the tribes presents, and hence they would not be unkind to you.

Hypsabeth. My family assumes to be loyal and kind to the natives. We never cross their paths without due consideration, yet we are constantly fearful. But what, oh, what shall we do now that open hostilities are commenced. Oh! they'll turn upon us.

Brewster. Depend upon it Hypsabeth, you need not be afraid. There will be enough left of the English forces to save us from harm, and provide for your protection. Take courage, madam, take courage. [*Exit. Here the barking of a dog is heard in the distance, and the cry of "Wanux! Wanux!" (the English! the English!), and the war-whoop, "Woach! woach! ha! ha! ha! back! woach!" and their wood-cry, "Fo hau! fo hau!" All yelling together in the distance, amid the popping of musketry, with occasional flashes of the conflagration. Curtain. A dirge.*]

Scene same.

Brewster. No trace, no trace, will this deadly night leave to that hostile heathen Pequot nation. Fortunate was it, — nay, perhaps, unfortunate, — for Sassacus, the old Pequot chief at the deadly onset, that he was away, — not being there himself within the fortress. Fortunate, that his tired limbs were resting, and that his eager eyes were securely slumbering outside of the great fort. Unfortunate, mayhap, that he himself did not fall by the deadly sabre; that his ashes did not mingle with the ashes of his wigwams, with the smouldering rubbish of his tents and of his slaughtered tribes. Being away, he and his body-guard, escaping fire and sword, are doomed. A death more terrible, if possible, still not far distant, awaits his wanderings. [*Lamentations with-*

out.] Oh! in the air, in the clouds, I hear him now from without. [*Sassacus and Weetamoo, in agony, are seen skulking, several Indians following them.*]

Sassacus. Oh! ho! ho! Me children, me sons, me daughters, me brothers, me nation, and me all, in smoke and ashes.

Hypsabeth (exclaiming loudly). Sassacus! Oh, Sassacus! For thee my heart is in sympathy. Pity, pity overcomes me. Mercy to man, though he may never, never show it himself, does and must move this heart of mine. Fly, Sassacus, fly! Fly from your foes! The English are still seeking your blood! Life is sweet, fly! All fly! [*With a bewailing yell they all escape save the young squaw.*]

Weetamoo, (agonizing, starting away, but returning). Fly? Fly from where? From this me own heritage? From the green hunting-ground of me father; from the wild wigwam of my dear, dear old mother, slain? No! no! Sassacus may fly. I'll *never, never* fly. No! No! *No!*

"I will go to my tent! I'll lie down in despair!
I'll paint me in black, and will sever my hair!
I will sit on the shore, where the hurricane blows,
And I'll tell to the god of the tempest my woes!
I will weep for a season on bitterness fed,
For my kindred have gone to the mounds of the dead.
They died not of hunger, nor wasting decay,
The steel of the white man hath swept them away."

[*Curtain.*

Brewster. So it proves — Sassacus was fated. He hath brought to the world a sad, sad lesson. A lesson among many, wherein the wrath of man hath been per-

mitted to prevail over his better passions, and where progress in civilization, as well as in the economy of life, hath failed of its purpose ; through which an entire nation, slaughtered in one night, hath fallen never again to rise, never again of earth to be seen.

[*Enter* SNODGRASS, *listening*.

“ Undaunted on their foes they fiercely flew —

As fierce the dusky warriors braved the fight

Despair inspires ; to combat's face they glue, —

With groans and shouts they fought, unknowing flight.

Indulge, for Sassacus, indulge a tear,

That steals impassioned o'er a nation's doom ;

To me each twig from Adam's race is near ; ”

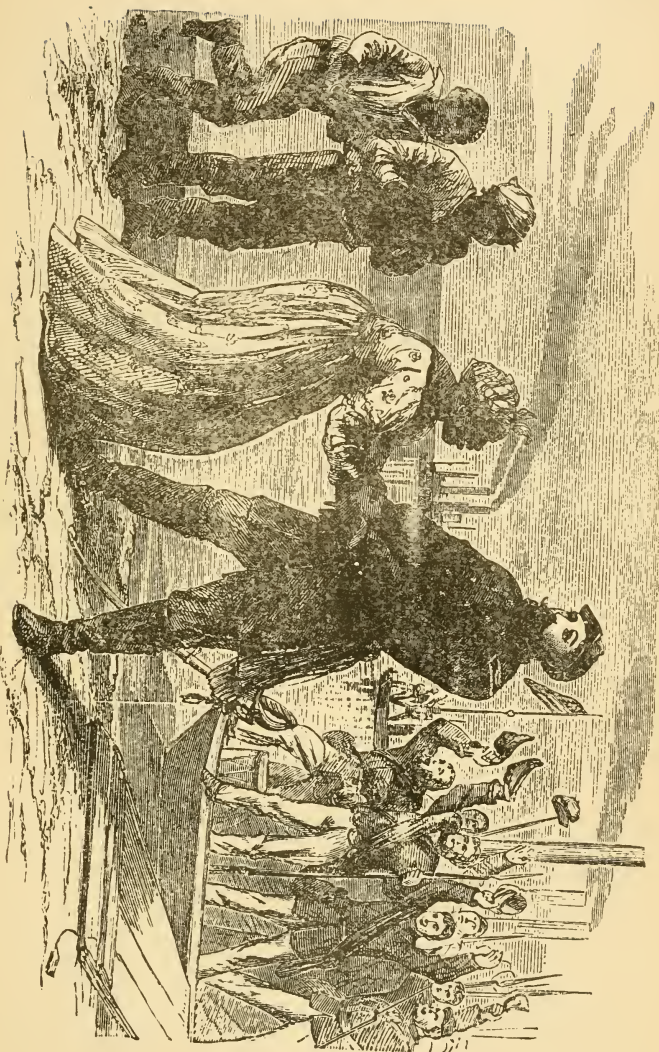
My soul bewails an Indian's tragic tomb.

Snodgrass. Yes ; and the Mohawks have something to do with it. His bleeding scalp they already have on hand to be returned to the English in Boston. Thus death, death's sweet deliverance, hath come to the Pequots. Ours, ours is the victory. Hurra ! hurra for us, for y'r gallant Englishman, Mohegans, and Narragansetts, Hurrah ! We've killed the Pequots. We've burnt, we 've demolished 'um, egg, nest and bird.

Hooke. But who, may it please y'r worship, do you purport to be ? What part in the fight did you take ? And by faith, I belave, indade, ye did nothing at all in the fight. Nothing at all, at all. [*Turning to leave.*

Snodgrass. Stay a moment. Understand, Mister Landsman, I am Major Elihu Snodgrass, of the allied armies of English, Mohegans, and Narragansetts. [*Standing out erect.*] I am the Major who defended the camp, took good keer of the ammunition, hunted up the cowards by hugging hard to the line of safety, and

HYPSABETH AFTER THE BATTLE.



brought up the rear. Now, Mr. Landsman, go along with y'r impudence; treat y'rself to a convenient code of better manners. [*Enter Hypsabeth, excited.*

Hypsabeth. Oh, my! my Lord! I am so out of breath. Only think, the bloody Mohegans are coming up this way. They and the Narragansetts have been chasing the fugitive flying Pequots down the Mystic, out through the woods for a mile. They've slain them all, — fled, flying, — and now they're returning, exultant, rampant. Oh, hark! the war-path is alive with them. [*The war-whoop and voices are heard in the distance.*] Hark! they are returning to their war-dance, celebrating the victory. List! Oh, list, they are coming! The very heavens are full of their blood-stained rejoicings. [*Elated they all, led by a chief bearing a scalp aloft, enter carousing and dancing, amid occasional muttering thunders, variously bearing in their hands tomahawks, scalping-knives, sabres, scalps, &c., which, as they arrive in succession, they throw into a pile, uniting at the same time in a war dance, singing as they dance*]: —

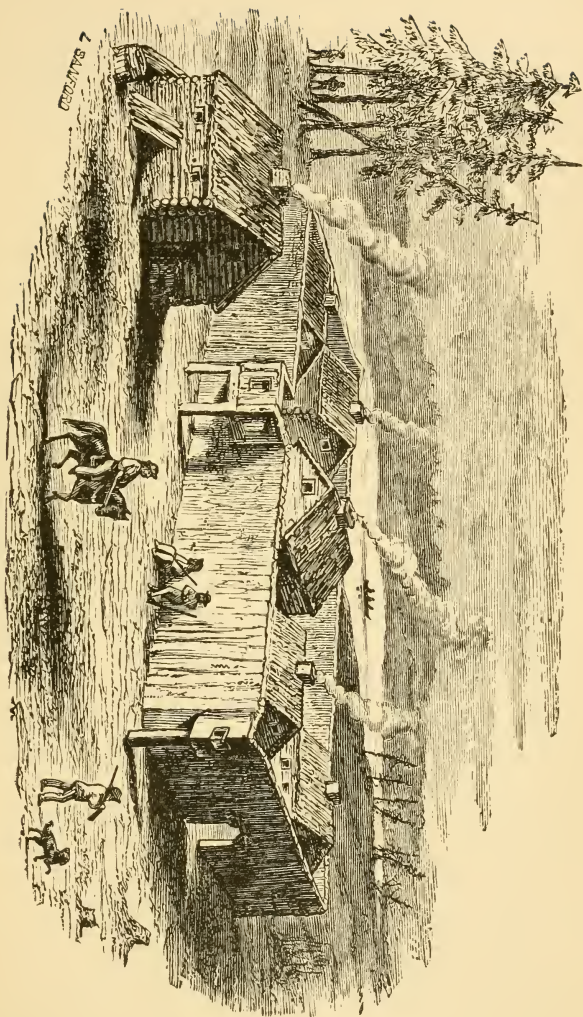
Brave Sassacus, far known of fame,
A bowman brave in tragic war,
Out from his soul a deadly stain
Doth weep from many a seam and scar.

No war-path wild, nor tent, nor tribe,
Beneath the purple pilgrim sky
To him remains. In tragic pride,
The nation and the tyrant die.

Ho! down with all the traitor knaves,
The heartless tyrant stained of gore;
And let them fill dishonored graves,
To afflict the nations never more.

Give battle brave ! but spare the wise ;
 Invoke the light of Heaven above,
And let the native nations rise
 To life's rejoicings, peace, and love.

THE GREAT GARRISON,



L. BALFOUR

MIANTONIMO.

(N. E.)

An Historical Drama.

[YEARS 1637 AND 1649.]

BY ROBERT B. CAVERLY,

POET AND HISTORIAN.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ROGER WILLIAMS, English Settler.	ELIOT Apostle.
CANONICUS An Old Sachem.	PESSACUS . . . Son of Miantonimo.
MICHAEL, }	FRANK FELTON . Young Lawyer.
PETER, }	ANGELINE . . His Affianced Bride.
AGNIS, }	DEA. AVERY The Father.
MOSSUP Indian.	QUAKER Lawyer.
MASON Captain.	STANTON Colonial Agent.
UNCAS Mohegan Chief.	SICK MAN Daddy O'Brien.
STUBBS A Quaker Insurer.	WINTHROP Governor.
PASSACONAWAY . . Necromancer.	NINIGRET Indian.
SHIPMASTER	JAILOR Hartford.
GARDNER English Officer.	MIANTONIMO . . The Narragansett Chief.

ATTENDANTS.

WAVEQUA, NANUNTENOO, CATAPAZET, NORA, Michael's Wife, The Commissioner, Captain DENNISON, and the Ghost.

BOSTON :

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1886.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Roger Williams and Canonicus	77
Canonicus accuses the White Man as being ten times Wicked	78
Treaty — Narragansetts with the English	80
Uncas promises Fealty to the White Man	81
Shipmaster engages to redeem and return two Captives	82
Frank Felton and his Angeline	83
Mossup accuses Ninigret of Hostilities	86
Ninigret interrogated as to his Alliance with the Dutch	87
Miantonimo accused by Uncas; Uncas wounded	89
Governor Winthrop inquires, Miantonimo answers	90
Avery and Angeline in the Kitchen; talk of her Alliance	92
The two Girl Captives; on Shipboard	93
From Sachem's Plain the Narragansetts are seen	94
Miantonimo invades the Mohegans	95
Battle — the Treachery of Uncas	96
Miantonimo a Prisoner in Hartford Jail	97
Nanuntenoo pursued, seized, and slain	98
Angeline, Frank, and the Wedding	100
Commissioners try Miantonimo, and doom him to die	104
Two Quakers in Trade and in Trouble	105
Martin O'Flannigan's Will a Forgery	107
Making of the Dead Man's Will by Daddy O'Brien	112
An Irish Wake that followed the Death	116
Miantonimo taken from Hartford Jail and Slain, and buried on Sachem's Plain }	122

BATTLE OF THE BUSH.

THE NARRAGANSETTS AND MOHEGANS.

LEGEND NO. 2.

IN New England, Miantonimo a sagamore of much merit had, as early as 1632, become conspicuous. With features bold and bony ; dark hair and long ; tall, and beardless and with copper complexion, and a generous heart, he stood forth among the tribes a stately priest, He lived in intimate relations with the Pilgrim Puritan Race, whom he favored as prudently he might, as well as with that Narragansett Nation, whom he ultimately led in the wilderness as a commander-in-chief.

Miantonimo's father was the famous Mascus ; his brothers were Mossup and Pessicus. The renowned Canonicus was his uncle, who had been a Narragansett chief, and consequently one of our hero's cotemporary advisers. For long years, he found favor from the Colonial Governors of Massachusetts, New Haven, Rhode Island, and Connecticut, as well as from Roger Williams of famous memory, and Major Waldron of Cocheco. All these were among Miantonimo's favorite friends.

In early life this chief had wooed and wedded Wawalson ; and for many years in pompous pride he loved

and ruled and led the Narragansetts of New England. His brother Mossup fell, having been slain in the forests at Cocheco, about the year 1678, and was taken up and tenderly buried there with honors by Major Waldron,* out of his respect for Miantonimo. And of this, in another place, we have sung : —

Oh, tell me, true, if well ye may,
Since tribe and pilgrim hither met,
How generations lived their day,
How each in turn have passed away,
But where, oh where, — untold as yet.

Of all that host, some knowledge lend,
That from the world the years have hurried,
Say what of Waldron, — what his end,
Old Miantonimo his friend,
And Mossup slain yet kindly buried?†

Many are the incidents that cluster around the tragical life of Miantonimo. The fond old matron that had cradled his infancy had crossed the vast river to an unknown wilderness, long before his heroic life had been fanned into its full manliness. Yet still did the mantle of her own faith and valor rest upon her noble son. With woman's maternal care she had cradled him; but in that hour little could she know or foresee of the career, the force, the faith, or the final fate of his manhood. Nor in the midst of startling events could that mother have perceived or anticipated that power for good to her race and to its civilization, which was then being fostered in the heart and soul of that tawny little boy, — her own Miantonimo.

* Drake's History, Book I., page 58; Book II., page 38, note.

† From Caverly's Epics, page 288.

Yet soon this lad was to be a man, and then soon to be made Chief of the Narragansetts. This nation was well known to be the foremost of all the New England tribes, — for true it was, they excelled all in morals, in manliness, and in good manners.

Miantonimo in early life, as we have said, became a sagamore favored of Canonicus; and through the long life of that venerable chief they, at the head of the Narragansetts, hand in hand advanced. Durfee poetically honors them thus:—

“Two mighty chiefs, one cautious, wise, and bold,
One young and strong and terrible in fight,
All Narragansett and Coweset hold;
One lodge they build, one council fire they light.”

Indian territories were held by descent and by conquest — one tribe from another. Their laws were unwritten, their courts were governed by force of naked truths and natural justice. In their talks and trials the braves were the orators, and the women in their retentive *memories* kept a record or memoranda of all their proceedings.

’T was thus o’er land and sea for ages long
A race of redmen, vagrant, passed along,
With language taught from rustic Nature’s throne,
And habits each peculiarly their own;
On growth spontaneous fed, content with prey,
What serves the purpose of a single day.
Their god is seen afar at rise of sun,
Their life in heaven is hunting here begun.
By laws unwritten sachems rule the tribes,
And lead the host wherever ill betides
To fatal war. By force of arrows hurled,
They reigned sole monarchs in this western world.*

* From my Epics, page 336.

Hence, as it seems, and as history has it, the tribes in Narragansett, and all along the borders of Connecticut and Rhode Island, held their lands,—some by inheritance, some by possession, and some by the strong arm of conquest. At one time there was a tract of about two thousand acres, which had been obtained and was owned by Miantonimo from the Pequot Nation, under their chief Socho. And not long after the death of Miantonimo his squaw asserted her claim to it by a certificate as follows :—

“I Wanaloam do affirm it, to be Socho’s or his assigns. And further, whereas my uncle Ninegret sayeth that it is his land, I do utterly deny it before all men ; for it was conquered by my husband Miantonimo and my uncle Canonicus long before the English had any wars with the Pequots.”*

So also did the conquerors (as was then the custom), hold their conquered enemies and appropriated them as property. Hence, all the survivors of the Pequot nation, after the terrible battle on the night and morning of the 26th of May, 1637 (on the Mystic), were kept divided between the Narragansetts, the Mohegans, and English (the allied forces), and for a long time afterwards they held some of the Pequots as slaves.

Miantonimo, with Canonicus, was strong and valiant. He had fought successfully against the invasions of the Pequots in 1635, at which time two of his sons with Canonicus were wounded.

About the same time he had made war upon the Wampanoags. But, through the intercession of Roger Williams, peace was obtained, which not only proved

* See Drake’s Indians, Book II., page 105.



THE RED MAN.

satisfactory to the contending tribes, but honorable and, perchance, profitable, to this great peacemaker himself.

Of the renowned Canonicus, Lathrop hath sung:—

“A mighty prince of venerable age,*
A peerless warrior, but of peace the friend,
His breast a treasury of maxims sage,
His arm a host to punish or defend.”

And by the same poet the death of the venerable chieftain is announced:—

“I die my friends ; you have no cause to grieve,
To abler hands my regal power I leave.
Our God commands ; to fertile realms I haste,
Compared with which your gardens are a waste.
There in full bloom eternal spring abides,
And swarming fishes glide through azure tides,
Continued sunshine gilds the cloudless skies,
No mists conceal Keesuckquand from our eyes.”

In 1642 Connecticut became suspicious of Miantinimo, probably by reason of his address, which we here quote, and urged Massachusetts to make war against him. They doubtless hesitated, but sent for him. When he came, says Winthrop, “the court was assembled, and before he was admitted he was set down at the lower end of the table, over against the governor, but would not at any time speak upon business, unless some of his counsellors were present ; saying he would *have them present*, that they might bear witness with him, at his return home, of all his sayings.” “In all his answers he was very deliberate, and showed good

* Canonicus died at the age of 84 years.

understanding in the principles of justice and equity and ingenuity withal."

Miantonimo did not like it, that at dinner, a table was set for him and his men by itself; and "he would not eat until some food had been sent him from that of the Governor."

WIANDANCE.

Wiandance was once at variance with Miantonimo. Yet Miantonimo trusted him at one time with a troop of men, and visited him on the east end of Long Island at a place called Meanticut. He made him presents, and was reported to have addressed him thus:—

"Brothers, we must be one as the English are; or we shall soon all be destroyed. You know our fathers had plenty of deer and skins, and our plains were full of deer and of turkeys, and our coves and rivers were full of *fish*. But, *brothers*, since these English have seized upon our country, they've cut down the grass with scythes and the trees with axes; their cows and horses have eaten up our grass, and their hogs have spoiled our bed of clams; and finally we shall starve to death! Therefore, stand no longer in your own light; resolve with us to act like men. All the sachems to the east and west will join with us, and we will all resolve to fall upon them at a day appointed. Therefore I have come to you, because you can persuade the Indians to do what you will. Brothers, I will send over fifty Indians to Manisses, and thirty to you from thence, and take an hundred of South Hampton Indians, with an hundred of your own here. And when you see the three fires that will be made at the end of forty days hence, in a clear night, then act as we say, and the next

day we'll fall upon them; but kill no cows, they must be used, as we need them, for provisions till the deer shall come again."

This was in 1640, and the story of this address somewhat aroused the English against Miantonimo; yet upon an investigation in Boston two years later it appeared that there was nothing wrongful intended on the part of their old friend and chieftain, Miantonimo. Still there appeared to be strife beginning to be inflamed between him and the Mohegans in Connecticut, through the unpardonable animosity and depredations of Uncas upon Sequassan, a sagamore who was then in alliance with Miantonimo. Sequassan, being accused by Uncas, refused to submit the matter to the English under a prior treaty, but appealed to his chief, Miantonimo. A story was set afloat against Miantonimo, which appeared to be entirely groundless; to wit, that he had procured the Mohawks from the borders of New York, to come down to make invasion upon Uncas and upon the English settlements here.

Upon these rumors, charging Miantonimo with an intended invasion and rebellion against the four colonies, he was forthwith summoned to Boston. Appearing there before the Governor, Miantonimo demanded that his accusers should be called in, that they might meet him face to face. "I declare," said he, "that Uncas is busy in malicious slanders. That he, with the sagamores of the Mohegans, are my enemies. Let my accusers come in here. If I am in the wrong, let me suffer; but if they are false and at fault, let justice be done, — let *them* be put to death."

Upon the investigation nothing of importance was

proved against either. But from that hour, Uncas and Miantonimo were enemies. Hence one evening, while Uncas was passing from one wigwam to another, an arrow, which flew in the dark, penetrated his arm, being shot from an unknown hand. It inflicted a painful wound. Upon investigation a young Pequot was suspected, an unusual quantity of wampum being found upon him. By this, suspicion was aroused. The Pequot, as if guilty, fled away to the Narragansetts, taking refuge under the protection of Miantonimo.

Thereupon Uncas again complained of Miantonimo, who was again summoned before the Colonists at Boston, and an investigation was again had, but to little purpose. There was nothing in the case which tended to prove that Miantonimo had any animosity against the English, or that he actually had caused any trespass to be committed upon Uncas. Yet much enmity continued to exist between Sequassan, sachem of the tribes of *the river country* in Connecticut, and Miantonimo. Soon, then, as it happened, a Mohegan, a relative, was slain. Uncas thereafterwards invaded Sequassan with a Mohegan force, which very much offended Miantonimo. At which he complained to Governor Haynes of Connecticut, as against Uncas, for his open hostilities against Sequassan and his allies, the tribes on Connecticut River. To which the Governor replied substantially that the English, having no provocation in the conflict, did not mean to take any part in it. Miantonimo also notified Governor Winthrop at Boston of these invasions of Uncas, and earnestly inquired "whether the people of the Massachusetts Bay would be offended if he should make war upon Uncas." He

was informed substantially that the English would leave him to take his own course. Thus had Miantonimo complied with his treaty of 1638; and thereupon he prepared for war. Then, in the progress of time, on a fair summer morning, in the year 1643, the Indian sentinels on the Connecticut hills near Norwich beheld in the distance an army of Narragansetts emerging from the woods, thence crossing the river Shetucket, and fording it, just above its junction with the Quinibaug, and thence winding along downward towards that since renowned battlefield, Sachem's Plain. This startling advent soon reached the warriors in the Mohegan wigwams on the hill-sides, and along the banks of the Thames; and all the Mohegan forces, from their fort five miles below (what is now Norwich), sprang forth to give battle to the Narragansetts. The lofty old woods then rang once again, reverberating the wild war-whoop and the terrific Indian battle-cry.* Uncas rallied, and from their various tents in the dark forest even, they swarmed forth and joined in the advance upon the Narragansetts.

This chief had invented a deception, of which his Mohegan force had been informed and had been trained upon a given signal to be enforced. The Indian armies, having neared each other, Uncas despatched a messenger to Miantonimo, asking an interview and talk with him in advance of the battle. Uncas was to ask a question, and he knew what the answer would be. Thereupon the armies advanced face to face,—the two veteran chiefs, in gorgeous plumes and colors, stood at the front between them.

* Winthrop, Vol. II., page 129.

“Now,” said Uncas, “what is the use, Miantonimo, for you and me to cause to be slain all these men? Let us fight it out ourselves. If you kill me, my men shall be yours; if I kill you, your men shall be mine.” A breathless silence here pervaded the opposing ranks as they awaited the answer.

“My men,” said Miantonimo, “came to fight and they shall fight.” At this, Uncas fell, *face* to the ground; and quick as sight his Mohegans let fly a thousand arrows to the heads and hearts of the Narragansetts. Uncas sprang to his feet, and his warriors pealing forth the yell of battle, and brandishing their tomahawks, rushed forward with him upon their staggering, flying enemy. They drove the Narragansetts with impetuous fury. Some they chased into the shallows of the river, and some fell on the way, and some were driven and scattered variously into the vast wilderness.

All over that rude hilly country, back from Sachem’s Plain (as tradition tells it) foe upon foe leaping over the rocks, they dashed through the thicket like wolves in chase of the timid deer.

Miantonimo in his flight was impeded by an English corslet, which he had around him as a protection in battle. Two of the Mohegans followed him closely, and running against him and continually jostling him as he ran, impeded and prevented his escape, purposely reserving to their sachem the honor of taking that old warrior with his own hand.

One of these Indians that followed the flying chieftain was the sagamore, Tantaquigeon, whose descendants were long talked of among the natives, and his

renown for a long time was a matter of boast among the Mohegans.

Uncas soon overtook them; and as soon as the ill-fated Miantonimo felt the hand of his enemy upon him, he at once, faltering, sat down upon the ground. But from his closed lips not a word came out, nay, not even a sigh from that heart that then bled within him.

Many of the Narragansetts had been slain. All the rest, without an effort to wipe out their disgrace, or to rescue their captured sachem, in scattered squads retreated to their various "prescribed dominions." Miantonimo remained silent, although some of his own followers were brought up and tomahawked before his eyes.

Uncas was disappointed in not being able to draw out from him a single confession of weakness or fear. "*Why do ye not speak?*" said Uncas. "*If you had taken me, I should have besought you for my life.*"

But he returned no answer.

This old chief was thence in triumph carried to a fortress, and was there held imprisoned. A truce was opened between the tribes, to remain while the prisoner remained there at the fort.

The Narragansetts sent their chief several packages of wampum while he remained in custody, which the prisoner gave away, — some to Uncas, some to Uncas's wife, and some to his favorite counsellors.

The English in Rhode Island took sides in favor of the imprisoned sachem. They believed him mainly in the right. Through a long lifetime he had won their good will.

Thereupon one Samuel Gorton, an enthusiast, yet

kind-hearted, in behalf of that people, besought Uncas to liberate him. Uncas refused, but finally referred the matter to his old friends, the English of Connecticut, as to whether he should try still to hold him, release, or put him to death.

While this matter was maturing before the English authorities, it had been affirmed by the adherents of Uncas, falsely we have no doubt, that Miantonimo had engaged the M'ohawks to join him, and that they were then encamped within a day's journey of the frontier, and were awaiting his liberation.

From all this the English record was being made up against Miantonimo, who for a lifetime had extended to the English settlers in New England many favors, and it resulted thus :—

“These things being duly weighed and considered, the commissioners apparently see that Uncas cannot be safe while Miantonimo lives; but that, either by secret treachery or open force, his life will be still in danger.

“Wherefore they think he may justly put such a false and bloody enemy to death, but within his own jurisdiction, not in the English plantations; and advise as to the manner of his death, that all mercy and moderation be showed, contrary to the practice of the Indians, who exercise cruelties.”

Yet before dismissing the Narragansett deputies, who with earnest solicitation attended upon the trial, the commissioners induced them to subscribe to articles of agreement, as follows :—

“That they (the Narragansetts) would not make war upon Uncas, until after the next planting of corn; and

even then that they should give thirty days' notice to the English before commencing hostilities; also, that if any of the Nayantick Pequots should make any assault upon Uncas or any of *his*, they would deliver them up to the English to be punished according to their demerits; and that they should not use any means to procure the Mohawks to come against Uncas during the truce."

THE MASSACRE.

Now an entire secret was kept of *this*, lest it should be known to the tribes, and lest the Commissioners of the Colonies on their way home should be captured by the Narragansetts, and held by them as hostages for the redemption of Miantonimo. Thus, all the preliminaries of killing Miantonimo were written down, but for the time being were to be kept secret.*

And thus was the promulgation of Miantonimo's fate postponed. Yet, soon as Eaton and other commissioners had advanced towards home, far enough to be beyond the quivering arrows of the Narragansetts, then their decree in all its cruelty was promulgated. Uncas, thereupon, attended by Wawequa, his brother, two Englishmen, and a platoon of Indian warriors, proceeded to the jail at Hartford, and taking from it that old war-worn sachem, held of right only as a prisoner of war, and thence with him manacled, they trailed back through the forest; and when they neared the plain where the battle had been fought, Wawequa, at a given signal, stepping behind Miantonimo, split him down to the earth with a tomahawk, and there they buried him.

* See Caverley's Indian Wars of New England, page 117.

And there, beneath a few round rude stones that old heroic sachem of the Narragansetts is still to this day in silence slumbering. For an hundred years after this massacre every Narragansett, in the truth and faith of his heart, turned thither, and with tears and lamentations added at least one more stone to that tragic, rude pile.'

That extraordinary court trial, under the superintendence of its fifty clergymen, was held at Boston on the 17th of September, 1643.

The commission before whom this sachem's fate was determined consisted of the following members, who represented the four colonies, to wit:—

George Fenwick, Edward Hopkins, Connecticut.
Theophilus Eaton, Thomas Gregson, New Haven.
John Winthrop, Thomas Dudley, Massachusetts.
Edward Winslow, William Collier, Plymouth.

In the extraordinary proceedings and decisions of the combined commissioners above-named it is perhaps to their credit that they dared not, and did not, advise the murder of Miantonimo until they had summoned into Boston, as co-directors and advisers, a train of fifty clergymen, who, upon their arrival, deliberately selected five of their number, who, after mature deliberation, condescended to become the scape-goats to bear away that vile sin and disgrace which was about to follow,—the deliberate murder of the veteran chief who, at this hour of trial, had thrown himself into the arms of Englishmen for protection. The Mohawks, having a deadly hate to the Pequot, Sassacus, although he most imploringly threw himself upon them, murdered him. This was not

strange. But when a company of white men, with religion and civilization uppermost upon their tongues, can do the like of that, not through mistake or mere malice, but through an inordinate desire to obtain a political advantage, or through innocent blood to seek dominion, the humane heart turns pale and pitiful; it sickens at the sight of it. From such examples, we may well perceive "*how wise men may deceive themselves, how good men may deceive others, and how the conscience may slumber* in a mixed or middle state between self illusion, voluntary fraud, or cruel crime."

The tragic death of Miantonimo might have been felt in every vein of our New England, shadowing forth as it did what deeds of blood white men as well as savages could be led to seek and to sanction. It foreshadowed an eternal abiding distrust in the heart of the red man, never to die out nor to be obliterated. It proclaimed a precedent which, in the advancing years, daily and nightly brought premature death to many of the then clergymen of New England, however pure their lives or circumspect their demeanor towards the tribes.

Alas! in sight of the heartless murder of Miantonimo, why should we wonder at the terrible record which history discloses, to wit, that for an hundred years afterwards, as appears, more clergymen fell by the blade of the tomahawk according to their numbers than that of any other class of men.

A frail justification for all this may be found in the fact that a war of extermination between the white man and the Indian had been, or was being, mutually contemplated. From the date of Miantonimo's death, in 1643, for an hundred years and upwards, New England

became but little else than a common battlefield of blood, in which religion, and even civilization, had become matters of mere form, more than of substance, evincing and promulgating to all the world the total depravity of mortals.

The ashes of Miantonimo are still resting in Sachem's Plain, honored by the rude stones which his dear Narragansetts had tenderly piled up to him upon the cold, damp earth that had received him.

Uncas still lived, and though sometimes treacherous to the English, as well as to other nations of his race, he generally kept his covenants; yet for his infidelity he became noted. He lived to see his native tribes in New England fading away. Dying in old age, about the year 1683, his body rests in the Indian burying-ground, not far out of the city of Norwich, Conn.* Out of respect to his age, leadership, and race, a monument marks his grave, placed there, not very long since, by the generous ladies of that beautiful city.

* See History of Indians of Connecticut, page 496.

BATTLE OF THE BUSH.

MIANTONIMO.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — *A Wooded Bank of the Thames, and a Cabin.*
— *Canonicus* rising and saluting Roger Williams.*

Roger Williams. Truth, truth, my friend, Canonicus, sustained of reason and right, is to constitute the pillar of our commonwealth. It shall sustain us. Driven, though I have been, from mine own inheritance to *this*, accused of heresy and hunted as if by hounds, I turn me hither into this part of the New England wilderness; and, as a pioneer with thee, I take a new departure. Sure, Canonicus, faith in God is better than fiction. With good works, His presence shall forever be and abide with us. With thee our English, in the main, have dealt favorably and justly. Hostilities from them may be averted, and through the smiles of a kind Providence, we may from *this*, be permitted to plod on to a peaceful prosperity. Cheer up, then, Canonicus! Good luck to thee in thy lonely old age! Thy venerable locks, I trust, shall still continue to be fanned by the balmy breezes of heaven, as upward and onward through this dark forest we will henceforth wend our way to-

* Canonicus, sachem of Narragansetts, died June 4, 1647, aged about 85.

gether. May many a blessing from high Heaven attend thee and thine own noble nephew, the valiant Miantonimo.

Canonicus (rising from the ground). Ah! me fear ye. White-man me no trust more! Government no trust me! English accuse Miantonimo of wrongs! He my friend! English wolves in sheep-skins! Ye be guilty of many wrongs! [*Here, taking up a dry stick and breaking it in ten pieces, he proceeds, laying down a piece at the end of each sentence.*] Ye break yer treaty [*lays down 1st stick*]. Ye make long prayers [*2d stick*]. Ye cheat Indian [*3d stick*]. Ye murder Indian [*4th stick*]. Ye steal his corn [*5th stick*]. Ye no friendly, selfish [*6th stick*]. Ye shoot Indian's dogs [*7th stick*]. Ye back-bite [*8th stick*]. Ye tell lies [*9th stick*]. Ye be big hypocrites; and that be tenth stick [*laying it down*], and ye be ten times wicked.

Roger. Well, Canonicus, you have made out yer ten offences. But you are to remember, for the sake of truth and faith, I have suffered as well as the red-man; yet I can satisfy you that at least some of yer specifications are erroneous.

Canonicus. True it be, that Englishmen did give aid to me and Miantonimo, in the war against the Wampanoags.* You loved me then, and we loved you as well. Thereupon we deeded to you all the lands of Rhode Island. And now "*if the Englishman speak true, if he mean truth, then will I go to me grave in peace, and hope that the English and my kindred tribes shall live in love and peace together*" forever.

Roger. Fear not, Canonicus, I will intercede with

. * This war was in 1635. See Drake, B. II. p. 5.

the English governor. True to them as you have ever been found to be, thou shalt have no harm.

Canonicus. Me have not so much fear of white-man as me once had. Me feared the plague, which we thought he once sent to the Indians. Me feared his sorcery, lest he enchant and destroy the tribes. But me not much fear him now. Long ago white-man help me much, and we try to help him.

Enter STANTON.

Roger. Ah! Stanton, how is it as to the four colonies? You being their authorized ambassador, are doubtless prepared to give us great light on our impending trouble with the tribes.

Stanton. As agent for the colonies, I may say, we of late have received complaints against Ninnigrett, sachem of the Rhode Island Nehantics, over whom there still stands dread suspicion. He is accused of having formed an alliance with the Dutch, directly *against*, and hostile to, our Massachusetts, Plymouth, Connecticut, and New Haven colonies.

Roger. Uncas is treacherous to our friend Miantonimo. Uncas is in hate to him and to Pessicus, as well as to thee; he is perfidious, treacherous, a seeker of booty and wider hunting grounds; a tyrant, jealous, selfish, overbearing, without a trait of humanity or magnanimity. In behalf of the Narragansetts in whom we take an interest, it is hoped that a treaty with them, who are supposed to be in league with our enemies, may be negotiated. Ah! here they come.

Enter Indian ambassadors, half naked, and ministers, Puritans strait-skirted, fall in with them to form a council.
[Curtain.

SCENE II.—*Indians on the floor of the cot, seated, with the Governor, Canonicus and Miantonimo, and others in costume.*

Roger. To our treaty now perfected, please listen. [*Reading the Articles of Confederation.*] “*Be it known that in this league this day made on the part of the Narragansetts, as represented by their sachems, with their friend Canonicus on the one side, and the English authorities on the other as represented by His Excellency their governor : —*

1. That neither party is to make peace with our enemies without the consent of the other.

2. Narragansetts are not to harbor our enemies, known to be such, but are to restore all fugitive servants, and are to return and submit all murderers to the English.

3. Colonists are to give the Narragansetts notice when they march against an enemy, and the Narragansetts are to furnish them with guides.

4. None of the Narragansetts are to approach the English settlements during a war.

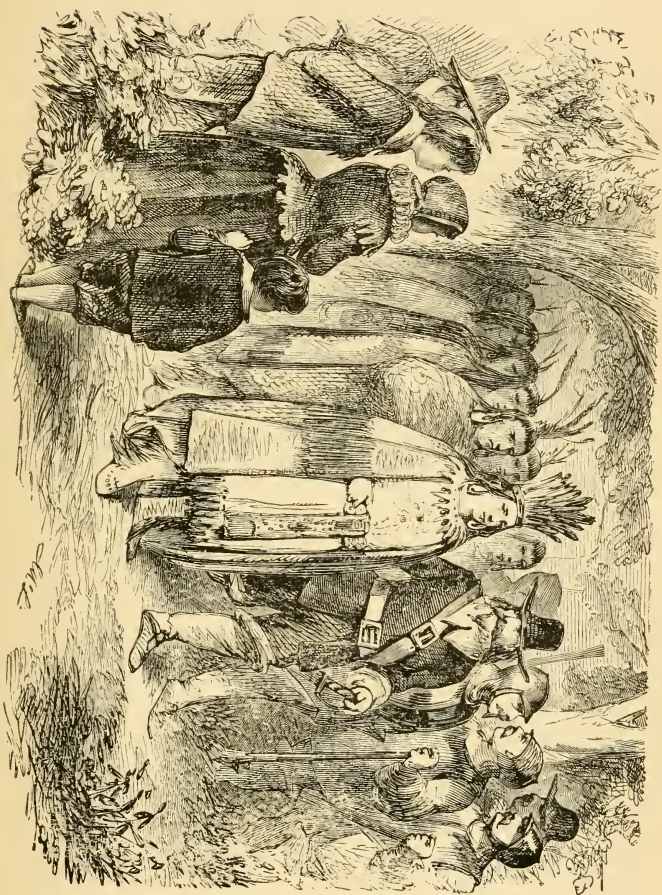
5. There is to be free trade between the parties.

6. This agreement is to go and continue from the present generation to posterity.

Signed and sealed, by Canonicus and others. They pass the pipe around confirming the treaty and then break into a dance with music. Miantonimo and his attendants soon taking leave are honored from without by a discharge of musketry.

[*Curtain.*

MASSASOIT AND GOVERNOR CARVER.



Scene same. — Present Gardner, Uncas and Mason.

Gardner. Uncas, we are informed that you, being friendly, have proposed to unite with us in the English service against our enemies. You say you will help Captain Mason. But we must see to this. Depart now. Send twenty men to Bass River, for last night there went up there six Indians. Fetch them here *dead* or *alive*, and you shall go into the fight with Mason. Else you shall not go.

Uncas. Me go [*bringing his hand to his breast*]. This heart not mine. It is your heart. I have no men. They be all yours. Command me in any hard thing. Me will do it. My tribes shall never believe Indian's words against the great English! If an Indian kill an Englishman, me will put him to death. [*Exit.*

Mason. Yes, Gardner, there you have it, as I've told you. Uncas will be *true* to the English.

Gardner. Ha! True, perhaps, — just as true as the jackal is true to the lion. Not because he loves the lion, but because he gains something by plodding for booty along in his foot-prints.

Mason. But bear in mind, Gardner, we must not allow that Dutch vessel, now just arrived in the river, to advance into that hostile region on the Mystic. If that were permitted, like as not the kettles which they would carry up there to the tribes would be turned into arrow-heads, hence to be hurled at our hearts. What say you, Gardner?

Enter SHIPMASTER.

Gardner. Say —? Let me inquire of that master of the ship himself, now coming. Say! Mr. —, are you the master of that ship now here in the dock?

Shipmaster. I am.

Gardner. And bound to that old Pequot fort?

Shipmaster. I am.

Gardner. Please answer me. In dealing with the natives will you be true to the English, and furnish the Indians with nothing which may aid them in their war against us?

Enter STUBBS.

Shipmaster. Ah! yes, in good faith we will be true.

Stubbs. I take thee to be the shipmaster now bound to the Pequot landings, and have come to tell thee that we have two daughters up there in captivity, and to ask thee to intercede with the chief sachem for their emancipation, and on board your ship to return them to me.

Shipmaster. With pleasure, sir, we will try to do it. I understand they are lovely girls, carried there by the Indians. How long have they been held in captivity?

Stubbs. Several months. We are much troubled, and desire to obtain them speedily. Grief hangs heavily upon us. Please, speed, *speed* the ship!

Shipmaster. We have trade there. We will try to secure and save them to you. [*Sailors appear in sight, beckoning them.*] On deck, boys! Cut loose the cables! Up with the sails, boys! Up with the sails, and away!

Sailors (answering). Oho! heave oho! heave oho! oho! away!

[*Curtain—Music.*]

SCENE III.— *A Law Office.*

Frank Felton (alone at a Table). If I only had property. Ah, if I had plenty of it, I would in that case leave the law. I'd bid adieu to these old books, and for a season at least, I would discard the clamor of courts. These tend to drown and make life wearysome, and to fill it with discontent. At the first I would make it agreeable by indulging a little in foreign travel, and thereby would obtain a more general knowledge of the world's affairs; and at the same time would n't I indeed take to my care and keeping my dear Angeline! I'd fail not to store her mind, as well as my own, with that general practical information which might lay a foundation for life's usefulness. Indeed, if I had the needful, I would gladly adorn her with jewels that should gladden the soul, evincing a love unselfish which hath long, unbidden, moved this heart of mine.

But, alas! what nonsense is this? Nonsense! that I in my poverty should ever dream of wealth, or even like a dunce prattle about it. Vain, indeed, it is, even while in the meshes of nothingness, that I should have aspired to the hand of Angeline Raymond. With a heart so truthful and kind, she, as I have faith, loves me. But upon my second thought, how can I in the chains of poverty think of marrying, or being given in marriage! Yet she will wait, and the time may come when we will be one. In the meantime I must advance professionally, laboriously, not for wealth, but an honestly acquired competency. Rumor has it that a fortune has been bequeathed to me. [*Enter Agnis.*] Ah, ha! Come in! Come in! Nothing to hinder you!

Agnis (handing Frank a letter). The post-man has just now thrown that out to me.

Frank. Thank you, Agnis! Black seal! How is this? What now is to be divulged? [*Reading.*] Is it a dream? Can this be so? Indeed it is no delusion, but who would have thought that in his wild notions he would have thought of me as a legatee? I have not seen that old miser millionaire these many months. Long ago, I knew him, when a babbling boy I used to sit upon his knee, well pleased to help him count his dimes, and to hear him sputter. And, oh! how the villagers used to be vexed at his wicked tenacities to win the almighty dollar, against laboring poverty, and wondered at his heartless oddities and grovelling methods of gormandizing gain. A fortune by gift never can carry with it genuine enjoyment. A curse follows the crime of amassing a miserly estate. In the end it proves an incumbrance to the heartless hand that accumulated it. The miser enjoys his wealth, as they say, just the same as an ass enjoys his burden. McFarland and his unholy labors are at an end. [*Enter mother of Angeline.*] So goes the world and its wealth. Come in. How fare you?

The Mother. Great luck, Frank! I am told a fortune falls to you. Not many in life are so well favored. But Angeline's father fears that your experience may not be quite sufficient for the care of so much wealth. Yet I think it cannot create in his mind any distrust.

Frank. My lack of experience, I confess it. Yet that may be endurable, or it may be overcome. Tell the old gentleman I'll soon be older, and, perhaps, improved. [*Exit.*

Enter ANGELINE, singing as she comes.

Frank. Ah! who is it? [*Listening.*] Oh! it is my dear, dear Angeline! That song is divinely sweet.

Angeline (at the end of the song, hesitatingly kissing his hand). You are looking troubled, and why are you so serious, my dear Frank?

Frank. True, indeed, I am feeling so, Angeline; but allow me not to discomfort you by any of my own feeble misgivings. Still I am sad to say, my dear lady, that our marriage must be postponed.

Angeline. Oh! my dear Frank, how is this? What has happened?

Frank. I have not property, you know, on which to support us in marriage; but in due time, by industrious labor in my profession, I will obtain at least a competence. Then I would be able to support a household prudently and properly.

Angeline. But, Frank, I thought — I thought —

Frank (interrupting). Thought, — yes — you believed me to be a legatee of McFarland's estate. Well, I happened so to be. But, my dearest, I am wrought upon to relinquish my entire claim to that inheritance. When it was willed to me, as there appeared, there was no living heir to it, but as it turns out, there is a claimant, a lady relative of McFarland's, to which that estate most justly belongs. Consequently I have been induced to transfer all my claim to *her*, without reserve.

Angeline. Yet, by the legacy, the property was *legally* made your's, Frank, was n't it?

Frank. Yes, but, evidently, *most unjustly*. Mrs. Nelson, a very worthy but penniless woman, was near

of kin, and was the heir apparent. Then, why should I, by force of a freak in the mind of a heartless miser (although I might legally do it), step in and oust a poor woman of a just inheritance? *Might is not always right.* I had the power to consign that helpless lady to perpetual poverty. The instinct of my nature forbade it. I am poor but an independent man. But allow me not to be made dependent on the unholy pelf of a miser. Away with it! Give me the delicious fruits of my own labor. Allow me not in life to strut in borrowed feathers, or gratuitous fortunes. Let us commence the battle of life independently. Independence, manfully sustained, is wealth. Give me, henceforth, the products of my own labor, and the gods from on high shall favor us.

Angeline. All right, my dear Frank! Your decision is just. Though the tardy hours of life's duteous delays and cares may be long and wearysome, yet will we wait; and I trust in the great God to bless the honest manliness of a generous heart. [*Embracing him.* *Curtain.*

SCENE IV.—*Forest and a Cabin.*

Mossup (to Williams). Ninnigrett be scamp. He hath joined with the Dutch, and means to fight the English. He be bad sagamore. He plots. He seeks war.

Roger. Where dost thou obtain the news ye bring?

Mossup. Me know Ninnigrett did pass the winter among the Dutch. He joins them, we guess. He be sachem also of all the tribes on Long Island; and

these Indians say he means to join the Dutch, and make war against the English.

Roger. Thou knowest nothing of certainty of Ninnigrett's intent? True, Ninnigrett lived with the Dutch; but living with them don't make war.

Mossup. But me hear Ninnigrett long ago gave his daughter to marry Sassacus, who gathered Pequots under him, "as if he be their sachem, or would possess the Pequot country." But here comes a boy messenger.

Enter boy delivering a letter to STANTON.

Stanton (breaking the seal, reads).

"TO OUR WORTHY SUBJECT, THOMAS STANTON, — You are authorized and directed to interview Ninnigrett, Pessacus, and Meeksam, and interrogate them upon their conduct, — on their attempts to break up our English settlements through an alliance with the Dutch. And this is your warrant, and you are to make due return thereof of their answers and your doings.

(Signed) By the advice of Council.

WINTHROP, *Governor.*"

Stanton. Here (*beckoning to Mossup*), come here! Notify Ninnigrett, Pessacus, and Meeksam, to appear immediately before me.

Mossup. Yea, my lord, and I'll have them here presently. [*Exit.*]

Roger. For myself I have no suspicion against Ninnigrett. The tribes are much more suspected than vicious. In all thy solicitude, to allow mere suspicion to control thy actions is not wise. But who are these?

Enter NINNIGRETT and PESSACUS.

Stanton. Ninnigrett, I am commanded to inquire of

you! Tell me whether you have, or not, agreed with the Dutch to make war against the English?

Ninnigrett. "I utterly deny that there has been any agreement made between the Dutch governor and myself to fight against the English."

Stanton. But hath not the Dutch governor proposed such a conspiracy?

Ninnigrett. Nay. I did never hear the Dutchman say he would go and fight against the English. Neither did I hear the Indians say they would join them. But while I was at the wigwams, there came some Indians who told me there was a ship come in, from Holland, which reported the English and Dutch as being fighting together in their own country, and that there were several other ships coming down with ammunition to fight the English here, and that there would be a great blow given to the white-man when they arrive. But this I had from the Indians; and how true it is, me cannot tell. I know not of any wrong which the English have done me. *Then, why should I fight against them?*

Stanton. Have you not received arms and munitions of war from the Dutch? What other Indians are engaged in this plot? Contrary to engagements are they resolved to fight the English? If they so resolve to fight, what do they think the English will do? Would it not be better to be true? Have the Dutch proposed to join you? What are their grievances, their grounds of war? Had not they better send messengers to treat with the English? Have they hired the Mohawks to help them?

Ninnigrett. Why do the English sachems ask me the same questions over and over again? Do they think us mad? Do they think, for a few guns and swords,

we would sell our lives and the lives of our wives and children ?

Pessacus. I am thankful to you, Stanton, that you have brought us this message, and have informed us of these things we knew not of before. As for the governor of the Dutch, we are loth to invent any falsehood of him, to please the English or any others that bring these reports. For what I speak with my mouth, *I speak from my heart.* The Dutch governor did never propound any such thing unto us. Do you think we are mad, and that we have forgotten our writing which doth bind us to the English, our friends, in a way of friendship ? We do confess, *we abhor such things.*

[*Exit NINNIGRETT and PESSACUS.*

Enter ROGER WILLIAMS, STANTON, *and* UNCAS.

Roger. I tell thee true, Stanton, the tribes are more sinned against than sinning. But here comes Uncas, our valiant chief of the Mohegans.* What tidings, Uncas—what tidings from without ?

Uncas. We have bad news to tell ye, very bad. Miantonimo, chief of the Narragansetts, is meditating mischief to me. He hates my tribes, and this very night that brings me here, an arrow from the bow of one of his sagamores has been shot through this my right arm. It much pains me, and it much bleed.

[*Holding up the bandaged, bloody arm.*

Roger. But how is this ? Miantonimo has done many acts of kindness to me and to the English. Uncas, how does it now happen that Miantonimo has become hostile to thee ? Art not thou his friend ?

* The Mohegan headquarters were in Connecticut; the Narragansetts in Massachusetts and Rhode Island.

Uncas. Me no friendly to him now. He is making ready to make war against the colonies, and against my Mohegans. Me despise him ! hate him ! me kill him !
[*Exit, holding on to the wounded arm. Curtain.*]

SCENE V. — *Governor's Headquarters.*

[*Enter MIANTONIMO in costume, and two attendants.*

Governor Winthrop (seated). Miantonimo, there is a complaint against you by Uncas, that you, as chief of the Narragansetts, are meditating hostilities against our English settlers. What say you ?

Miantonimo. What do I say, Governor ? Why, I say and declare, let my accuser be produced. Let him meet me face to face. Let there be an inquiry made. If I am in the wrong, let me fall by the tomahawk ! but if Uncas, my accuser, be proved guilty of a false charge, let him be put to death. But, hear ye, I have a complaint to make against Uncas, for his murderous ill-treatment to my tribes. Indeed, it is not his old friends, the English, that Miantonimo would offend. Nay, by reason of wrongs, it is Uncas against whom I, as chief of the Narragansetts, now from this moment, propose to make war. Hence, I am here to-day to solicit the non-intervention of Your Excellency and the English in my proposed advance with my Narragansetts upon the Mohegans.

Governor Winthrop. This is a matter in which the colonies will take no action. Miantonimo, if Uncas and his tribes persist in doing you wrong, you will be at liberty to make war, provided you make no trouble with our English nation.

Miantonimo. Me thank Your Excellency. Me much thank you. And with mighty Narragansetts, me will invade Uncas at Connecticut. Bloody battle me will give to him and to his Mohegans. Uncas hath done much of wickedness. He hath made war upon Sequasson; hath caused my Indians to be disarmed by the English. He put in circulation many falsehoods. He hath accused me and my Narragansetts of a conspiracy, and tried to persuade the English in secret to put me to death. Me and my Narragansett tribes are kept from our hunting grounds, by reason of the lurking murderers of Uncas. Out upon such treachery (*turning to his attendants*). We'll give their carcasses to the beasts of the forest and to the fowls of the air!

[*War-whoop in the distance.*

[*Exeunt. Dirge.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. — *Avery's Kitchen.*

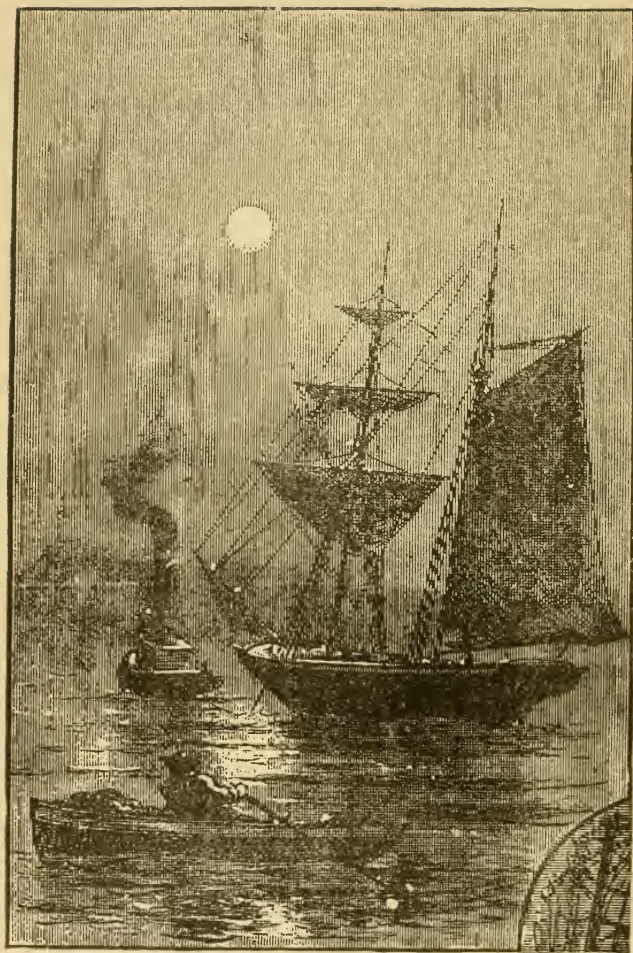
Deacon Avery. Angeline, come here, my dear. [*Angeline comes, greeting.*] When is Frank to be here again?

Angeline. Why, pa? He is to be here this very evening. This was to have been the night of our wedding; but now, as you know, it is postponed indefinitely, — indefinitely on account of poverty which prevents it.

Avery. Oh, my dear Angeline, don't despond! The darkest hour drops in just before the dawn of day. Thy troubled heart shall be relieved. Frank Felton is worthy of your hand. I find that he is honorable, honest, and truthful, and that he is endowed with habits of industry and with noble aspirations. Angeline, I have conveyed to you an estate. Go and tell him from me that you now have a home of your own, — a home sufficient for him and yourself. Tell him that your marriage need not be postponed for the means of a livelihood, nor for anything else. Tell him that the wedding may come off this very night, this being the time which you had to that end appointed.

Angeline. Why, papa [*falling upon his neck*]!

Avery. Caress me not too deeply. Direct Frank



SHIP AT THE SHORE.

when he comes as to what shall be done. Let the nuptials be performed at the mansion as already in preparation. Away now, meet Frank, arrange for the ceremony, and I will attend you there. [*Enter STUBBS.*] Ah! here comes my old friend.

Stubbs. Thou appearest, deacon, in a trance, and well thou mayest be studious. Thy daughter, as I learn, is endowed with an heirship. We have called to congratulate thee.

Avery. True; but what is the condition of our colonies? Is there to be a war, the Narragansetts against the Mohegans?

Stubbs. Yes; dread war is threatened of Uncas against Miantonimo, and war I detest. It is against my creed.

[*Enter MICHAEL, in sailor's garb, hat in hand.*]

Michael. News, ye reverence? Bad luck to the tribes that hold yr gals in captivity. Our captain decoyed the Indians (a dozen or more), on board his craft and held them as a hostage.

Stubbs. What then? What next?

Michael. Then the master of the sloop told the Indians on the shore they must bring the two captive gals to him, or he would bring away the Indians which he then held in the ship, to be slain of the English; hence the Indians brought and gave up the two daughters, and now, and by faith he has um.

Stubbs. And has the vessel arrived with the daughters?

Michael. Yes, they are at the shore [*enter Master with the captives*], and here they come.

Master. Are these the girls that were lost?

Stubbs. Oh, yes. My dear children, redeemed !

Master. Then now do I return them to their kindred, who may well rejoice.

Stubbs. [*Captives embrace him.*] And I do rejoice.

O liberty, liberty, God-given boon !

Sweet dream of the night time ; our glory at noon !

In peace or in peril we welcome thee ever,

Thy charms, how enchanting ! we'll love thee forever !

Master. Oh, yes ; and I learned up there that Miantonimo is on the march with an army of Narragansetts, and that there is to be a bloody fight with the Connecticut Mohegans commanded by Uncas.

[*Horns and trumpets without.*]

[*Curtain.*]

SCENE II.—*A Tent on Sachem's Plain.*

Stubbs. Hast thou seen any of the hostiles, any of the Narragansetts as they are on the march hither in quest of the great Mohegan race of warriors within thy borders ?

Master. None ; but we sailed in sight of a large army supposed by us to be Narragansetts apparently on their march hither in quest of the great Mohegan hostile warriors within your borders.

Agnis. O, Mr. Stubbs, is there not danger from them as they are advancing hither ? *Enter* MICHAEL.

Stubbs. Thee need not fear, Agnis, the tribes will have trouble enough among themselves without obtaining an increase of it from our English.

[*Exit* AGNIS and MASTER.

Michael. True it is, Quaker Stubbs, out on the hill-

sides we've seen a great many Indians. They are trailing between the hills, winding along in the valley near Norwich towards this plain.

Stubbs. Oh, yes, thou art right. It is probably the Narragansett army led by Miantonimo. Did you see anything of the opposing forces, to wit: the Mohegans under Uncas?

Michael. We did not see them, but heard the war-whoop in an opposite direction from the Narragansetts. Hark, hark! I hear them now! They are coming!

[*Exit. Enter PESSACUS.*

Pessacus. See off there (*pointing*)! See um — Miantonimo with great big many Indians! Uncas and Mohegans be making great haste to meet um. Hark! (*a warwhoop cry where they are crossing the fords in opposite directions*), there will be a bloody battle. Yea, there comes Mohegans, led by the valiant Uncas.

Uncas. Go, Pessacus, go tell thy father, Miantonimo, leader of the Narragansetts against me, that I will give him battle. But before the battle, tell him me desire a parley, a talk with him between the two forces. Go now, invite Miantonimo from me I desire a parley; bring him here upon his honor and mine, that we may have a talk.

Curtain.

[*Exit.*

Scene same.

Pessacus. Hark! hark ye! They are coming! Behold, Uncas leads *these* (*pointing to the right*), Miantonimo *those* (*pointing in the distance to the left*). See them! Oh, see them hither coming to the conflict!

[*Enter UNCAS and attendants.*

Uncas. Pessacus, is Miantonimo to meet me?

Pessacus. He is. He will arrive soon.

Uncas (aside). And now will I catch the old dog in me trap. [*To his attendants.*] See that your arrows are well pointed and poisoned. Backed up, me braves, by all your tribes, march up and stand fast! Remember what I've told ye. [*The warwhoop — Woach! woach! ha, ha, ha! woach! — is heard in opposite directions, oft repeated.*] [*Enter MIANTONIMO and his attendants.*

Miantonimo. Uncas, I am told ye desire a talk, as if ye had a proposal of peace.

Uncas. Nah, but me have this proposal. Now, Miantonimo, what reason would there be in destroying the lives of all these braves — my men here (*pointing his finger*), and your men there? Why should we have them all killed? Come, let us, *you* and *me*, go out and fight it out between ourselves. If I kill you, I will have your men; if you kill me, you shall have my men, all this me army of Mohegans.

Miantonimo. The grievance of which I complain against you is a wrong to my people. The contest is theirs, not mine. For a just cause they now invade you. We are bound, by the rules of war, to fight you honorably, up-standing, and face to face. 'Tis thus they have come to fight.

Uncas. Fire! [*and instantly falling upon his face, five hundred Mohegan arrows are winging their way to the hearts of the Narragansetts, and they, frantic, fly away, pursued by the Mohegans amid rapid reports of musketry, whooping, noise and din of war following them.*]

[*Curtain. Music.*]

SCENE III. — *Same.* — *Present:* UNCAS, and two warriors holding MIANTONIMO prisoner, sometimes torturing him.

Enter PESSACUS.

Pessacus (aside). Ah! what fiendish treachery this, that Miantonimo should thus be seized, imprisoned by that cruel, cowardly fiend, Uncas, who holds him there! To kill the old chief he dare not. No, he dares not! For the English, in that case, would kill him. Imprison him he may. Murder him he may. But the Great Spirit giving me power, *I, meself, will avenge his death!* [*Exit.*]

Uncas (to Miantonimo remaining sullen and silent). You my prisoner, hey? Speak, speak! why you no speak?

Wawequa (one of the keepers). Miantonimo no speak at all. He be prisoner (*raising his tomahawk*), me would kill him.

Uncas (to Miantonimo, punching him up). Why you no speak to me? If you had taken me a prisoner, me should have besought you for me life.

Wawequa. He no speak. Me kill him. Me will kill him.

Enter the jailer of Hartford, with keys in hand.

Jailer. Wawequa, stay thy hand upon this man. More than fifty years he has been in kindness an ally to the English. Murder him not at your peril. Now for the present, would it not be better to leave him here in my custody at the jail until his and your rights may be determined? Be cautious, Uncas, be cautious! "Too much haste may make waste."

Miantonimo. I much thank ye, Mr. Jailer. Much thank you. This bloody beast would bathe his hands in my blood if he dared. Blood is in his heart, and hell is in his hind legs. The wrongs he hath committed against me, my Narragansetts would have redressed, but for the cheats, the corruptions of his infamous heart. Yes, you say true; I have been long, long an ally of the English, *faithful* and *true*. I am willing to-day that the fate of me life itself may depend upon the deliberate judgment of the English, who knew me of old, and not upon the damnable deceptive will of this monster of hell. Give me quarters in your jail, and let us wait.*

Jailer. Then let this come to pass. I will take Miantonimo to my keeping at the jail, and I will notify the colonial officers now in session, that they may deliberate, and that they may take the honor, the blame, or disgrace that shall follow the fate of Miantonimo.

Uncas. You, jailer, no let him escape? You will keep him safe?

Miantonimo. Yes, he will; safe from the vile, poisonous fangs of a fiend. [*Miantonimo is taken away by the jailer, two keepers following him.*] *Enter* STUBBS.

Stubbs. War is wicked. Thou sinnest, Uncas, when thou dost provoke a war. But who are those who are on a chase, noisy in the distance? *Enter* MOSSUP.

Uncas. Me do not know. [*Exit.*

Mossup [*an outside cry and rattling as in chase, with now and then a discharge of a musket*]. Me have seen um. 'Tis English and Niantics in pursuit of the great sachem [*Indian passes upon the leap*]. Ah! that be Nan-

* The trial of Miantonimo was Sept. 17, 1643.

untenuo himself [*stepping out and looking after him as he is pursued murderously by the English*]. Oh! there they go [*he comes through, first casting off his blanket, next time his laced coat as he runs*], go around the hill, round and round. Oh! they have wounded him; they have taken him.

Stubbs. Thee will tell me. Have they made a prisoner of Nanuntenoo?

Mossup. Sure they have, and hither they are bringing him.

[Enter Englishmen, bringing with them NANUNTENOO
in custody.*

Dennison. Nanuntenoo, our allied forces, upon reflection, have determined that if you will surrender all and enter into a *treaty*, we will spare your life.

Nanuntenoo. Spare *me* life? Spare me life? What is me life *to* the existence and freedom of me nation, me race? What is my life to this soil which is now drinking my blood? This vast domain which from the beginning of the world hath given life, freedom, and sustenance to my many nations — nay, to me fathers! No Nanuntenoo's *life is here* [*placing his hand to his heart*]. Take it, and let this soul of Nanuntenoo *stand approved* at the throne of Manitou, the great Spirit. Take me life; it is in your power. I desire to hear no more about it.

Dennison. Stanton and Catapazet, you will take the prisoner away to Stonington, there to be executed. Treason must take its reward. Away, away!

[*Curtain. Dirge.*]

SCENE IV. — *A Parlor in a Mansion.*

Deacon Avery. Now, for the wedding of Frank and Angeline. For the reception of the guests we are about ready. The deed conveying the estate to Angeline is already delivered, the guests are invited to the nuptials [*enter Angeline*]. Angeline, you are here. Did you inform Frank of our entire arrangements?

Angeline. Yes, I informed him, and he with his attendants, on the way, will soon be here.

Enter FRANK [*ringing the door bell*], *ELIOT, and others.*

Frank. Good-evening. Is this the old Bickford mansion? Oh, here is Angeline. Well, we won't get lost now, for here is the deacon himself.

Deacon Avery. Frank, let me introduce you to the Right Rev. John Eliot, an ambassador to the Indian tribes of New England, and who is now engaged in translating into the Indian dialect our English Bible. Here, too, I will make you acquainted with Passaconaway, the great sachem of the Penacooks.

[*They salute each other.*]

Frank. Now, Angeline, what are to be the exercises?

Angeline. Oh, father will tell you.

Deacon Avery. But let me tell you, Frank, you are again in luck. Long since I've been aware that your Angeline was to be a legatee of the Lord Derby, (N. E.) estate, and was aware that the cloud that overshadowed you was soon to be dissipated; yet to test your manliness, I have allowed the secret to remain as hitherto untold. Lord Derby in the old country has deceased, and among other property left this estate to me; and from me I have conveyed it to your favored Angeline. She takes the entire estate. Her inheritance is thine. It is so decreed and declared. 'Tis but a just return for truth and honesty. You've engaged the hand of Angeline. She, I trust, has the heart to be worthy of you. This mansion is thine, and this is your nuptial day, and here is my dear Angeline [*joining their hands*]; here, too, is the reverend clergyman, who will solemnize the nuptials; and here, also, is Passaconaway* and his two gallant sons, who will stand forth and give heed as witnesses to the fact that Frank Felton, through the merit of an honest manliness, takes to himself my

* Passaconaway, sachem of the Pennacooks, see Caverly's Indian Wars of N. E. P., 121-124.

own Angeline, together with a clear title to the old Derby estate. [*All rising.*

*Eliot.** My friend Frank, thou takest this lady whom thou holdest by the hand to be thy lawful wife, and Miss Angeline, thou takest this gentleman to be thy lawful husband, to dwell together according to the divine ordinance in the holy estate of matrimony. In these covenants you and each of you severally unite. Whom the Father hath joined together, "let no man put asunder." Now that you are husband and wife, may the spirit of holiness be and abide with you forever.

[FRANK and ANGELINE *bowing, retire.*

Eliot [*turning to the attendants*]. Passaconaway, thou art a man of force and influence, a great sachem. I exhort thee to hear and heed me. Be thou and thy people followers of the Great Spirit, true believers in that Great Being, the author of this Holy Bible, which I am about translating into your native tongue.

In this we read of the great God, that "From the rising of the sun, even to the going down of the same, my name shall be great among the Indians: and in every place incense shall be offered unto my name as a peace offering, for my name shall be great among the Indians. So saith the Lord." Mal. 1 : 11.

Passaconaway, thou hast force among thy people for good. Take heed. Train them to truth and faith and righteousness. The Great Spirit is strong; he made the sun to shine, the moon and the star to transfuse its light, and this earth he turns round and round to give thee day and night.

Passaconaway. Me never have heard of the Great

* Eliot, the apostle, *ibid.* p. 397.

Spirit before as now. I will consider the subject. Will persuade (*pointing*) me sons to do the same thing—adieu!

Eliot. Farewell! and may the peace of the Great Spirit be and abide with Passaconaway. [*Exit.*

The Son. Eliot be necromancer. But how can he know Great Spirit make a world? How was that done? Out of what was the big earth made?

Passaconaway. Great Spirit have great power—as me have sometimes. Me have power. Make a dry leaf turn green. Me make the water brooks turn to ice. Make it burn, too. Me have power to hold the rattlesnake, and snake have no strength—he does not bite me. So it is, Great Spirit may do great things. His great power—He create this big world.

Son. But if he create, how could he create it out of nothing? Father, you be much necromancer, but you no make a thing out of nothing—Injun no do it. Reason show, out of nothing, nothing will come. How can big thing be made out of nothing? Did white man ever see it done?

Junior Son. Eliot say this world be made to turn round, rolling over to make day and night. Be that so? If it be, why it no upset the water ponds? spill out the great rivers, and throw the water all splashing about? Pshaw! 't would upset everything. Me no believe.

Passaconaway. Come, boys; you be brave, but you know not much yet. Come along now, we 'll go.

[*Music.*]

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. — *Governor's Headquarters.*

[*Present Commissioners of the four Colonies.*]

Commissioners (chairman). Governor, the Commissioners have deliberated upon the matter of Miantonimo. That he should *live*, or that he should be *executed*, are questions equally troublesome. In doubts, as all at first were involved, we sought the determination of fifty clergymen, who, after mature deliberation, have denounced Miantonimo as being worthy of death.

Governor. But what is to be *your* determination?

Commissioner. Our judgment, as now advised, will be that Miantonimo is to be slain of Uncas; but not in a cruel manner, as is the fashion of savages.

Governor. Has your decree been promulgated?

Commissioner. Not at all; our decision is not as yet made known beyond you and ourselves.

Governor. You may do well not to make known your decree, at least for the present. For on your journey homeward, your pathways may be beset by savages. The Narragansetts may take you, and in that case you might be held as hostages for the delivery up to them of Miantonimo, their sachem, now doomed to fall at your hands.

Commissioner. Indeed, a secret this, our determination must be kept until some time after our departure hence. Adieu then! and at once you will inform Uncas of our decree, and how, not in a cruel manner, Miantonimo is to be slain.

[*Enter QUAKER.*]

Governor. Haste then, you and your fellows! Avoid the highways as much as possible. Take strong guards and away to your homes!

[*Excunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*Same.*

Quaker (to Gov.). Wilt thou tell me where is my friend Stubbs? Some where near us, he keeps an insurance office. I have a vessel at sea, over-due. It should have been in port three days ago, and I desire my friend Stubbs, who is my brother Quaker, to insure it.

Governor. Here is Michael. Michael, conduct this Quaker to the insurance office of his brother, Stubbs. [*Enter STUBBS.*] Ah! here he is now.

Quaker. Thou keepest an insurance office. Insure vessels over-due, heh?

Stubbs [*stepping to a side room*]. Yes; walk in here and be seated. What are the facts?

Quaker. The vessel is large, having on board a cargo of merchandise, and has been due three days only. Think thou may well insure it. She was seaworthy, was in good condition—a model ship. What will thy terms be in such case, provided thou wilt insure it at all?

Stubbs. If I insure it my terms will be 30 per cent on the appraised value of the vessel and cargo, as appraised at the foreign port.

Quaker. That seems a high rate, yet perhaps I can't do better.

Stubbs. I will make out a policy, but will not sign it until I am better advised. I propose to postpone the signing. I will see thee again on the morrow.

Quaker. It may be well to consider it, but I trust thou wilt not deem the risk to be very large. Then as thou desirest, I am to see thee further on the morrow?

Stubbs. Yes! on the morrow; on the morrow!

Quaker. Adieu! then, and I'll come again.

[*Enter UNCAS, plumed, with Indian warriors attending him.*]

Governor. Uncas, it is left with me to make known to you the decision of the Commissioners of the four Colonies, which involves the life of Miantonimo.

Uncas. What be the decree, Governor?

Governor. It is decreed that you may slay Miantonimo, but you are not to take his life in a cruel manner. Hence, if you think advisable, you will be at liberty to proceed immediately to the jail that holds him, and thence for convenience, you may take him to Sachem's Plain for execution, and the English hereafter will give aid in your protection as against the Narragansetts.

Uncas. That will do. Thank ye Governor, thank ye!

The Sawnaps all repeating "Thank ye, Governor." Exit Uncas, with drawn knives and tomahawks, making the wood cry exultantly, as they depart. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.—*Quaker's Kitchen.*

[*Present Quaker—enter News Servant, who brings a letter.*]

Quaker (looking into it). How is this? [*Startled at it, he reads.*] "On the 21st instant, the vessel, in a terrible gale went down; the captain and crew saved themselves, but the ship, as well as the entire cargo, is lost. Adieu!" (*Throwing down the letter.*) Lost, lost! Oh! if that policy had been signed by Stubbs last night, then my insurance would have been secure. Now, what, what shall I do? To-morrow morning, he will hear of the ship's loss, and in that case he will not

sign the policy at all—in that case I, in misfortune, am lost! lost! What shall I do? Can I induce him to insure me? Ah!—I see—I 'll write him a letter. [*Music.*] [*Sits and writes it, and then hastily reads aloud to himself.* “*My dear friend Stubbs: if thee hath not signed the policy, thee need n't; the vessel is heard from!*”] Yes: this will do. Here, Michael, take this letter to Stubbs, the insurer, and say nothing. If he hands you my policy of insurance, bring it to me at once. I 'll have him. [*Reads it over again.*] Now away.

Michael (*aside*. Damned cheat!) Forgive me, yer holiness. If I give yer help in getting ye insurance, will ye turn and help me to get back me lost inheritance, against me own brother, Peter?

Quaker. Never mind, Michael, I 'll help ye. Do as thou-hast been directed. Away and deliver my letter!

[*Exit* MICHAEL. *Enter Michael's Wife.*

The Wife. Mr. Quaker, me dear ould father-in-law, Martin O'Flannigan, in me house, is jist dead—and he was about dying without a will, when me husband, Michael, came out to ye (*looking round*). Where is Michael?

Quaker. Thou wilt say nothing; keep whiste. I have sent Michael away. When he returns, we will come to you.

The Wife. Yes, yr howliness; but let me tell ye, his brother Peter will try to get the inheritance. Say, Quaker lawyer, can't somebody make a will for ould father Martin, now that he is dead?

Quaker. Thee will keep whiste. Go home and take my advice: wait and say nothing! [*Exit Wife. Re-enter Michael.*] Well, Michael, what luck?

Michael. I beleave in my soul that it's muckle good luck to ye. I called at the door of Stubbs, he took yr letter, was in his back office with it a long while, awhile; and then he brought me out this scrap of a paper, all signed, as ye see. De ye see? Sure I beleave it is a policy. And sure, it was the plain words ye put in it, that brought ye the policy.

Quaker (glancing at the paper). Whiste man! thou hast done well. Say nothing!—be true! Now, indeed, will I get pay for my lost ship! All right, Michael, say nothing.

Michael. All right: I'm tight. But say, what shall I do to get me inheritance. Me ould father is now dead in me own house, and he's left no will, to save to me the inheritance, and Peter, me brother, when he hears of the death, will come and take away the half of the property.

Quaker. Does any one know of yr father's death, except thee and thy wife?

Michael. No one at all, at all; and the body is locked in the dark room of me house.

Quaker (calling him aside). Michael, why can't you get Daddy O'Brien to make the will?

Michael. Yes, faith, and it's well thought of. He'll come to the same bed—whiste! whiste!—and he'll make the will, and you, Quaker, will write it. We'll all call it me ould father's will, and then we'll have a will to suit meself. Yes, (*calling his wife in*). Here, wife, go call Daddy O'Brien to come to me house at once. Tell him nothing; nothing about me property.

Quaker. Dost thou know Daddy O'Brien to be a man ye can trust with a secret.

Michael. And faith, Daddy O'Brien is the man ye can trust. A divel of a bit will he tell of it, at all, at all, and in the will he will give me my inheritance.

[*Enter THE WIFE with DADDY O'BRIEN.*

The Wife. Michael, here is Daddy O'Brien.

Michael. Whiste ye, now, whiste! Lave us alone. Lave Daddy O'Brien and me alone. [*Quaker and wife retire.*] Now sure, it is this, Daddy O'Brien (*Privately*). My ould father is dead in my house, and nobody but us knows it; and the ould man has not given me the home farm, nor the goose pasture, as he had agreed, and now I want to remove him from his bed, and I want you to lay sick in the bed and make a will in me father's, Martin O'Flannigan's name, giving me the home place and the goose pasture, and all the rest.

Daddy O'Brien. An yes, and faith, I'll do it; and I can be as sick as he, and I can give to you the goose pasture as well as he, and I can make the will.

Michael. Whiste, whiste, now! Be careful that ye sign to it the name of Martin O'Flannigan. See to it that ye seal it, and that ye give it witnesses enough.

Quaker. Thou mayest have the wife and Agnis for witnesses.

Michael. And Quaker, you can *write it*, and witness it, too. Whiste, now, and away, so that Martin O'Flannigan's will may appear to be written in a dacent way, and then I'll have a title. [*Music.*

Scene — Parlor.

[*Present QUAKER and FATHER McFEASON. Enter STUBBS.*]

Quaker. Friend Stubbs, I am glad to see thee. How hast thou been?

Stubbs. I've been not a bit the better for thine honesty.

Quaker. What doest thou mean?

[*Enter McFEASON.*

Stubbs. I charge thee with dishonesty. Thou art a hypocrite! Thou didst know the loss of the ship, and upon it obtained my contract of insurance—and all this to defraud me. [*Producing the letter and reading.*] “If thou hast *not* signed the policy, thee need n't. The vessel is heard from.” [*Throwing it at him.*] Take back yer vile letter—it shall prove thine infamy.

Quaker. Don't come to me, Stubbs, with a lesson of morals. That policy was signed and issued by thee supposing the ship safe. You signed it to defraud me. Take this lesson, friend Stubbs, to thyself—pay for the lost ship—confess thy sins and shame the devil. Stand forth, Stubbs, and tell us why thou didst issue the policy at all, after hearing that the vessel was “heard from?” Why didst thou sign it, but for the purpose of defrauding me without risk of the premium? Tell me, if thou, *thyself*, art not the hypocrite. Come now, brother Quaker, let us submit these, our differences, to our neighbor and friend, Father McFeason, now present.

Stubbs. Agreed; so be it. Let us listen to his judgment.

Father McFeason. I in faith will speak—as now on your solicitation I am invoked, I will answer. The case on the one side and the other, as ye represent it, evinces, first, that ye are both Quakers; second, that in this transaction of business ye were mutually dishonest and guilty of treachery—intending to defraud each other: third, that it seems plain to me that ye are both

hypocrites. Consequently it follows, that neither of you, has in law or justice, any remedy, both appearing to deserve a place in the penitentiary.

[*Exit* QUAKER. *Enter* AGNIS.

Moral. — Never deal in disguise. If you speak at all, tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

McFeason. How strange it is, Agnis, that our neighbor, Martin O'Flannigan's sons, are always found at variance. The father is well to do in the world, and what need can there be in their keeping up a contention as to which of the two shall inherit their father's estate, or whether they are to share it equally?

Agnis. Indeed, Father McFeason, had n't ye heard of it? *Martin O'Flannigan* is now very sick,(?) and Quaker is just now gone in there to see to the settling his business, and they have notified me to be present and sign my name, as witness, to his will. These are sad hours for us in this neighborhood. Yes, it is true, the young men are apt to be at variance. Peter is wild in his notions, inclined to idleness, and like a drone of the hive, he will most likely come to some tragic end, or waste a useless life in poverty. Michael is the more inclined to industry, but is not much better in his behavior. But, the father I trust will advise aright and encourage them by his will.

McFeason. How either of them can be benefited by a legacy, I am unable to perceive. A fortune to a knave is worse than nothing, but whoever lives, may see and, mayhap, may thereby be profited.

ACT III.

SCENE I. — *A Sick-room.*

[*Present, Daddy O'Brien (as Sick Man), disguised, in the bed of Martin O'Flannigan, deceased, with Agnis and Michael's wife as witnesses to the proposed forgery.*]

Quaker (at the bed-side). Friend Flannigan, wilt thou wake up a little. I hear thou art very sick, and requested, I've come to write thy will.

Sick Man. Yes, very sick — want a will made. It sames to me ye don't have much light here. Where is me ould friend, the Quaker lawyer?

Michael. Oh! the Quaker is here! He has jist spoken to ye, and he can write y'r will, father. [*Taking the Quaker by the hand and leading him up to him.*]

Sick Man (trying to rise up). Where's Quaker lawyer? I want to make me will!

Michael. Oh! here he *is*, father. [*Leading Quaker and seating him at bed-side.*]

Sick Man. Where shall I begin? Take a sate, lawyer, and write ye down what I bid ye — and do it quickly, for, as ye see, I've but little time to stay! Are ye listening? But I die in pace with all me neighbors.

Witnesses (in chorus). Musha! Musha!

Sick Man. I've been a hard laboring man all me life, a'most; and me boys — one is a blackguard, and my tother, me Michael, has been the boy for me. I now die in pace, and must lave um.

Witnesses (in chorus). Musha! Musha!

Sick Man. I bequeath to me son Michael — for never, never was there a better son, or a decenter boy, — have ye that down? Yes, to me son Michael, I bequeath the whole of me farm in Kilkenny, in the parish of Hardacre, with all the low lands along Goose Brook, down back of ould McCafferty's barn. I give all this to me son Michael, and much good luck to him, and much success forever may he have with it. Have ye got that down? Ah! and me mouth is getting dry, and won't ye gave me a little taste of the jug? (*Here he takes a hearty drink.*) Where had I got? — Oh, I remember — at McCafferty's barn. I leave him, (that's Michael, I mean). I leave him the two turnip yards at O'Finnegan's Haven, and sure it is, the soil is fine. And where is Rory O'More? — that's Michael — I am after leaving to him another acre of ground, which lays in the parish of Knockraboora, on the side next to Noonan's land, and near Larity Carson's acre. Have ye that down. (Yes.) Jist now, agin, let me have a little of the jug. [*Michael gives it. He drinks.*] Ah! Mike ye watered that?

Michael (nods aside, as if to privately admit it.) No, indeed, father, it's yer taste, that's leavin ye. [*Here the attendants all mutter assent.*]

Sick Man (groaning). Well — sad! sad! Indeed it is so! But try me a little — stay me a little — give me a drap more of the jug, if ye please.

Michael. Here father, [*holding the jug to his father's mouth, which gives him but one swallow*] that 's all — it 's empty ; the jug leaks ; the gin is out, [*aside*] and out on purpose, like as not.

Sick Man. Yes, yes, that gives me grief — 't is painful to my stomach. The jug is out, and it 's to be feared the water of the well of life is out, too. Have ye anither jug, Michael ?

Michael. Oh, father, finish your will, and I 'll go over to McCafferty's and get another jug full. But mind me, see to it that ye finish the will right off. Sign and seal it. Do ye hear me ? [*Exit.*]

Sick Man. Yes, I 'm after hearing ye ; but be after the gin. Peter O'Flannigan, where is he ? Ah, Peter is my son, but he 's been an idler in spite of meself. To my sorrow, he has made himself but a blackguard, and not a farthing will I give him — nothing, at all, at all. Have ye that down ? (Yes.) Then give to me dry lips anither drap — jist a taste of the jug.

Quaker. Wilt thou have patience a little, thy son Michael has not yet returned.

Sick Man. Where is Peter O'Flannigan ? Oh ! Peter, bad luck to ye, for I have nothing for ye.

Quaker. Peter is not here.

Sick Man. Ah ! it is Daddy O'Brien that I was trying to think of. Have ye that down ? (Yes.) Well, I leave to Daddy O'Brien all the rest of me estate. It includes me homestead in Killelundoony and the two acres at the cross, and good luck be it to me good ould friend. Have ye got it down ?

Quaker. Yes, it is down.

Sick Man. Then me last will is done. Where 's

Rory O'More, for that's my Michael? and where's me jug?

Michael. Here father, I am here. I've returned; here's the jug.

Sick Man. Indeed, is there anything in it but water?

Michael. Yes, father, if ye have finished the will, a drap of it will be good for yr ould heart. [*Giving him a fresh drink.*]

Sick Man (smacking his lips). Sure, and yer as good as yer word; ye've given me a drink, and the will, it is finished, and the witnesses are about signing it.

Quaker (holding up the paper). This, Martin O'Flannigan, is your will.

Sick Man. Sure, it is; and by the holiness of St. Patrick it is indade my will. [*Curtain.*]

SCENE II. — *Same.*

[*All present.*]

Michael. Now, that the will of my ould father is made, whiste ye! Whiste away to yr work, and tell um all that me father, Martin O'Flannigan, is dying, is dead! tell um how the priest had given him the rites; tell um of the wake this night. And, oh! tell um how sad it was for his son, Michael to part with him in his ould age [*weeping*]. But [*turning to the Quaker*] whiste! whiste! be at the wake and bring the will.

Quaker. Yes; I will be there as thou desirest, with the will.

Sick Man (groaning). Worse! [*Quaker offers the jug.*] Nothing from the jug — no more of the jug — no more of the jug! Oh! Father St. Patrick, from purgatory save me soul. [*Enter AGNIS.*]

Agnis. Oh! my friend Quaker, our dear ould father is gone at last. He has made his last will — always kind to me — so loving — he now has left us — ah! great grief to me, to part with a dear ould friend! [*Weeping.*] Our father O'Flannigan, he in his lifetime always so good to the poor — so faithful to his friends, and always so generous — so kind to me, now dead! — but he died in peace. He had made his will, but the jug he forgot. [*Weeping and taking it up and swashing it, tastes it.*] Shah! 'tis as weak as water, water! [*Music lively, and she wakes up to it and turns into a dance.*] [*Curtain.*]

SCENE III. — *At a Front Door of McFeason.*

Enter STUBBS.

McFeason. Friend Stubbs, to what place are you going.

Stubbs. I am on my way to Flannigan's; there is to be a wake there. Martin O'Flannigan's will is to be opened there — its contents are then and there to be made known. A Quaker lawyer did the business of writing it. Wonder if he contrived to cheat the young Peter out of his inheritance, as he did me out of my insurance? Sam Strout says the will is a forgery. He says old Martin O'Flannigan intended that his two boys, Michael and Peter, should share his estate equally, and hence had made no *will*. But whether there has been a will made up *for Martin*, since his death, we shall soon see.

McFeason. Yes: I am told Martin died two days ago. Then how could it happen that a will for him was made but yesterday? Had Martin O'Flannigan come

again to life? or has Daddy O'Brien contrived to make up a will for him, since his decease? It is meet that this matter should be ferreted out.

[*Now the Irish, men and women, are coming around and dropping into the end door, where the wake is to be held.*]

Stubbs. See, thou mayest know most clearly; it takes a *live* man to execute a will, not a dead one. Neither dead men, nor ghosts, deign to do it — indeed, it is not fashionable, even in this, our Mohegan world, for a dead man to make a will. [Curtain.

SCENE IV.

[*Rising, it unveils a wake for the soul of Martin O'Flannigan, with smokers, drinkers; QUAKER, PETER, and MICHAEL.*]

Michael (in tears). Now that our dear ould father is dead, we his friends, may listen to the reading of his will. The lawyer has it.

Quaker (rising.) The will was left to my keeping. It was witnessed by me and by Nora, Flora, and Agnis.

Michael. Please read it.

Quaker (reads). I, Martin O'Flannigan, of Nockra-boora, being weak in body, but strong in mind, do make and publish this my last will and testament, this — day of ——. First of all, I give to me son Michael (for never was there a better son, or a decenter boy). I leave to Michael, my farm in Killamundoony; I also give to him ('t is Michael, I mean), the two turnip yards at Finnegan's lane, down opposite to McCafferty's sheep pasture, south of Goose Brook (and sure it is, the soil is fine). And further (it 's Michael I mean),

I am after leaving to him anither acre, which lays in the parish of Knockraboora, down by the great 'tater field, quite near to Larity Carson's lot. (*Note.* 'T was here the testator took a drink, and again thus proceeds.) Ah, Peter! where is he? Ah! Peter is away to his idlings. 'T is long he has been a blackguard, in spite of meself, and I'll give him nothing at all, at all.

Peter (rashly interrupting). Who made that will? When was it made? Sure, the scribe could be nothing but a lying blackguard!

Michael. Whiste, Peter! Whiste!

Quaker. Never mind, Peter, don't interrupt the reading. Make thine objections at the close of the reading.

[*Here a low murmur of assent issues and the reading proceeds.*]

Quaker (continues the reading). And this is me will; there's my neighbor Noonan,—nah! it's *Daddy O'Brien* I mean, always of interest. Well, I leave to *Daddy O'Brien* all the rist of me estate. It includes me homestead in Knockraboora, near Killemundoony, and the two acres at the cross, and the best of good luck may it bring forever, to me dear ould friend.

<i>Witness:</i>	{	QUAKER,	(Signed)
		NORA A. FLORA,	MARTIN O'FLANNIGAN.
		AGNIS.	Sealed [L. s.]

Quaker. This is all.

Peter. All, ye see, so it seems. Then, and sure, I am to have nothing at all, at all. Agnis, you were here. When did me father die?

Agnis. Two days ago.

Peter. And Agnis, when was his will made?

Agnis. This forenoon.

Michael (interrupting). Whiste! Whiste! Shah!
Agnis.

Peter. And how the divil could a dead man make a will. My father died day before yesterday. Did he dictate that will of to-day? Get out! bad luck to ye all! Quaker begun this, and you Mike urged it along to chate me. And Daddy O'Brien, trying to chate us both, was the tool he made of himself. Down upon the blackguards. Drive 'em out! [*Music.*

[*Here they all rise against Quaker, Mike, and O'Brien, — and hither and thither, catching up brickbats, clubs, etc., they raise the cry, "Kill, drive out the blackguards!" — and, pursuing, they drive them furiously out of sight.*]

[*Soon they are back again, seated, smoking, and muttering the wake as before, and bemoaning the loss of Martin O'Flanigan.*] [*Curtain.*

SCENE V. — *Same.*

Michael (confessing). And sure a great sin had I committed meself. But I have been to the priest, and indade he has pardoned it. Ah! a ghost (*raising his hand in fear*). [*An apparition fills a window, and all start up, gaze at it, and then seat themselves.*] The priest hath pardoned me; I am pardoned.

Ghost (in a sepulchral voice). Untrue! That's untrue. *It's a lie, Michael.*

Smoking attendants (speaking together). Musha! Musha! A ghost? Oh nah, nah!

Michael (in tears). I am sorry for my sins. I will be content with the one half of the endowment of my dear ould Father O'Flanagan.

Apparition (drawlingly). That's a *lie*, Michael. It's a *lie*!

The attendants mutter musha! and (with groans) exclaim, "Augh Michael! Musha! Musha!"

[*Enter McFEASON.*

Michael. Here is my dear priest, McFeason, always friendly to all. Father McFeason, what shall we do? My dear ould father is dead. Here, as ye see; and he had made a will.

Peter (interrupting). Faith! and he had made no *will*. Michael, my brother, had signed to *cheat* me out of me inheritance. Daddy O'Brien, disguising himself, had made it; and Quaker lawyer had written it down, and it's all a chate, a *chater*!

Michael. And, as I was saying, me ould father had kept me at home, and had discarded Peter, my brother, and Peter was a blackguard, given to *strang* drink. And me ould father ought to have given me his whole estate; but, dying suddenly, made for me no will at all, at all. And what shall I do?

Peter. I'll tell ye what, Mike. You may as well be content with yr own honest rights. Now, Master McFeason, tell us what we ought to do, now that our oid father is gone, and Michael behaving like an outcast, a knave, and a cut-throat. Let us have yr advice.

McFeason. Peter, thy father was equally a friend to you as to Michael. He had an estate, but desiring that you, his sons, should share it equally, of course he made no will. You seek my advice. Peter, leave your intemperance. Turn with disdain from its dangers. Seek laborious industry. It is the true source of pleasure. Believe me, the genuine enjoyments of earth are

never obtained otherwise than through constant industrious labor.

Drones, they never rise to glory,
Doomed to perish in the strife,
God ordains it — true the story —
Workers reap the joys of life.

Michael, at the death of your old father O'Flanagan you have proved yourself dishonest. Indeed, what a reproach is *this*. Your conduct endangers your person. Your pathway is crooked. What is it but the way to hell. Depart from it, Michael. Boys, take your inheritance equally. Copy the frugality of the fathers, their precepts and good examples.

Michael. And faith, Father McFeason, you are right, entirely right. I'll give up me tricks. I'll obtain never another will. Content, I will be to take me equal half of the needful. And faith and I'll be to meself a man agin.

Peter. And I can be as much as Mike. I'll give up me cups, but niver me inheritance.

McFeason. That's noble! United ye'll stand, divided you would fall. [*Music.*]

SCENE VI. — *Sachem's Plain.*

McFeason, priest [*looking at the landscape alone*]. The decision by the colonial commission in Miantonimo's case, foreshadowing his immediate execution, bestirs the tribes in a manner disheartening to the Narragansetts, and awful to be thought of. Lo, and behold, this is Sachem's Plain. This is where the great battle by the Narragansetts and Mohegans was fought. This, in truth, is the very spot where many a poor Narragan-

sett, at the treacherous hand of Uncas, fell. And this very soil, although it drank their very blood, is ashamed of such a blot in itself of treachery and crime. But here is a friend. [Enter MOSSUP.

Mossup. Mr. McFeason, me hear that Uncas be at the jail in Hartford, taking out Miantonimo to bring him away.

McFeason. Yes, Mossup, and Miantonimo is to be murdered, clandestinely murdered, as I suppose, at the bloody hand of savages. And that being so, vengeance at the hand of God and the Narragansetts, shall follow the English who, as accessory, dip their hands in Miantonimo's innocent blood. Treacherously was that old chief made a prisoner of war, and more than treacherously is he now doomed to be betrayed unto death.

[Exit.

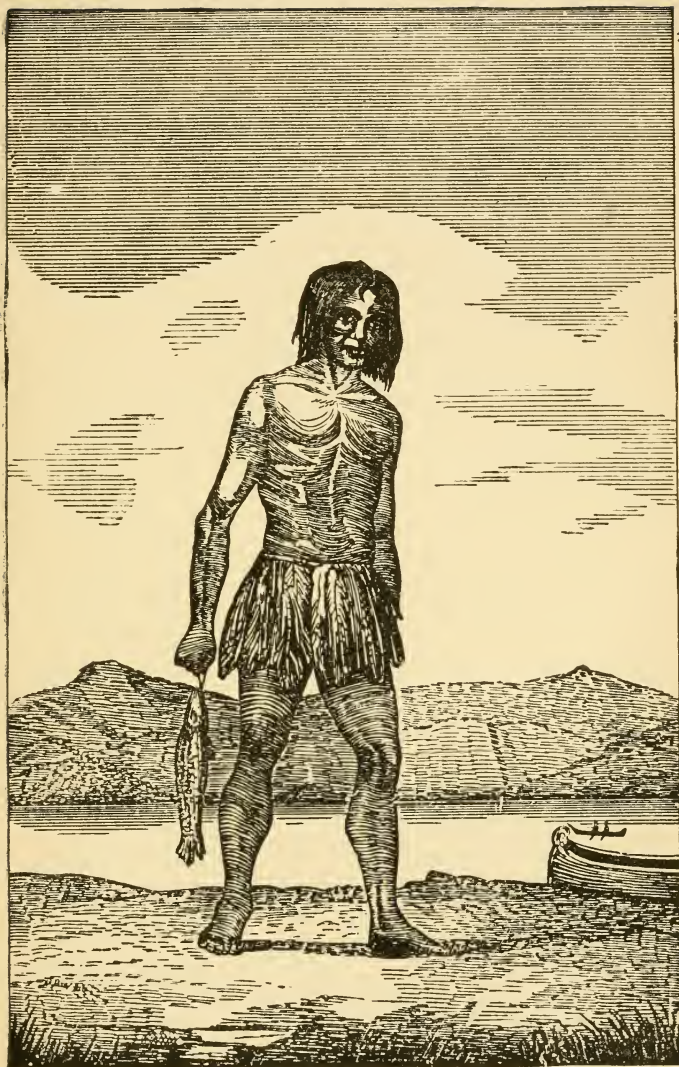
Mossup (interruptingly). Hark! Look! (*Holding up his hands, and pointing to Uncas and company in charge of the prisoner, approaching the plain coming in the distance.*) Oh, it be Uncas holding on to Miantonimo.

[*In an opposite direction from Uncas and men a war-whoop breaks forth in the distance like this: "Woach! woach! ha, ha! woach!"*]

Uncas. Forward! [*His prisoner, with tied hands, is in the centre of the trail as they wind along, and Wawewaqua, at the word "forward," steps behind Miantonimo, and strikes him down dead with a tomahawk.*]

[A dirge.]

[*Instantly there is a rush from an opposite ambuscade by a tribe of Narragansetts, down upon Uncas and company, driving them with great noises of voice and musketry out of sight.*]



NATIVE MANHOOD,

Miantonimo. [*In his death struggles lifting himself half way up, ejaculates.*] Curs't, cursed be Uncas! Cursed while living and damned when he is dead. I am murdered. Treachery cuts me down. Farewell, me hunting-grounds. Farewell me sons! My canoe, my bow and arrows are thine. Murdered, me die. Farewell, my dear, dear Narragansetts. Farewell! farewell! [*And falling back, expires. Dirge. Curtain.*]

SCENE VII.—*Same.*

[*At once they bury Miantonimo where he fell, and then they bring cobblestones and are falling in one after another heaping them upon his grave.*]

Mossup. Haste, ye Narragansetts, make haste. Uncas re-enforced may return to murder you. Bury the old chief and haste away.

Pessacus. Let Uncas come! Me defy him! He be a cheat, a traitor, a knave. Me'll bury my dead, and me'll bury me tomahawk deep into Uncas's heart. Vengeance on Uncas and on the English. Snares shall lay in the warpath of the whiteman and of Uncas. The tomahawks and scalping-knives shall hence cleave their heads and sever their scalp-locks. Never, never, shall the warwhoop and faggot cease to trouble the repose of their midnight hours. Stand your ground, then, Narragansetts. On the grave of me dear old father, your chief, it will be manliness to fight, 't will be manliness to die. [*Thunders mutter in the distance.*]

[*They continually trail around each other in turn, laying a rude stone tenderly upon his grave.*]

[*Enter McFEASON.*]

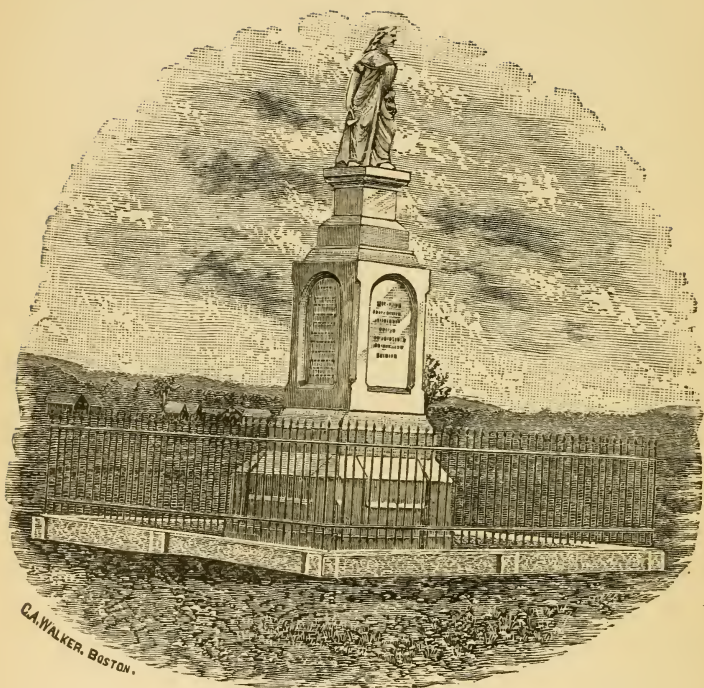
Pessacus. Here; come to me council. [*They all leap around him erect, with weapons up presented.*]

Thank ye for the honors ye pile up there. They are the tribute of a nation to a dear old chief, to my dead father. Out now upon Uncas and upon the English. [*Thunders mutter.*] Down upon the treachery. Death to the traitors. Let us away, away. [*Musketry explodes without. All the tribe answer approvingly — Hoch, woach! and seizing their weapons and giving the war-whoop — O Woach! woach! ha, ha, ha! O woach! they Ay.*

McFeason.

The bloody sunset and the forked light,
That breaks the curtain of this cruel night,
Awaking English matrons with alarms,
To hug sweet infants with tenacious arms,
Foretells gross carnage of successive years,
And devastation in a land of tears.

Woe to the Tribes! Mohegan race and all,
Of madness moved to famish and to fall,
To loose the lands, to them ordained in trust,
Of Heaven high they've held it from the first,
Oh, live and learn! and in this tragic place
Make most of life, and seek supernal grace.



C. A. WALKER, BOSTON.

DUSTON STATUE,

KING PHILIP.

(N. E.)

An Historical Drama.

[YEARS 1648 TO 1698.]

BY ROBERT B. CAVERLY,

POET AND HISTORIAN.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LEVERET	Governor.	DUMKINS	An Aged Hunter.
PHILIP	King of the Wampanoags.	LIGHTFOOT.	Friendly Indian.
MOSELY }	Captains.	WATACHPOO	Indian Warrior.
FULLER }		ATT'Y-GENERAL.	Of the Crown.
MATILDA	Pilgrim Mother.	COURT	In Session.
SASSAMON	Indian Interpreter.	CLERK	Of the Court.
QUINNAPIN	Master of Captives.	MAJOR WALDRON	Of Cocheco.
ROWLANDSON, MRS.	A Captive.	KIMBALL, MRS.	A Captive.
WEETAMOO.	The Squaw Sachem.	PETER	One of the Tribe.
WHITTAKER AND MARY.		SIR HARBOTTLE.	Prisoners' Att'y.
"OLD JETHRO"	Indian Leader.	WONALANCET	The Peacemaker.

ATTENDANTS.

NIMROD, AQUETESH, Crier of the Court, Bailiff, the three Prisoners, Page, ONUX, MATTIKIN, and HANNAH BRADLEY.

BOSTON

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Kings of the Wampanoags, Massasoit and Philip	127
Weetamoo, the Indian Princess ; her Wigwam and her Exploits . .	130
Philip's (first) Battle with the English at Pettyquamscot	134
Death of King Philip at the Gunshot of Alderman	137
The Downfall of Weetamoo in her Flight from the Enemy	138
Hannah Duston ; her Capture, Captivity, and Tragic Release .	139-186
Sassamon and Philip in a Treaty with the English Governor . . .	145
Passaconaway—his Habits and Opinions	148
Murder of Sassamon ; the Cause which induced it	149
The Court Trial of Indians, Tobias, and others, for Murder	152
Philip and Weetamoo when at a Court Trial, and what each said, 159, 160	
Dumkins and Matilda on a Connubial Life	161
Dialogue at Haverhill, between Lightfoot and Dumkins	166
Of Mrs. Rowlandson in Captivity, and of Indian Habits and Conflicts, 167	
Pursuit of Philip in the Wilderness by the English	170, 172, 177
Matrimonial Alliance of Whittaker and Mary	179-182
Major Waldron and Wonalancet in the Release of Mrs. Kimball . .	183
Mother Duston's Captivity, and Captors slain	185, 186
Mrs. Kimball saved from Captivity and Death, and set Free by Wonalancet	186-188
Hannah Bradley shoots Bampico with a Blunderbuss	189, 190

BATTLE OF THE BUSH.

KING PHILIP.

LEGEND NO. 3.

(KING PHILIP, WEETAMOO, AND MOTHER DUSTON.)

OUR Pilgrim Fathers while seeking a home here in the wilderness suffered much of hardship. Yet among the natives they at once found a friend in Massasoit, chief king of the Wampanaogs. With him in all kindness they made the first treaty, a treaty of mutual harmony, which resulted in a peace of fifty years, and which lasted through the lifetime of that sagacious sachem. Massasoit, about the year 1661 having died, his regal mantle fell upon his eldest son, Moo-a-nam, *alias* Wamoutta, and at last upon Alexander.* But Alexander soon dying, the sceptre of the tribes descended to Metacomet, *alias* Pometacum, his second son, who thence became renowned in New England as *King Philip*, the valiant sachem of Mount Hope.

* Alexander's wife (Philip's mother) was Weetamoo. Drake's American Indians, Book III., page 3.

These brothers, on application, had taken their several English names from the court at Plymouth. During our first half century there were many intrusions, outrages by many of the New England settlers, which Philip resented as being against the peaceful dominion of his people. He claimed to discover an intent on the part of the English to expand their domain, and by force to expel his own native nations. Fifty years of peace had greatly favored the white settlements, which had been extended to numerous hamlets in Maine, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut, which were increasing more generally near the shores of the sea. All along the great rivers, nearly or quite, they outnumbered the redman, still wandering as native hunters of the wilderness. By right of eminent domain these natives were then the owners of the soil of New England. Philip as king had great power over the various tribes, and many prominent friends he had, among whom was John Sassamon, an Indian interpreter, who had been trained to an English education, and who, by his adherence to Christianity, had assisted Eliot, the apostle, in the translation of some portions of the English Bible into the Indian language.

At Natick, about the year 1660, he had been employed in the capacity of school teacher, and appears to have made himself useful to Alexander, to Philip, and sometimes to the English alternately as a clergyman, as well as an interpreter and teacher.

At one time he preached to the Namaskets, and at another time to other tribes in or near Middleborough, a region wherein Watuspaquin was then a chief. As if to induce Sassamon to remain among his people, this

sagamore favored him with a gratuitous deed of lands as follows : —

“ Know all men by these presents that I, old Watuspaquin, doe graunt unto John Sassamon, alias Wassamon, 27 acraes of land for a home lot at Assawamsett Necke. This is my gift given to him, the said John Sassamon, by me, the said Watuspaquin, in Anno 1673.”

Witness alsoe,	his
his	OLD WATUSPAQUIN, ☉
NAVEHNEUNT, S. +	mark.
mark.	his
	WILLIAM TUSPAQUIN, □
	mark.

But Sassamon, as events turned, did not live long to enjoy this grant. He had become too familiar with the English to suit Philip's notions of safety. He had been making known to the Pilgrims of Plymouth Philip's design of making war against the settlers. Philip heard of this supposed treachery, and thence that interpreter was doomed. Afterwards, early in the spring of 1674 Sassamon was missing, and, search being made, his body was found in a pond at Middleboro. Obviously, it had been dropt through a hole in the ice, his hat and gun having been left near it, as if to indicate suicide.

Soon three of Philip's men were arrested, tried, and convicted by the English as murderers. This murder in its tendency was the first step in the commencement of Indian conflicts in New England.

War now was waged — dread anarchy appears ;
 Baleful to blast the crowning thrift of years,
 At death of Massasoit. Philip succeeds
 As king, and hostile to the whites proceeds
 To flagrant deeds — and first all in time,
 A native priest suspected of no crime,
 But to have broached a secret plot, is slain
 By murderous hand. On Philip rests this stain.

Philip's war having commenced with this and other preceding outrages, continued its conflicts from the spring of 1674 into the summer of 1676 with unabated fury.

Fixing his head-quarters at Mt. Hope, the tribes numerously flocked to his standard, and from that time, that war in the wilderness, a war of extermination, terrible in all of its details, advanced. On the part of the white man an effort was made to obtain from Philip and his allies treaties of peace, but to no purpose. Among Philip's adherents was the squaw sachem of Pocasset:

WEETAMOO.

Weetamoo, by the Indian marriage, had been the wife of Alexander, and, at his decease, had been wedded to Petanuet, *alias* Quinnapin. Also she was intimately allied to Philip, being a sister to the venerable squaw of his own choice.

Weetamoo, as they say, was a proud dame. She bestowed upon herself much of ornament in dress, in the powdering of her hair, in paints, in necklaces, in bracelets, and in other costly jewels.

Her wigwam was at Pocasset. Petanuet, in July, 1674, seeking out Captain Church, crossed over to him from Philip's headquarters at Mt. Hope, in a canoe, and held a conference with that leader of the settlers.

It was there, and at that time, that Church obtained from Patanuet a confirmation of Philip's designs in his various apparent preparations for war.

At this time Weetamoo was at her camp on a high hill to the north of Howland's Ferry, and not far from the Pocasset shore. Petanuet, inclining to favor the

English, had invited Church to make her a visit. Church accepted, but found her in a melancholy mood. She said, "All her men had left her, being absent at Philip's war dance. As appears, she talked freely of Philip and of his intentions — perhaps too freely.

Church, on his return to Plymouth, reported this squaw sachem rich in lands and strong in power, and as being friendly to the English. But, as it turned, Philip afterwards having reclaimed her, she advanced to the conflict with him, and finally fell, fighting heroically in behalf of her own native nationality, as we shall soon see. At once the public mind had begun to be agitated with anxious fears. The colonial leaders were constantly sending from Boston emissaries to the tribes in Connecticut, and to the eastward, on the Saco, and Kennebeck, disarming them, and securing pledges of good faith, and, of course, thereby making at every step hostility still the more acrimonious; yet obtaining promises often made, yet often to be violated. Everywhere, among the planters as well as among the natives *Loud rumor* spoke, and it spoke of blood, carnage, and consternation.

To the end of disarming the New England tribes, commissioners having been appointed were, constantly on the alert in Massachusetts, Connecticut, and in Maine, or wherever the wild man might be found. In June, 1675, during all the time the Indian murderers were on trial, Philip had had a posse of armed warriors on the march, up and down, near the court house at Plymouth, and ever afterwards kept his men about him in arms, and constantly continued to enlist recruits from distant tribes.

The English at Plymouth knowing this, ordered a military watch throughout their settlements, hoping that Philip, not finding himself arrested by the court, might become appeased, and that from this the war cloud might vanish away.

But the fates ordered otherwise. Philip's strength constantly increased by the gathering of the tribes to his standard, threatening war. Soon the tribes began to invade the settlements, in the killing of cattle, in the pillaging of houses, and in now and then a murder. At length an Englishman shot at one of the intruders, wounded him, but did not kill him. Upon this the Indians began to kill the English, with or without cause, so that on the 24th of June, 1675, the alarm of war sounded throughout the Plymouth Colony. Eight or nine of the English were slain in and about Swansey on that same day. Soon the Plymouth Governor and Council sent out forces in defence of the settlements, and transmitted messages to the Governor and Council of Massachusetts, and also to Philip, intending to dissuade him, by treaty or otherwise, from his deadly designs, but all to no purpose.

The Colonies were alarmed. They obtained a treaty with the Naragansetts ; and while this was progressing, the English forces were everywhere else advancing to the various posts of danger. Some were commissioned to negotiate for peace with any of the troublesome tribes. Yet all settlers were on the alert to destroy Philip, then fortified at Mt. Hope. Still this heroic chieftain continued to wander from swamp to swamp, and, as opportunity offered itself, making invasions upon English settlements.

Philip, of course, not being ignorant of the active warlike preparations of the settlers, and perceiving himself doomed if he remained at Mt. Hope, started, late in July, with a strong force of warriors, and advancing towards an arm of the sea, and taking advantage of a low tide, built rafts of timber, and, in the night-time, with all his forces, escaped far away back into the wilderness. But he left behind him many of his women and children. Many of his enemies, not knowing his whereabouts, remained in camp for a considerable time, on the opposite side of the great swamp which surrounded his fortifications.

Then, as appears, the tribes to destroy villages, now wandering into the Nipmuck territory,* were followed, and as they advanced were beset by the soldiery of the settlers, and by many an ambuscade of traitorous red-men, who had united with Englishmen against King Philip.

Thus Philip's terrible conflict commenced and advanced.

Hence, at midnight and at early morn conflagrations, trespasses, and murders, of every grade of cruelty, prevailed throughout the English settlements in New England, without much distinction of age or sex.

Garrison houses were erected in all the hamlets, and in other prominent places, where they stood during an hundred years of bloody conflict, and some of them still remain, as monuments of a perpetual barbarous conflict, up to the present hour. Hence the inhabitants at Swansea, at Deerfield, Squawkeag, Swamscot, Hadley, Hat-

* The Nipmuck region was between the rivers Merrimac and Connecticut.

field, Medfield, Lancaster, Northfield, Northampton, Taunton, Saybrook, and all the way from Mount Hope, in Rhode Island, to the Mohawk country, in New York, were held in constant consternation. Thence, easterly, the inhabitants at Groton, Wamesit, Chelmsford, Billerica, Bradford, at Haverhill, Exeter, Cocheco, Salmon Falls, Portsmouth, Kittery, Saco, and at York, and still eastward to the tarratine country along the Sagadahock, all, all, witnessed the sad realities of Philip's power amid the horrors of a clandestine, daily and nightly, exterminating war.

PHILLIP'S FIRST BATTLE.

He had concentrated his Narragansetts at Petty-quamscot, in a strong fortress. It was December 19, 1675, at one o'clock, P. M., when the English arrived, after a continuous march through a dark wilderness, near to a great swamp, which surrounded Philip's fort.

Captains Mosely and Davenport were then on the lead. Majors Appleton and Oliver were following, with the Massachusetts forces, General Winslow, with the Plymouth men, in the centre, and the Connecticut troops, promptly advancing in the rear, were moving up.

Upon discovering Indians lurking behind the trees the front files fired at them, and their fire was returned from the swamp, the Indians flying further in.

Still they were followed by the invaders, until they reached the fort, into which the fugitive Indians betook themselves.

This battleground was an island of four acres, in a wilderness, dense, surrounded, as we have said, by a swamp. It has since been made an upland meadow,

being a few feet higher than its adjacent lands, situated in South Kingston, Rhode Island.

In this fort there was but one entrance, yet the Indians had many ways of coming out of it. The sides of it were made of palisadoes, set upright, compassed about by a thick set, impenetrable hedge, of nearly a rod in width. Its usual place of entrance was over a long trunk of a tree, extending over a pool of water. It portended death, such was the exposure to any and all who might venture to enter the fort in that direction. At one corner there was a foot-way, made up of a long log laying four or five feet from the ground, over which files of men might pass; and nearly opposite to it was a blockhouse.

The invading English filed in upon these, the only entrances. But from the blockhouses, as well as from the ambush, they were shot down nearly as fast as they advanced. Captains Johnson and Davenport both fell. The soldiers were driven back; they threw themselves upon the ground to avoid the shots. Many men were lost. At length two fresh companies were brought up, to another assault, who charged in upon the savages, raising the cry, "They run! *they run!*"

This frightened the enemy, and encouraged their comrades, and they fought valiantly. The enemy was driven from the fort, but not without much loss of life. Great were the numbers of the dead in and about the fort and swamp.

Many brave leaders of the English were lost. Captains Gallop, Siely, Marshall, Davenport, and Johnson, and Lieutenant Upham fell at the on set.

The contest was fearful. Fire at length was set to

the fort, and some of the Indian women and children were consumed in the conflagration. How dreadful !

On that night the English soldiery marched back to their dreary headquarters (nearly fifteen miles), bearing upon their shoulders the bodies of their dead and wounded, through a wilderness of snow. Their dead numbered nearly one hundred. Oh, how the ghosts of the natives that fell amid the smoking ruins of that battle must have haunted their frosty, weary, midnight pathway !

To the gallant soldier, true to his duty and to his companions, never was there a night more hideous. Even outside of the camp, and on the way, many a generous heart must have perished.

It is not to be wondered that the English authorities thereafterwards sought safety in attempted fruitless treaties during what yet remained of that winter of 1676. They thence could make but few and faint military movements against Philip and his tribes, Yet murders and skirmishes were common as usual, and winter being over the war became general. About this time Captain Henchman says : —

“Our twenty-seven scouts brought intelligence that the Indians were in continual motion, — some towards Narragansett, some towards Wachusett, — lying not above one night in a place. They brought in with them two squaws, a boy and a girl, giving an account of five slain. Yesterday they brought in an old fellow, brother of a sachem, six squaws and children, — having killed five men and wounded others. Eleven persons we had in all, two of whom by council we put to death.”

After many terrible murders herein hinted at and

many bloody conflicts, on the 12th of August, 1676, an Indian came in, who, reporting Philip as having returned to Mt. Hope, offered to pilot any force that would undertake to follow him. And then a company led by Captain Church, part English and part Indians, advancing to the great swamp and surrounding it, Philip was discovered passing out from it. Church aimed to shoot him, but the gun missed fire. Then at the same moment Alderman Seaconet, a Narragansett, fired, and Philip fell dead, shot through the heart. Also on that day five of Philip's men were slain. Here, to a certain extent, the great struggle which had threatened the final fate of the redman on this New England shore was foreshadowed. Indian conflicts had not been crushed out nor averted. They continued and afflicted the inhabitants here with appalling horrors almost incessantly from the beginning for nearly an hundred years.

Weetamoo had fallen but a few days prior to Philip's death — allied to him and to his squaw. This "Potent Princess," having upwards of three hundred Indian warriors at her exclusive command, could but have seen the entire justice of Philip's war, claiming, as he did, supremacy to the red man on this, his native New England soil.

Moved by the belief that the authorities at Plymouth had poisoned Alexander, her former husband, and that in this war they had misled her present one, it was not at all strange that Weetamoo should have been led to take sides with King Philip in his many battles for the life of the native nations. His fortune thus had been made her own, and she moved from place to place to his support in all of his inroads upon the whiteman.

At the conflicts in the wilderness of the Nip-mucks it is said she had lost at least one half of all her fighting men, but with her other half, with becoming prudence, retired to the fortifications within her own territory.

But, as the fates would have it, she, on the 5th of August, 1676, six days prior to Philip's death, in attempting to cross Ichicut River upon a raft, with the view, probably, of escaping the English soldiery then in pursuit, and whether swimming or being washed ashore, her body was afterwards found there upon its rock-bound banks.

Yet so heartless was the whiteman of that hour, the head of Weetamoo was severed, and thereafterwards was piked upon a pole in Taunton. And so it was, that the Indian prisoners, passing by, made loud lamentations at the dead face of their dear old "Potent Princess."

Thus have we arrived to the end of King Philip and of Weetamoo, alike heroic in *life* and in *death*.

At the downfall of Weetamoo, Philip is represented by the poet as having heard her cries from the river shore, and in his distraction, as flying from her dying, ghostly form, thus :—

"As from the water's depth she came,
With dripping locks and bloated frame,
Wild, her discolored arms she threw
To grasp him; and as quick he flew.
Her hollow scream, he heard behind,
Came mingling with the hollow wind:
Why fly from WEETAMOO? *She died*,
Braving the battle on thy side."

* The English, as appears, had sent a thousand men to capture Weetamoo, trusting that if taken, her lands sequestered could be made to pay all expenses of the war.

HANNAH DUSTON.

The daring exploits of this heroine, with her assistants, Mary Neff and Samuel Leonardson on the Island Contoocook in New Hampshire, will forever be remembered and cherished as a treasure. Like an heirloom, it shall impart inspiration,—an inspiration which, diffusing itself, shall tend to elevate the aspirations of the descendants of our old New England mothers throughout many ages yet to come; mothers who lived in a day of trial, but whose energetic truthfulness historic hath never been surpassed, and whose endurance, faithfulness, and valor, *tried* and made manifest in the midst of savages are, in the tragic adventures of “Mother Duston” most truthfully exemplified.

HER BIOGRAPHY.

Hannah Duston was born in Haverhill, Mass., Dec. 23, 1657; was the daughter of Michael and Hannah Webster Emerson; was married to Thomas Duston Dec. 3, 1677; and, up to the date of her captivity, had become the mother of a family of children, twelve at that date, thirteen in all.

THE INDIAN ONSET.

She was captured at Haverhill, March 15, 1697, her infant then being only a week old. Mary Neff, then a widow, a neighbor, and friend was with her, and, for the time being, was having a care for the household.

The tribes throughout New England, as appears, had, for several years prior to this attack, beset the English settlements by trespassing upon their corn-

fields, killing their cattle, taking and carrying away captives, and daily and nightly murdering the inhabitants, burning down their barns, the lonely cot, and their infant villages.

Always in their depredations upon the Pilgrim settlers they had been cunning, ferocious, coy, cruel. Previous to this Duston massacre, they had taken at Worcester, Mass., Samuel Leonardson, a youth of some fourteen summers, and had him along with them among their captives.

At Haverhill, on that fifteenth day of March, 1697, — according to the tactics of Indian warfare, — they divided their tribes into small parties, and made the attack all around the town, everywhere very nearly at the same moment ; so that on that day, in and about that little inland, rural village, they took and carried away thirteen captives, burned down nine dwelling-houses, and killed twenty-seven of its inhabitants, — men, women, and children.

THE SLAIN.

The individuals then and there killed were John Keezer, his father, and son George ; John Kimball and his mother Hannah ; Sarah Eastman, Thomas Eaton, Thomas Emerson, his wife Elizabeth, and two children, — Timothy and Sarah ; Daniel Bradley, his wife Hannah, and two children — Mary and Hannah ; Martha Dow, daughter of Stephen Dow ; Joseph, Martha, and Sarah Bradley, children of Joseph Bradley ; Thomas and Mehitable Kingsbury ; Thomas Wood and his daughter Susannah ; John Woodman and his daughter Susannah ; Zechariah White ; and Martha, the infant daughter of Mrs. Duston.

THE OLD COT.

Mrs. Duston's house stood not far from the left bank of the Merrimack River, on the north side of the road, about a mile and a half from that little hamlet, now the city of Haverhill, populous, opulent, and thriving. Mary Neff's birthplace was near the Duston homestead.

FIRST SIGHT OF SAVAGES.

On that day, Thomas Duston (the husband) was in some way startled in his field at the approach of savages. He seized his gun, mounted his horse, and, driving his children before him, seven in number, — ages from two to seventeen years, — all escaped. It has been said that guns were fired at him, and that he returned the shots; but this statement is beclouded with at least some doubt. It is, however, said, and perhaps correctly, that the Indians did not pursue him far, for fear of the English; and that he, with the children, took shelter in an old house supposed to have been used occasionally as a garrison.

In the meantime, the Indians at the homestead had seized Mrs. Duston, Mary, and the infant, forced the child from Mary's arms, and killed it against an apple-tree, and, pillaging and setting fire to the dwelling-house, drove their captives away into the wilderness, — a wilderness then dense, dark, pathless, and thorny, — and wandered northward towards Canada.

The cold snows of winter had not entirely disappeared. Yet were they compelled to advance, reclining at night upon the frosty earth to obtain rest and strength, and then up at break of day, continuing their ramblings

near to the Merrimac, through the wilderness ; thus onward until they reached that Indian fort on the island between the waters of the Contoocook and Merrimac Rivers.

ISLAND CONTOOCCOOK.

As appears, this island, containing about two acres, then (and now) covered with a dense forest, was the adopted home of one of the tribes ; and, from its surroundings, it served to be a strong fortification against their common enemy, the English settlers.

For fifteen days they had continued their march through the forest, — a distance of seventy-five miles, according to our reckoning, but according to Indian computations of that time, two hundred and fifty miles.

But before they reached the island, the tribe divided into two parts ; the one, with several captives (among whom was Hannah Bradley), continued still farther onward, to another place, while the other company, with Mrs. Duston, Neff, and Samuel, crossed over, in their birch canoes, to dwell, at least for a night, on the island between the safe surroundings at the junction of these two beautiful rivers.

On their way the Indians had talked of another fort of theirs, in Canada, and had intimated to the captives that, upon their arrival there, they would be held to run the gantlet, according to the law and custom of the tribes.

As if to add to these worst of cruelties, the tribes often made sale of their captives to the French, in Canada, — then hostile to the English settlers in New England, — to be held to service by them, as slaves.

In sight of all the severities to which they had already

been subjected, and in view of impending disgrace and danger, these *three* (Duston, Neff, and Samuel) secretly took counsel together, and resolved to liberate themselves.

HOW TO KILL AN INDIAN.

Thereupon the boy Samuel inquired of one of the tribe ("Bampico") as to where he would strike if he would kill a man instantly, and how he would take off the scalp.

The Indian, bringing his finger against his temple, made answer, "Strike him there!" and he then proceeded to tell him how to take off the scalp.

ON THE ISLAND.

There, on that night (March 30, 1697), the camp-fires in front of the wigwams blazed pleasantly, and the tribe in front of them reclining, and burdened with the fatigue of a restless journey, of course slept soundly. Having a heed to all this, the captives patiently awaited the midnight hour; and then, cautiously, noiselessly, obtaining the tomahawks, and moving with concert of action, they struck the deadly blow. None of the Indians escaped alive, save one old squaw, covered with wounds, and an Indian boy, whom the captives did not incline to pursue.

NUMBER OF VICTIMS.

Ten of them were slain. The captives, in their haste, at first left the wigwams without full evidence of what had been done; yet soon returned, took off the ten scalps, taking also with them an Indian gun and tomahawk; and then, seeking to avoid pursuit, they scuttled the canoes, all but one, and in that they floated down

the Merrimac as far as they could, for the falls, and thence along its left bank, as tradition has it, until they arrived home safely at Haverhill.

On the 21st of April, in the same year (1697) they visited Boston, carrying with them, as evidence of their achievement, the scalps, the gun, and tomahawk; and, on the 8th of June thereafterwards the General Court awarded to Mrs. Dustin a gift of £25, and to Mary Neff and Samuel Leonardson £12, 10s each. Colonel Nicholson, then governor of Maryland, upon hearing of the transaction, also transmitted complimentary presents to them. Many thanks, as well as material gifts, were extended to them by many others, then and for more than forty years afterwards; and, as we have said:—

They Haverhill reached, to whom from governors, even,
Came generous gifts, and thankful plaudits given;
And there they rest. There upward points to-day
A monument of praise for Duston's clay.
Her noble deeds are held in high renown,
Sacred, like *heirloom*, in that ancient town;
And long as Merrimack's bright waters glide
Shall stand that mother's fame still by its side.

KING PHILIP.

ACT I.

SCENE. — *Governor's Office.*

Leverett (Governor). Troublesome years, these; yet fast advancing they are constantly losing themselves. Tradition, true to her task, often, too often, is led to repeat the startling events of savage war, — war at home, war abroad, — a dread war which, of late, has developed itself, at morn and at night, in the destruction of the Pequots. True, the hand of Sassacus had been fortified offensively against us all. He had moved in hostility to the Mohegans, the Narragansetts, and to the Mohawks, as well as to our English. Thus in the light of Heaven let our enemies perish!

Fulier. True, Governor, let the aggressor perish! As to the Mohawks, they too had been bearing in their bodies poisoned deep-cut scars which Sassacus himself had made. Hence they killed him.

Leverett. Indeed, but he had nowhere else to go. He depended for his life upon an irritated, unforgiving, merciless Mohawk; at the hand of the Mohawk he fell. Sassacus was cruel, — others are cruel, — yet many sagamores there have been of good heart. Massasoit

was peaceful. He lived prudently, and dying, left the world full of years and full of honors. But now it is otherwise. Philip, offensively of wrongs complaining, leads the hostile tribes. In the reign of Massasoit prosperity and peace crowned honest labor. In his *life*, throughout our habitations there was joy; in his *death*, mourning. Alas! alas! Philip reigns, bringing troublesome threatenings to these colonies.

Fuller. But may not some of the rumors which appear to move the mind of your excellency, prove in the end to be unfounded?

Leverett. This matter the authorities have of late been considering; and we still hold the subject under advisement. To Philip we had sent communications, and long since he has been informed of our desire in the future, as in the past, to foster and maintain amicable treaties between the tribes and the colonies.

[*Enter* PHILIP, NIMROD, AQUETEQUESH, and SASSAMON,* *their Interpreter.*]

Sassamon. Governor, allow me to present to your highness, Philip of Pokanoket, chief proprietor of lands in New England, and great chief of the Wampanoags. Him I present, and am pleased to say, he claims for himself and nation, friendship to your settlers, and loyalty to the great king of Great Britain. (*They greet each other.*)

Philip. And these be Aquetequesh and Nimrod, my friends and thy friends (*introducing them*).

Leverett. Philip of Pokanoket, what say you to this? Are you and your tribes loyal and friendly to our settlers?

* Sassamon was an Indian graduate at Cambridge in 1661.

Philip. In answer, me be free to say, we most ardently desire a continuance of that friendship and good will that, from the beginning, hath always existed between the governors of Plymouth and my deceased father Massasoit, and my brother Alexander, who be also gone to the Great Spirit.

Leverett. King Philip, allow me to inquire: Will you bear true allegiance to the sovereignty of Great Britain? Will you conform to our English laws? Will you defend our faith? And are you prepared to enter into a colonial treaty with us, such as we, in this proposed treaty, have prescribed? (*Passing a paper to Philip, and Philip to Sassamon, and then addressing his Excellency.*)

Philip. By your permission, we will retire, taking the articles of agreement with us; and when we have considered their contents fully and carefully, we will return and inform ye.

[*Exit PHILIP, SASSAMON, and his attendants. Enter DUMKINS.*]

Dumkins. Well, Governor, what prospect have ye of a reconciliation with Philip and his tribes? He as they tell me, is an *old* coon.

Leverett. We have submitted to the consideration of Philip and his sagamores articles of treaty, which they have taken away, and they are now holding the same under advisement. If the treaty is now in *good faith to be made satisfactory*, and *signed*, we may have peace. If, however, Philip refusing, rejects the articles of agreement, perhaps, as we fear, war may follow. [*Exit.*]

Dumkins. War? Yes, *war*, and I guess you will *have* it. What faith can be found in savages? Treaties with them are useless, they are of no more impor-

tance than the stories of old Mother Goose. They may serve only for children to play with. *Pleasing indade*, they may be to them; especially if there are any pictures hitched on to um. Miserable cripples in crime, they are never to be *depended on*. [*Enter FULLER.*] They are too lazy to live. They get drunk and freeze to death, even in fair weather.

Fuller. True; not long ago one of them was found dead up in one of our parishes. They found him where he had staggered about and keeled up under an old shed.

Dumkins. Yes; and upon his carcass the Indians held a coroner's inquest. And their verdict was this: "Died from the freezing of a large quantity of *water inside of him*."

Fuller. I remember that old chief, Passaconoway. He made a speech to his tribes up at Patucket Falls.

Dumkins. I've heard of him. Ignorant *as an old jack*. Says he: "We are powerless as against the pale-faces; yet I can take the rattlesnake in my palm, as I would a worm, without harm; I have communication with the Great Spirit." This, as you know, was the soothsayer, Passaconaway. I'll tell ye what, Captain [*enter GOVERNOR*], take that speech on a summer's day, go out, get up upon a great rock, and read it aloud, and ye'll drive all the bugs out of yr tater field; 't will kill all the grubs and tadpoles in the mud-puddle. But here they come. [*Enter PHILIP and SASSAMON.*

Sassamon. We, with Philip, have read and considered your excellency's articles of agreement. Philip most cordially concurs with the colonies, desiring peace, — such peace as his deceased father had. He and we

have signed the treaty (*passing it to Church*). And to ratify this, our treaty, Philip, through me, his interpreter and counsellor, tenders to you *this*, our pipe of peace. [*Governor receives it, smoking. The Indians sit and smoke, and soon leap into a dance, and dancing retire.*]

[*Music.*]

SCENE II.

Leverett. Now that the treaty with Philip hath been signed and ratified, I trust, that for a while at least, we will be able to hold him to his good behavior.

[*Enter SASSAMON, returning in haste.*]

Sassamon (to Fuller). Captain, you will not betray me if I make to you a suggestion.

Fuller. Certainly not, Sassamon. What say you?

Sassamon. Me have strong surmises that King Philip's treaty, recently ratified, will not restrain him from hostile invasions. My respect to the English and for their lives induces me in private to say, Philip means murder. Protect me! Protect me! And may the Great Spirit protect you. [*Exit. Enter DUMKINS.*]

Dumkins. Captain, that treaty of Philip's, to my mind, is not much of anything but a *sell*. I guess we are kinder sold out. I have had no faith in that old curse of a king, no how. Some of um are friendly, but, let me tell ye, beware of Philip. He's a wolf. He comes to ye in the clothing of an honest old sheep, but beware of him. 'T will be prudent hence for the watch-dog to guard the sheepfold. Look out for the lambs.

Fuller. It's true, there may be treachery. Treaties may be violated. But when that event happens, the outrage must be met at the threshold. Expedition

in the detection and punishment of crime is a necessity. The Colonial governments are united; our English jurisprudence is wise and strong. In the end these savages will be driven out. Meantime patiently must we wait. Philip's treaty is reasonable; the olive branch of peace is in it, and it may prove effective. With hearts humane, in the course of events, the exercise of reason may work wonders. [*Enter WATACHPOO.*] Here comes a friend.

Watachpoo. Captain, ye need not have suspicions of Philip. I have confidence, Philip seeks peace. He holds lands for sale. Still he proposes a sale to the English. Has made many sales. Sales to Benton and others of Taunton to the extent of twelve miles square, at the price of many pounds; and to Constant Southworth lands four miles square; and to John Cook, an island near the town of Nokatay for £10. Other tracts Philip has sold. He has much other lands still to sell.

Fuller. But is he not making sales by which to obtain the means for accomplishing hostile designs? While evil rankles in his heart, does he not feign friendship, meditating war and blood. Ah! here he is. [*Enter PHILIP.*] How now, Philip of Pokanoket, our distinguished ally? What good conditions have ye to offer? Are you willing to sell and convey lands to us as heretofore?

Philip. Yes, I have come to inform you and your Governor that I, Philip, am willing to sell the lands described within this draft (*presenting it to Fuller*), "but the Indians that are upon it may live upon it still, but the land [that is waste] may be sould, and

Watachpoo is of the same minde.” “Herein I have sed downe all the principal names of the land wee are willing should be sould.” We leave it for you to consider.* [*Exit PHILIP and WATACHPOO, leaving the draft.*

Dumkins (aside). That old Hellion, as I guess, owns all the land that joins on to him. Wonder where he stole it. Guess his title to it is something like mine. I owned a lot of land once — a mighty big farm — but the divvil of it was, as it turned oute, an old reprobate of a Jew owned another farm right on top on’t. I could n’t get in, nor I could n’t git oute. So I slopp’d over. Philip on his title will do the same. In the eend he’ll slop over, — drizzle, drizzle oute — and then he’ll kinder skedaddle. Ah! ha! ha! ha! But (*hands up*) who comes?

Mosely, Captain (entering in haste). Just now I have returned from the lake. Sassamon, our Indian interpreter, has been murdered. Murdered, as they say, for reason that he had secretly divulged to our Puritans Philip’s plot to murder us, — a plot evincing an intent to make war upon our English colonies.

Dumkins. By whom was Sassamon slain?

Mosely. He was slain of Philip’s men. Murdered! His body was dropped through the ice into a pond. Wampapaquan, Mattashananna, and Tobias are the assassins suspected and pursued. Yes, he is murdered. True it is; and the messenger now here announces that the murderers are already arrested, and that in our English court they are soon to be tried.

Dumkins. Wahl, that work of white men trying Indians, if I guess right, will be a short job. I take it,

* This was on the 24th of the 12 mo. 1668.

they won't stop to read the riot act. No; I guess they'll never split hairs on Philip's cases about English laws or Indian laws. No; most gloriously, they'll be swung off in a hurry.

Mosely. The legal objections, I am told, are to be obviated. Some of the friendly Indians, as well as Englishmen, are to sit as jurors.

Dumkins. Just let um put me upon that jury. Indians; I'd hang the whole of um. Mosely, tell that high sheriff that Major Dodipher Dumkins will accept the office of a juryman and hangman too. Tell him they shall have my deliberate services and my solemn, sanctimonious, pugnacious, judicial sanction to the hanging of the redskins, all of um, as high as Haman, and that too, faithfully, free of expense, free gratis, and for nothing. [Curtain.

SCENE III. — *A court room, court and jury seated, and prisoners present.*

Judge. Mr. Crier, you will open the Court.

Crier. Hear ye! hear ye! Any person or persons having anything to do before this Honorable Court, holden in and for the County of Plymouth, may now draw near and they shall be heard. God save the Crown.

Attorney General. May it please the Court. I move that this court may at once proceed to the trial of Wampapaquan, Mattashananna, and Tobias, now held here under an indictment charged with the murder of John Sassamon, the jury having been empanelled and sworn to that end.

Judge. Let the trial proceed.

Clerk (to the prisoners.) Hearken to an indictment found against you by the grand inquest of the body of this county.

Clerk reads. Indictment. The jurors in and for this, our county of Plymouth, on their oaths present, that Wampapaquan, Mattashananna, and Tobias, — “for that being accused, that they did with joint intent upon the 29th of January, Ann. 1674, last past, at a place called Assawomset Pond, willfully and with sett purpose, and of malice aforethought, and by force and arms murder John Sassamon, another Indian, by laying violent hands on him, and striking him, or twisting his necke untill hee was dead: and to hide and conceale this theire said murder att the tyme and place aforesaid, did cast his dead body through a hole of the ice into the said pond.”

Wampapaquan, what say you to this indictment; are you guilty or not guilty?

Wampapaquan. Me no guilty.

Clerk. Mattashananna, what say you? Are you guilty or not guilty?

Mattashananna. Me no guilty.

Clerk. Tobias, what say you to this (*holding up the paper*)? Are you guilty or not guilty?

Tobias. And me no guilty.

Clerk. Wampapaquan, Mattashananna, Tobias, stand up. You are to be tried; and these good men whom I now shall call are to set upon your trial. If you object to any of them you will do so when they are called and before they are sworn.

Wampapaquan. Me no lawyer, me no object.

Mattashananna. Me no lawyer, but me object.

Tobias. Me object to um all.

Clerk (calling the jury). Wm. Sabine, Wm. Crocker, Edward Sturgis, Wm. Brooks, Nath'l Winslow, John Wadsworth, Andrew Ringe, Robert Vixon, John Done, Jona. Bangs, Jona. Shaw, Benja. Higgins; also Indians, — Hope, Maskippaque, Wannoo, George Wampye, and Acanootus, hold up your right hands: "You, and each of you, faithfully affirm that you will well and truly try the issue between the crown and these defendants according to law and evidence." Gentlemen of the jury, hearken to the evidence.

Attorney General. Your Honors, in this, New England's first capital trial under British laws, I appear for the Crown. These respondents are red men, are natives of this soil, and have little or no knowledge of the law, or of the courts. Hence, by that forbearing benevolence which our common law sustains, they are entitled to the advice of counsel. This being so, I now move that some counsellor, versed in English jurisprudence, may be appointed to appear here in behalf of the defendants.

Court. Prisoners, have you any counsel to speak for you?

Tobias. None, me none.

Mattashananna. None.

Wampapaqua. None, me have none.

Attorney General. I see present here in attendance a counsellor, learned in the law, Sir John Harbottle. I suggest and move that he may be appointed by the court to be counsellor of the prisoners.

Judge. No objection being made, let Sir John Harbottle be appointed.

Harbottle. I will accept the trust, if it please yr Honors, provided that Philip, King of the Tribes, may be allowed to appear here an assistant, to aid me in defence of the accused. I pray that he may be sent for, found, and, to that end, be induced to come in.

Judge. Let Philip be notified, but the trial must proceed.

Attorney General. Your Honors and you of the jury. In behalf of the Crown of England, and in support of a civil government within the jurisdiction of these New England Colonies, We prosecute these prisoners. The offence of which they are charged in the indictment, which has been read to them, is wilful murder. I will prove to you that John Sassamon, a man of much learning and merit,* who had been an Indian preacher, an interpreter, and secretary to King Philip, at Assawomset Pond, on the 29th day of January last past, in a brutal manner, was slain. The Crown will show that these prisoners, entertaining a suspicion that Sassamon had divulged to the English certain secrets, which tended to reveal Philip's warlike purpose, fell upon him in the dark and lonely night, and in a brutal manner maimed and murdered him. That in doing this, they were moved of malice aforethought, and had been instigated by the Devil and King Philip. Gentlemen, these facts I propose to prove; and, against the prisoners, will claim a verdict of guilty at your hands. The government witnesses will stand forth as they are called.

High Sheriff (announcing aloud). If the court please.

* John Sassamon had been an Indian graduate at Harvard College in 1661.

Philip, it is rumored, is in secret hostility ; that he is out concentrating his tribes for the onset at war. The messenger, however, will endeavor to find him.

Judge. The trial will proceed.

Attorney General. Witnesses for the Crown stand up and be sworn. (*Patuckson and other Indians arise to their places*).

Clerk (to witnesses). Hold up your right hands. "You severally swear that the evidence you give, relative to the cause now in hearing, shall be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. And this you affirm under the penalties of the law.

Attorney General. Patuckson, take the stand.

Harbottle (to the Court). I challenge this man. He must not be allowed to be a witness. He has not the fear of God, being an ungodly heathen. I most respectfully submit, that this Patuckson has no knowledge or belief in our God, and hath no belief in future rewards and punishments.

Judge. Sir Harbottle, you will be allowed to put the witness upon his *voire dire*. You may make of him the inquiry.

Harbottle. Patuckson, state to the court whether you are or are not a believer in our God.

Patuckson. Me be like Philip. Me no believer in Englishman's God.

Sir Harbottle (to Patuckson). Do you believe that in the great future there will be rewards for well-doing and punishments for sin at the hand of an over-ruling Providence ?

Patuckson. Me no Englishman ; no Christian ; me no believe such thing.

Harbottle (to the Judge). Your Honor, I challenge, I object to this witness. His incompetency is most manifest. No principle of law is more clearly decided and sustained than this is, to wit: that no disbeliever in a future accountability can be allowed to give evidence in a court like this. The rights of these prisoners, laboring beneath subtle prejudices, in sight of an excited public opinion, now already magnified into madness against them and their race ought, of right, to be carefully guarded and protected. The witness in question should be held and bound by the strongest ties to tell the truth and nothing but the truth. His evidence should be purified and made legal and certain by the obligations of an oath. But of what use is an oath without a Deity, and without any belief in one? To administer an oath to such a witness would be a nullity—merest mockery. To administer an oath under such a disbelief, or to admit such testimony, as I submit, would be to violate the common law, which has been established and adhered to by the Crown in all cases, and through all periods of time. Indeed an oath is nothing without God. The law recognizes no truth save through Him. These defendants, if convicted at all, must be convicted by the strict rules of English law. Indians they are, guilty they may be; yet better, better by far, that they escape a punishment justly due, than that any plain principle of law should be violated. Heathens they may be, yet they are human, they are men with hearts and souls as we, and as such ought to be tried.

Wild in the world, yet true to self and squaw,
They have no Faith, no code but Nature's law,
No light, nor love beyond the sultry sun,
Their heaven above is hunting here begun;
By laws unwritten, sachems rule the tribes,
Leading the hosts wherever ill betides
To fatal war. By force of arrows hurled,
They've reigned sole monarchs in this western world.

Such, and of such, may it please your Honors, is the faith of this witness, who, without the least obligation under an oath to tell the truth, is called here by the Crown and against these prisoners to swear away their lives. Under what law, what reason, or what right can this be done? Depending on such testimony and nothing else, how, we ask, can this indictment be sustained?

Attorney General. In replying to the arguments of the learned counsel for respondents, I freely concede there is much reason in it. Yet, we submit, that the testimony which is offered on our part being the best of which the case admits, ought of right to be admitted by the court. None but Indians had cognizance of the murder of Sassamon. The Crown offers no witnesses save these red men, whom I have called, being native Indians, companions, and of the same race of Sassamon himself.

If the defendants were now being tried under Philip, and under the laws of the red man, these witnesses would be taken to be competent, and would, of course, be admitted to testify in such a court. If they would be competent there, why not competent here? In either place, oath or no oath, the evidence offered is the best of which the case admits; these being the only

witnesses which had knowledge of the facts which attended the murder. The question now forcibly presents itself: Shall these witnesses be allowed to testify, or shall the blood-stained murderers of Sassamon stand acquitted without a trial, and hence, without day, to go free? [*Enter the bailiff attended by KING PHILIP in his plumes.*]

Court. We incline to admit the witness. And Philip, you have been notified in behalf of the prisoners at the bar, that you might appear here. If you have anything to say, you will be allowed to speak.

Philip. Speak? I, Philip, will speak:

What *law*, what right, these prisoners to arraign,
Have Englishmen? Is n't this me own *domain*?
What lease of venue from allotted lines
Have I ordained, that you may judge of crimes?
Why seek the Indian's life, in guile forlorn,
Of these three men of Indian mothers born;
They, one and all, with Sassamon the slain,
Are my liege subjects bound by laws the same
Which governed tribes a thousand years ago,
But which, evaded, brings *an endless woe*?
What mind, what project prompts yr boundless sway,
But hence to drive the red man, far away
From this fair land, his birthright and his wealth,
And hold these regions vast through *royal stealth*?
With such a wrong the Tribes shall ne'er concur,
And to your bold intrusions I demur!

My subjects here an English court may try,
By spurious judgments they may fall and die:
Yet, vengeance dread, shall point the red man's steel,
And to the God of battles I'll appeal! *

[*Exit.*

[*Curtain. Dirge.*]

* From Caverly's Epics, pages 343, 344.

SCENE IV. — *Court room.*

[*Enter WEETAMOO in costume, and her attendants.*]

Weetamoo.

Philip, withdrawn, he'll ne'er return again,
His talk was truthful — yet his words were vain —
The prisoners held, and still condemned to die,
Brings darkness gathering o'er this western sky,

(*Thunders mutter, frequently flashing. Indians kneel.*)

The bloody sunset, and that forked light,
Which breaks the curtain of this fearful night,
Awaking English matrons 'mid alarms,
To hug sweet infants with tenacious arms,
Foretells gross carnage of successive years,
And devastation in a land of tears.

[*Dirge.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A kitchen.*

Dumkins. Well, they tell me there's a love match over here. It has been made over there in Uncle Jo Bradley's clay pit. John Slendergrass says he thinks there's no sort of doubt on 't. Mary Mack has been an assistant, under the protection of the old man Bradley's garrison; and Jo Whittaker being there at work also, kinder took a shine to her. The Injuns had kidnapped old Jo's wife twice. The last time, they sold her to a Frenchman in Canada. Jo went after her with a hand-sled, and, of course, she is at home again. He redeemed her with a gallon of rum, five pounds of tobacco, and a bladder of snuff. In these nights the Indians are again sneaking about, trying to kidnap her. But old Hannah is in a garrison, I dare say, now. She'll be enough for um. [*Enter MATILDA.*] High, ho, Matilda! How are ye? What news from the garrison? How as to Jo and Mary?

Matilda. Oh, it is that love affair, ye mean. Jo loves her hugely, but he is afraid to tell of it. He is at work in the clay pit, and Mary is always busy in and about the industries of the household, and in whatever pertains to a livelihood.

Dumkins. Jo is too young to get married. He has n't yet passed beyond his teens. More than all that, — he's no property, no house, no land on which to build a cabin, not even a tater patch, and when the young Whittakers begin to squall, what is Jo agwine to do?

Matilda. Oh, Joseph, in the first place, is a young man of good health, of good morals, and of good manners, and, best of all, he has high and noble aspirations, without which there can be no success in this world for anybody. Be assured Joseph's industrious habits will always secure to him a manly independence wherever he is, married or unmarried.

Dumkins. But what's the use of marrying when ye can be independent without it? I have a tent, a dog, and a blunderbuss, as ye can see. I long since declared my independence. What more in this wilderness do I need? The wild beasts, the bear, the moose, and the marten of the forest feed me; the rills, sparkling and cool as they leap from the mountains, quench me thirst; and the boughs from the pine tree, the fir and the hemlock, within me tent pillow my head.

Matilda. But, sir, you will concede that all men do not incline to the same occupations, nor do they seek the same manner of life, nor the same mode of living. Joseph Whittaker, it may be, has a higher estimate of social life than yourself —

Dumkins (interrupting). If he don't, he'll never get married, ye may better believe. I'm coy of the women. If one should get angry with me, I should n't be likely to surrender, and she would n't, and what then?

Matilda. Then, then there would be a squall, I suppose.

Dumkins. Yes, a squall, a devil of a blast, a catter-wauling would echo aloud from the kitchen, if from nowhere else.

Matilda. Joseph has a well-balanced mind, is social in his nature, is enured to the common industries of life. He, of course, will succeed in whatever he undertakes. There are set before us two kinds of lives, — savage life and civil life, — that life which culminates in loneliness or in tribes, as man originally started, or a life in more refined conditions, such as Europeans under the civil code seek to honor. This it may be wise to love and cherish.

Dumkins. But Jo is in love with that gal, and if he marries he loses one half of his independence.

Matilda. Independence! "God never made an independent man." In the primeval condition even the natives of the forest are more or less dependent the one upon another. Man was never made to fight the battle of life single and alone. You are alone, to be sure, — you hunt the wilderness, — yet, you bear upon your body the productions of others, who have thus contributed to your comfort and to your good appearance; hence are we all dependent.

Dumkins. Yes; and I am quite as much dependent as I desire to be for the present. I love freedom, and claim to continue to be my own master. Hu-ra! hu-ra! for a becoming independence!

Matilda (interrupting). Whittaker, if he marries Mary, is to be even more than his own master. The generous, forgiving, loving, noble spirit of Mary would

never, never have it otherwise. Heaven, in its economy, hath appointed man to the leadership of the household, and thereby hath exonerated woman from the savage, conflicting, perplexing, and burdensome labors of that out-door life with which man is encumbered. Indeed a wise Providence, as I trust, hath appointed Mary, one of the gentler sex, when married, to assist and encourage her lord of the homestead to great and good ends. In truth, Mary will never bring him a thorn, but always roses.

Dumkins. But in all this there is no property. Poverty will never serve to boil a pot.

Matilda. Very true. It is, however, true, that on a uniform good character, like Joseph's, with habits of industry like his, a lady may always rely. She, I opine, would prefer him without property. By her kind assistance, which she would delight to administer, the pot would boil, as a matter of course.

Dumkins. This may do. But look, look at Josh Sloper's wife, after the honeymoon had run oute, the tarnal critter kicked over the traces and broke things. I tell ye, ye can't allays trust um.

Matilda. Mary, as I trust, is endowed with the spirit of a true lady who, in the household, can never offer to her husband, whether he be right or wrong, any reproof. Hers would be the sphere of loyalty and love.

Dumkins. True, I well know, it; "molasses may catch more flies than vinegar." But in the case of Jo, there may be a preponderance of vinegar and an avalanche of it.

Matilda. We often have been admonished that "a house divided against itself cannot stand." Mary in

her loveliness would never lift her voice in disloyalty to her liege lord. She would crown him a king, who, thereby, would make herself a queen.

Dumkins. What! A queen, without anything to live on? Ha! ha! ha!

Matilda. Indeed, there would be a competence. That diligent labor which the great God designed should be constantly performed by both man and woman, will always bring to Joseph and Mary a competence. It will bring them health; it will bring them happiness, and what more can they want or prefer? God, in his economy, has imposed upon woman who does not labor, as well as upon man, a dread penalty, and that penalty is death prematurely. Hence, self-preservation ought to induce both labor and pleasure.

Dumkins. Wahl, the women now-a-days don't take to labor. Some gals would ride all the time, and let their old fathers and mothers go afoot. I would n't marry one on um, no how. Some of um are heedless, shiftless, draggel-tailed spit-fires. Strange critters.

Matilda. Indeed, I admit, such specimens of womanhood are intolerable. 'T was so in the olden time. Solomon says, "It is better to dwell in the wilderness than with a contentious and an angry woman." But Mary is gentle, forgiving, kind, discreet. Through purest love she will adorn life's rugged pathway with flowers. There must be cares, yet true loveliness shall sustain the household, and such a union shall make home a habitation of comfort and a success.

Dumkins. How is it known that Mary would have Jo? It takes two to make a bargain, and a woman when she will, she will, and when she won't, she won't.

She'll be jist like old Josh Spencer's tumble-down Dick, — it's the natur of her. She'll every now and then get mad, kick up and break things. Old Josh said he held on, held on to her, trusting in God until the breeching broke! and then, oh my Lord, Lordee, away went the dasher. [*Enter LIGHTFOOT.*] But here comes Lightfoot. [*Curtain.*]

SCENE II. — *Near Bradley's Garrison in Haverhill.*

Lightfoot. Indians all about here. Me hear they will again burn houses in Haverhill. Indian will again break doors. Women kill um. It no go. Indians can't do it. Old women kill um. Old woman will shoot.

Dumkins. You mean that the old mother at the garrison will shoot the Indians.

Lightfoot. Indians mean to surround the garrison. Yeh, me hear women won't be taken. Shoot um. Shoot um dead.

Dumkins. You mean that the Injuns are skulking about here, intending to burn houses, and to take more captives in Haverhill.

Lightfoot. Yeh! but they get more than they think for. They get killed.

Dumkins. Yes; but who's in the Bradley garrison now? Who keeps it?

Lightfoot. Me believe Jo Whittaker be there; Mary be there too. Jo make bricks in yard. Jo big worker, defends garrison. Jo love Mary much.

Dumkins. Wahl, we've got round to love matters agin. But here comes our friendly Peter; out fresh from the Injuns, and just as good as they make um.

[*Enter* PETER.] How now, Peter? Peter, you have always been friendly to our side. Can you tell us anything?

Peter. The followers of Philip they are still mad. Mad at English; seek blood. They murder white man; burnt Lancaster, I heard. Brought away Mrs. Rowlandson. Me don't know much more.

Dumkins. How many did they take captive? and how many were murdered?

Peter. Me hear they murdered twenty. Me hear too they carry away from the garrison all the rest, twenty more.

Dumkins. Where did the tribe carry Mrs. Rowlandson? Who took her away? [*Enter Indians, WATACHPOO, and QUINNAPIN, and seat themselves.*]

Peter. Philip's men brought her away. Me thinks she in woods, somewhere near us now. They be near here, s'pose. [*Enter a wild Indian.*

[*Now a shout from without, and an Indian is flying hither and thither, vociferating, "A fight! a fight!" Philip's warriors are moving; all on the alert to burn Medfield. Up—away! War upon white man! War upon Medfield!"** *The braves pass through and start off with guns and tomahawks in hand, fierce for the fight they fly away.*] [*Dirge.*

SCENE III. — *On the river shore, at a wigwam in the forest, and Philip with Mary Rowlandson seated on opposite bank, and Indians there with their packs and other equipage. Mrs. Rowlandson and Quinnapin, her master and his squaws on the river bank, also.*

* See Nason's Mass. Gazetteer, page 329. Feb. 21, 1675.

Quinnapin. Me now tell ye ; me go over river, me show ye Philip.

Mrs. Rowlandson. No ; sell me here to an English trader. You want powder and shot ; sell me for powder and shot.

Quinnapin. Me no want powder and shot ; me no sell ye ; ye good worker. Philip, chief, will be glad to see you. We go to see Philip.

Mrs. Rowlandson. I can be of no use to you. Sell me, please, sell me. You may get many good things for me.

Quinnapin. We no sell ; you do good work for us. Much help us. Philip is over river. [*Enter Indians.*] Here be the braves ; they'll start the canoes all together. [*They seize their paddles, and away they start for the boats to cross the river.*] [*Curtain.*

SCENE IV. — *Same. River, and on the bank, are Indians, — some standing, some resting, and Philip at the door of his wigwam.*

Quinnapin (to Philip). This be Squaw Rowlandson, of Lancaster — minister's wife.

Philip. You be Squaw Rowlandson, minister's wife. (*Passing a pipe.*) Will ye smoke it ?

Mrs. Rowlandson (with knitting-work). No, thanking you. Indian may smoke. It would not agree with me.

Philip (Rowlandson on a mat, seating herself, knitting-work in hand). Me see, you big worker. I will hire you to make shirt for me and for papoose. Make one, will ye ?

Mrs. Rowlandson. Yes, I will try. I'll make you a nice one.

[*Exit PHILIP and QUINNAPIN. Enter MATTIKIN.*

Mattikin (papoose in arms). Me want your apron, — piece of it for papoose to make him flap.

Mrs. Rowlandson. No ; as you know, it would spoil my apron to cut it.

Mattikin. Will ye give ?

Mrs. Rowlandson. No.

[*Enter WEETAMOO, ONUX, and PETER.*

Mattikin. Me tear off piece of it then.

Mrs. Rowlandson. Then I would tear your coat off.

[*Onux thereupon strikes at Rowlandson, but, misdirecting the club, misses her. Mrs. Rowlandson escaping, runs and throws off her apron, giving it to Mattikin, and the trouble ends.*]

Weetamoo (to Rowlandson). Me want garment for papoose. Will ye make me one ?

Mrs. Rowlandson. Yes, I'll make it ; I'll make ye a good one.

Peter. Me want ye to knit me stockings.

[*Enter LIGHTFOOT.*

Lightfoot (to Mrs. Rowlandson.) Me want a shirt ; will ye make one ?

Mrs. Rowlandson. Yes, yes ; I'll try to help ye all. But where is King Philip ?

Lightfoot. King Philip be in wigwam yonder.

Weetamoo. Take this (*giving Rowlandson a piece of bear meat*) ; take this piece of meat, make me a shift, and I'll give ye an apron. [*Mrs. Rowlandson pockets the meat, and one after another they are seated with their travelling packs and equipage upon blankets and mats spread upon the ground.*]

[*Curtain. Music.*]

SCENE V.—*A Kitchen. Present, Mosely and Dumkins.*

Mosely. So it is. Philip is still to be pursued. Last week many men of the Massachusetts, Plymouth, and Connecticut forces had been sent to Pettyswampscot; thence they marched all night long (fourteen miles) to assail there in a swamp, King Philip's fortress. A snow storm of that terrible night imposed a deadly chill upon its horrors.

Dumkins. Yes, I have heered so. Surrounded, they say, the island was by the swamp. And the encampment was hedged about to a strong fortification. Indade that castle had many a murtherer within it.

Mosely. True it is, Philip is strong. And so strong was his fort, and so difficult the entrance to it, that our gallant captains Siely, Gallop, Marshall, Upham, Johnson, and Davenport, fell dead at the onset. But at length, by means of re-enforcement, we prevailing, drove out and put the savages to flight.

Dumkins. Indade, ye did drive 'um, but how many gallant hearts did ye lose?

Mosely. Then and there we lost many a brave fellow, but routed Philip and his tribes, who sought safety by vacating their five hundred cells prior to their consumption in the conflagration. Yet, sad to say, Philip is yet to be active. His tribes are still to lurk, and, as we may fear, are for a long time to wander about unbridled in this wilderness.

Dumkins. How many, Captain Mosely, did our English settlers lose?

Mosely. We lost ninety-one dead and wounded. Philip lost three hundred Narragansetts, and yet he escaped.

Dumkins. You are a hero, Mosely. Truth tells it, that after the fatigue of that bloody battle, ye did march back that dread night, over the same ground, through the deep snows of the woods fourteen miles, bearing upon yr tired limbs your ninety men, dead and wounded. In war was there ever greater gallantry? Indade to the souls of men was there ever a night more hideous?

Mosely. True, the fight was fearful, and that night was terrible; yet Philip lives, and we must follow him to an extermination. *[Exit.*

Dumkins. Wahl, reconnoitering Mosely has gone, gone, perhaps far away. But to me it seemeth Philip is in the woods near to us. We hear of his depredations, his captures and his murders, all through the settlements around us. He cannot be far away. *[Enter LIGHT-FOOT.]* Ah! here comes Lightfoot. Lightfoot, tell us, if you know, what of Philip? and what of his warriors?

[Re-enter MOSELY.

Lightfoot. Of Philip we know not. Philip's warriors, some of them, are near here. But ye need no fear 'um now, we guess.

Mosely. That's so; the scouts have brought in the news that the Indians are in continual motion, — some towards Narragansett, some towards Wachusett, lying not over one night in a place, twenty-seven scouts are out. They have brought in two squaws, a boy and a girl. They bring an account of five slain.

Lightfoot. Me heard, too, they brought in an old fellow, brother of a sachem, six squaws and their children. They killed, they say, five men, and wounded good, great many. *[Enter ONE-EYED JOHN, SAGAMORE SAM, WATCHENOIT, and PETER, with tomahawks and sabre.]*

Mosely. Eleven persons we had here in all ; two of them by council we put to death.

Dumkins. Hu-ra ! hu-ra for our side ! The cursed critters are atter us everywhere. Yesterday the tribes were heered of all along through the Nip-muck country ; some on 'um were killing cattle, and they tore out their tongues ; some were stealing horses and sheep, and some were murdering women and children. But our Englishmen are up to um, and Tom and One-eyed John and Sagamore Sam and Watchenoit are here, all turning in to help us. Hu-ra ! hu-ra ! And we 'll fight it through. Up and let us away.

Mosely.

Dread war this is, and such in wrath make haste,
To lay the white man's cot and village waste,
That deals in daggers, poisoned, coated o'er,
And the fagot torch, — that gluts on human gore.
Out, then, my braves, let's rally for the fight,
Down on the foe, let gallant hearts unite ;
Trust hearts and home to garrison of logs,
Make brave the fight, by force of gun and dogs ;
Urge forth yer squads, with weapons rude assail
The foe ; fierce, fierce pursue the hidden trail.

Move.

[*All fly to arms and are away.*

[*Martial music.*]

[*Sounds of musketry in the distance.*]

SCENE VI. — *Present, Philip seated on mats at supper of a bowl of soup, attended with squaw and papoose.*

[*Enter MRS. ROWLANDSON.*

Philip. Ah, Lady Rowlandson ! Me shirt ; have ye made it ?

Mrs. Rowlandson. Yes, King Philip, I have made

ye a shirt, and have prepared one for your papoose. I have here, also, a shift for your maid, — all as you requested. Hope this will please you!

Philip (arising, receives them). Oh, they be nice; I be much pleased. We have supper; will you take some too?

Mrs. Rowlandson. No, I thank you, King Philip; I am not in want of any.

Philip (taking and extending to her a pancake). Take *this*, it be good. We give ye this, and will give ye more. Thanks, thank ye much. [*Hootings of the tribes, shouts and yells are heard in the distance.*]

[*Exit PHILIP. Curtain.*]

[*Clamorous successive repetitions without: "Houses burnt, many!" "Burnt Medfield! Killed great many!" "Twenty—twenty!" "Murdered many! twenty—twenty!" "Tomahawked um!" "Scalped um!" "Burnt um!" "Burnt the town!"*]

SCENE VII.—*By the wigwam. Weetamoo, Quinnapin, Onux, and other Indians, and Mrs. Rowlandson.*

Mrs. Rowlandson (listening). Oh, from where do they come?

Quinnapin. Me know; me know. They be from Medfield.

[*Quinnapin and squaws repeating vociferously in succession, answering the outsiders: "Houses, burnt many." "Burnt Medfield!" "Killed great many! twenty—twenty!" "Murdered many! twenty—twenty!" "Tomahawked um!" "Scalped 'um!" "Burnt um!" "Burnt the town!" "Hu-ra! hoop hu-ra!" 'Tis now they enter, leaping in, as in a powow, they fall into a*

circle around Quinnapin, knecled on a deer-skin, and Watachpoo standing hand in hand beside him; while all in the ring, male and female, with their hands and sticks, are noisy with sing-song mutterings.]

Quinnapin. Braves, ye did fight much; ye did fight well. Burnt big town! Ye did kill many! Death to white man!

All (at same time assenting). True talk; true talk; true talk. So be it. Watachpoo, go out of ring.

[He goes out.

All (speaking at once). Watachpoo, come back again.

[He hesitates.

All (more earnestly). Come, come back, Watachpoo; come back, come back into the ring.

[All repeating, breaking into a song, and then they place a gun in his other hand.]

Quinnapin. Ye all be great big warriors.

All (speaking, striking down upon the ground, and muttering and humming various sounds, repeating same). That be so.

Quinnapin. Me think ye heroes; ye fight well.

All (repeating, striking, etc., as before). That be so.

Quinnapin. Me think ye too strong for palefaces.

All (repeating or answering variously). That, that be so *(striking and muttering as before).*

Watachpoo. Go out again *(and he goes out).*

All (speaking variously). Come back again.

[He hesitates.

All (speaking). Come back again, me say.

[He don't move.

All (as one, with great vehemence). Come back, come back, Watachpoo.

[*He reeling, delaying, staggering with outstretched arms, and with gun in each hand, returns into the ring, at which all break out in rejoicing and song. Then they jump into a Ring and so seat themselves, Quinnapin, their chief, standing in the centre.*]

Quinnapin. (*Seizing Watachpoo by the hand, pulling him into the centre*). Ye be brave warrior, Watachpoo; ye did kill many! ye did scalp um! bravest of all! Me must give ye *new name*; what shall the name of so big hero be? *Bear*, — yea, thou shalt be called a *Brave Bear*, — *Bear*.

[*The Ring, catching the name, and all rising, vociferate it continuously and variously, "Bear, Big Bear, White Bear, Grisly Bear, Brave Bear!" and hand in hand, all singing it to the honor of the heroic Bear, dancing around him.*]

Quinnapin (*addressing the ring*). Me take gun; me take torch; me take tomahawk; me take scalping-knife. Me fight! me fight! all fight! Kill palefaces; burn um; burn um wigwams; burn um all! burn um all!

All (*answering vociferously*). We will! we will! [*And giving the war-whoop cry, "Woach! woach! ha! ha! ha! woach!" Quinnapin flies; all having seized their various weapons follow him, save Weetamoo and Onux and Mrs. Rowlandson, who drop down seated upon a deer skin. Enter PHILIP, and they instantly rise, and the squaws again seat themselves.*] [*Curtain.*]

SCENE VIII. — *Same.*

Philip (*to Mrs. Rowlandson*). What'll ye give me to tell ye good news? Me could speak a good word for ye.

Mrs. Rowlandson. Oh, what is the good news, King Philip? What may I understand it to be?

Philip. A white chief has come for ye; wants that ye may go home to-morrow? What'll ye give me to help ye to be given up; to help in giving ye freedom?

Mrs. Rowlandson. Can't tell, King Philip, what I can give ye. I will give you anything which I have. What *must* I give you, King Philip? Try; please do favor me. I've tried to help *you*. Have knit your stockings, have done many things in this wilderness for braves and for squaws, have made shirts for ye papoose.

Philip. Wahl! Me like to have two coats, twenty shillings in money, half bushel seed corn, and some tobacco.

Mrs. Rowlandson. Thank you! thank you, King Philip for this offer, and for all kindnesses.

[*Exit PHILIP. Enter QUINNAPIN, intoxicated.*]

Quinnapin. Squaw Rowlandson, me tell ye (hick), white man, friendly come, wants you (hick), brings gifts, will try to buy ye; wants me to let ye (hick) go home; me (hick) don't want to.

Mrs. Rowlandson. Oh, Master Quinnapin, do, *do* let me go home with him!

Quinnapin (staggering). Yr paleface — (hick) come for ye! He big rogue. Hang him! (hick) har rogue! Hang him (hick) he be rogue! But General Court (hick) will (hick) decide.

Weetamoo (rising, addressing Quinnapin). My brave, ye been drinking; ye no right; not right; ye be drunk.

Quinnapin. Drunk? (*a hick — turning to strike her; she escapes, he pursuing her out of sight.*)

[*Enter TOM, PETER, JAMES, and PETUCKSON as a Court seated, and PAGE from the Colony.*]

Peter (rising, to Page). Me now tell ye, we as court would say, Squaw Rowlandson worth much; she do much good work. Philip gone, is not here. But if ye leave with us for him and Master Quinnapin £20, she may go free.

Page. Here then, take the £20 (*delivering the ransom money to Pawtuckson*).

Mrs. Rowlandson. Oh, then, I am free; I am to go (*shaking hands*). Good by, Weetamoo; good by, Onux; good by, all.

Weetamoo (to Mrs. Rowlandson). Hope you will send me some gift.

Onux (to same). Me hope you will send me red apron.

Peter. And me hope you will send me "occapeches;"* and me want tobacco, — send me much.

Mrs. Rowlandson. Yes, yes. I'll remember you all. Good-by!

Page (raising his hand, as if to dismiss them). Good-by! Come. my Lady Rowlandson, let us away; let us away.

[*Exeunt. Music.*]

[*Curtain.*]

* Rum.

ACT III.

SCENE I. — *A Woodland.*

Dumkins (*alone, beckoning to a traveller*). Hallo! my friendly fellow. Halloo! This way, Lightfoot, this way.

Lightfoot (*approaching in the distance*). Ah! ha! What you want?

Dumkins. I want to know —

Lightfoot. Know what?

Dumkins. Who you are; what your business is; where you are going to, and what you are after looking for. Indade, tell me if ye are looking after anyone in particular.

Lightfoot. Me be Lightfoot — hunting Philip. Philip in swamp, somewhere near Mt. Hope. Much English in woods. Church, Seaconet. — Big company, part white men, part Indians. All be hunting, mad, going for King Philip. Weetamoo, squaw sachem, be dead, — drowned in the fight. English hung her head upon a pole.

Dumkins (*seating himself*). I am lost. Now I'd like to know where this is. Wandering, bewildered all day; turning this way, that way, and t'other way, yet have kept aloof from the trail of savages; in tangled thicket,

mud, and mire ; against ragged cliffs, and torn of briers and thorns. In these bewilderings, made bare to the brambles, this flesh of mine suffers, and my manhood is much muddled up. [*Enter LIGHTFOOT.*] No fowl in the thicket, no beast, and no game. (*Thunders.*) Hungry — hungry as a box at a contribution. But (*looking round*) whence this darkness? Hark! does it thunder?

Lightfoot (kneeling). Yea! 't is Great Spirit speaking in high-up mountain. 'Tis ominous! a sign of big tempest. Me hear Him in cloud (*holding up both hands*). [*Guns exploding without.*]

Dumkins. Dreadful are the lightnings. But whence those pop-guns? Ah! Philip is without. His foes they'll still pursue him to the death. Mayhap, that last gun hath slain him. Alas, this night is fearful! [*Loud muttering thunders, and the rattling of hail.*] [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. — *A garrison. Present Whittaker and Mary.*

Whittaker. Mary, my dear, will you take a seat by my side (*pointing to the seat beseechingly, yet Mary hesitates*).

Mary. Why do you desire me so near you, Joseph? If you have aught to say, I may be heard quite as well from where I now am. Yet I will come near to thee (*seating herself*).

Joseph. Now, Mary, why did you seem reluctant? Are you unfriendly, Mary? Do you not respect me?

Mary. Yes, Joseph. But in the midst of our many Indian dangers, troubles, and murders I can't seem to love anybody.

Joseph. Fie, Mary, do not talk thus. These conflicts at arms will soon come to an end, and then you and I

might live together in love. Might this not be? What say you, Mary?

Mary. Oh, Joe, don't talk that nonsense. The wars will last my lifetime. As for me, I cannot promise to myself, in this life, any home other than a garrison.

Joseph. You mistake, Mary; you are despondent. Our English settlers will soon conquer a peace, and then everything around us will be pleasant, and life will be peaceful.

Mary. I can see no prospect of peace. Only think of the past, and you may make favorable calculations for the future. Hannah Bradley, as you know, has been twice carried from us into captivity, and once, in Canada, has been sold as a slave. No, Joseph, no prospect of peace or of safety can I foresee outside of a garrison, or inside of it even, for a long, long time to come.

[*Exit* MARY. *Enter* DUMKINS.

Dumkins. Wahl, there's news in these woods; mighty big news.

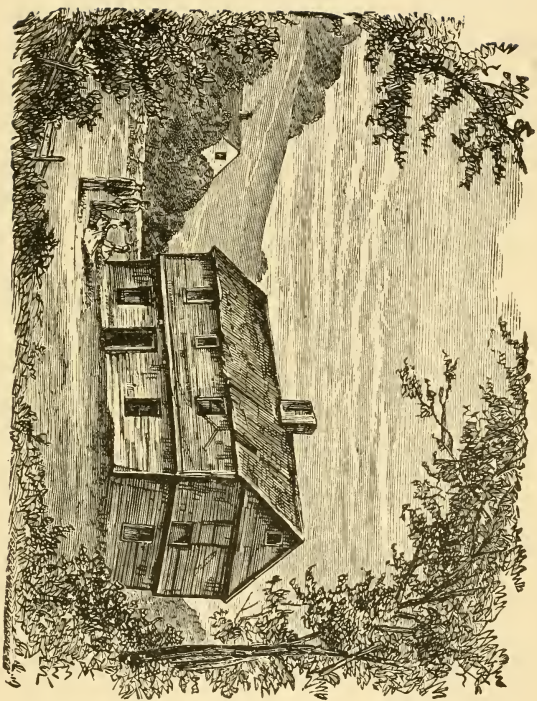
Joseph. What do ye hear.

Dumkins. Hear? I'm told that a part of Haverhill is consumed, and that Mother Duston, Mary Neff, and the boy Leonardson and twenty-five others are taken away into captivity. This, Jo, as I suppose, you have heard of, and know about it. But how is that love matter, Jo? are you and Mary going to make a match of it? (*Joseph appears abashed.*) Never mind, Jo; never mind, Jo. [*Re-enter* MARY.] Here comes Mary, and I'll skedaddle.

[*Exit.*

Joseph. Well, what is the word, Mary?

Mary. The word is war, Joseph, and but little else. Our lives are never safe, even in a fortress.



GARRISON AT WAMESET.

Joseph. Be assured, Mary, we shall soon emerge from these dangers, and I anticipate the peaceful day when you and I may be one; when we may dwell together in a lovely cot or a cheerful cabin, made up for you and for me.

Mary (interrupting). Oh Lorde, Lord-de, Jo! I can never think of any such alliance. What, to be married in a garrison-house, among the Indians; in the midst of murders! Oh no, no, Jo. 'Tis vain to think of it. I should swoon away.

Joseph. Mary, my dearest, do not decide rashly; deny me not. Let us wait a little. But say, oh, say that thou wilt be mine.

Mary. Oh no, Jo; I can't, I can *not*!

Joseph. Save me, Mary, oh save me! Say *you will* marry me.

Mary (interrupting). It's no use, Jo, I can't. I never will.

Joseph. Why, you shall have my hand in true faith, Mary; you shall have my whole heart. (*Distant thunder mutters.*)

Mary. Heart, or no heart, I won't (*shaking her head*). I shall never be your wife, Jo.

Joseph (abruptly). Then I'll drown myself. I'll jump into the well. (*He leaps away, and over the well-curb he goes, and splash sounds the water, as if a log fell into it. Mary shrieks.*) Oh Lorde, Lordee, Jo's gone down! Jo's dead! Jo's dead!

[*Curtain. A brief dirge.*]

SCENE III. — *The well near the garrison, and Mary wailing around it.*

Mary (in agony vociferating). Oh Joseph, Joseph! are you dead? Oh, I shall die also! Are you dead? oh, are you dead? Speak, speak to me; do, Joseph, do, if you are alive, speak to me! I *will* have ye, Jo. I will marry you! Oh, I *will* be thine!

[*Thunders.*

Joseph (In another direction, crawling out from a hiding-place, embracing her). I am alive, Mary. I am thine, and thou art mine.

[*Curtain slow falling. Music.*]

SCENE IV. — *A wigwam on the Island of Wonalancet.*
Present DUMKINS.

[*Enter Indians, one after another, dripping wet, with captives, — Mrs. Kimball of Bradford, and her children, crying, — Indians vociferating, "Wet, wet, me wet! captives wet, much noisy, much trouble! Kill um! burn um!" They pass along out, Jethro remaining.*]

Old Jethro. How now, Dumkins? Me seen tribe with captives, — mother and children. She be white squaw and papooses, from Bradford.

Dumkins. Which way did the curses go? Are they near us?

Old Jethro. Yea, they be near, — angry, angry. They be bad captives, — bad. [*Enter WONALANCET.*] Oh, here be the chief. Ye be good chief, friend to English, not cruel. Heart noble, — big heart, generous.

Dumkins. Yes, our good old chief, Wonalancet, is a friend in a friendly forest; a true son of Passacono-

way. He is the native peacemaker, whatever be his origin, name, or color. I am glad to greet him (*seizing him by the hand*). Thou art a man after my own heart. Thou art a hunter of the forest, and so am I. Health and long life to Wonalancet.

Wonalancet. Me wish same good to white man. Same good to you, same good to all. [*Enter MAJOR WALDRON.*] Ah, 'tis Major, 'tis white chief. Me glad to see Major. Me want much favor. You be good to my tribes.

Waldron. Wonalancet, let me say, I am here to ask a kindness of you. You are chief of the Penacooks. You know that Philip's men have been doing much wrong,—have murdered many of our English settlers, and have been carrying them into captivity, and are burning down houses and villages. Of late, as you know, they have murdered Thomas Kimball, of Bradford; and have seized and taken Mrs. Kimball and her five children, and are wickedly holding them in captivity, afflicting them. Now, as it is within your province, I pray you to cause her, with her children, to be released, and allowed to go free. Send her home to me, at Cocheco.

Wonalancet. Me will try. Me be friend to white chief. Me friend to good white man. Me try, Major. Me try to see um. Me try to do it. [*Exit.*]

Waldron (to Dumkins). Ah, my old friend, the hunter! my dear Dodifer Dumkins. Where are the Indian warriors? have they been seen of late?

Dumkins. They are somewhere not far from our garrison. A storm drove um into our shed, but, being discovered, they beat off again. Yet I am thinking

they are holding their captives somewhere in these woods, near us. 'Tis true, as they say, the Devil is always nearest when talked about. I crossed their trail yesterday, while on my hunt, and they have come nearer since. They had several captives besides Mrs. Kimball and her children.

Waldron. I trust, then, Wonalancet will soon be able to find them. These are troublesome times. Philip must be hunted out. [*Enter LIGHTFOOT.*] Ah, ha, Lightfoot! what news?

Lightfoot. Me hear King Philip be dead; shot him in swamp, with English gun. Alderman-be big warrior; big warrior. He killed King Philip.

Waldron. But where do you hear all this?

Lightfoot. White man tell me. He was from Boston. He know. Philip be dead. White man be glad. Friendly braves will rejoice in a pow-wow.

Waldron. News like this animates us. Indeed, how glorious! It foreshadows the salvation of New England. Settlers everywhere may now thank God and take courage.

Dumkins (raising both hands). Hurrah for the white man! Victory! hurrah! hurrah! King Philip's dead, deader, deader. A savage shot him; Church beheaded him! They quartered him. His scarred hand they've sent to Boston; his head to Plymouth, poised upon a gibbet. Now, Major Waldron, there's a good time for your great training. A time for the catching and hanging all the rest of the critters as high as the heavens.

Waldron. Yes, we have a stratagem. We propose a great training at Cocheco, to be made up of the tribes and of our English settlers, in which there is to be a

DEATH OF KING PHILIP,





sham-fight, and in which the Indians are to be decoyed, and all the Indian warriors made prisoners, and executed or sold into slavery. But this is not to be published.

Dumkins (elated). Good, good! I go in for the sham-fight, and for the heads of all on um, rag, shag, and bobtail, without reservation or mercy. [*Curtain.*]

SCENE V.—*A woodland. Present, Lightfoot and Dumkins.*

Dumkins. That affair at Haverhill—the killing of our English settlers there, the burning down of houses, and the bringing into captivity our old Mother Duston—was terrible, terrible. Yet my word for it, if that old woman gets a chance, depend on 't, she 'll be a customer for 'em.

Lightfoot. Why did n't Englishmen shoot? Why they no shoot 'em? When they kill the child, and burn houses, why they no shoot 'em all?

Dumkins. 'T was done secretly; Englishmen not ready; none of 'em there. 'T was on the outside of the town. The scamps assailed it in squads, burned dwelling-houses nine, captives carried away thirteen, and killed twenty-seven. But old Mother Duston is a hard brick for um; a hard nut, they 'll find her to be, I 'll promise ye. She 'll remember her dead baby; and if a chance happens, she 'll make game of um.

Lightfoot. Hark! Me hear 'em! They be near us, sure as I be Lightfoot. Yea, as sure as you be Dodi-pher Dumkins, them Injuns be here in woods, near us. Hark (*putting hand to his ear*)! on this island me hear 'em (*reclining and laying his ear to the ground, and then*

is heard the crackling of leaves and dry twigs). Faith, it be Injuns with Mother Duston. Mother Duston and Injuns.

Dumkins. That 's so, Lightfoot. Hark ! Yes, faith, it is so (*putting his ear to the ground also*).

[*Curtain.*]

SCENE VI. — *Duston Island and Wigwams, and ten Indians all lying at length asleep, and Duston, Neff, and Leonardson, with tomahawks uplifted, in the act of killing them, represented in tableau.*

Dumkins.

Down on their guilty heads three times they strike,
And three times three death follows each alike.
No groan is heard, nor tragic sign of woe,
But cold and stiff there lies the bloody foe,
'Neath clouds of night.

[*Music.*

[*A great noise by the tribes without and a loud cry: "Kimball, it was me did kill old man; me now kill him squaw too; we kill 'em all."*]

SCENE VII. — *Woods of Wamesit. A torch is blazing in the hand of a savage. Mrs. Kimball's master and two Indian assistants are madly proceeding to bind with cords Mrs. Kimball and children, to be placed upon a pile of faggots, the larger children being troublesome.*

Old Jethro (her master, to Mrs. Kimball). You bring no money; you make trouble. You noisy old squaw, me mean to kill ye; bind ye up; me burn ye all.

[*Enter WONALANCET.*

Wonalancet. Hold ! hold ! Me be friend to woman. What hath she done ?



HANNAH DUSTON AT THE MASSACRE.

Old Jethro. Done? She no good. Bring no money. Cries much, noisy. Make me much loss, much angry. So me kill her, me burn um (*starting forward to his work of blood*).

Wonalancet. Tyrant! tyrant! Ye shall no harm the woman. Stop there, stop! Desist or die (*turning upon him, Jethro makes a blow at him with a war-club! Wonalancet seizes hold of it—a squabble and fight ensue*).

Wonalancet. Death! death! (*and raising a war cry: “Woach! woach! ha! ha! woach!” Upon which four Indians with knives leap from the bush, and the leader, Numphow,* hits Old Jethro, and he goes tumbling wounded. His assistants escape, and Wonalancet’s men pursuing them out of sight.*)

[*Curtain.*]

SCENE VIII.—*Same. Wonalancet, cords in hand, with Mrs. Kimball and her children, untied and free.*

Mrs. Kimball. Thanks, Wonalancet, ten thousand thanks to thy noble, generous heart; that thou hast spared the lives of these, my dear infants; these, my helpless, fatherless little ones. For all this, my broken heart, and the sainted spirit of my dear husband, and my children’s faithful, murdered father, now looking down from yonder skies, can but love and bless thee forever. Now that my guardian and leader has been slain; now that I am in the wilderness with these, my five little ones, where, oh where, shall I go? Where, Wonalancet, shall I find a home of rest? Am I to remain in this dread, dread dreariness of war and blood? Am I here,

* Numphow was Ruler of the peaceful Indians at Wamesit.

here to perish? Oh tell me, dear Wonalancet, tell me, where shall these, my fatherless infants, find a friend; another friend like thee?

Wonalancet. Me tell ye, there be garrison at Cocheco, ten leagues away. Major Waldron keeps it. He be your friend. Major protect you. Major want you. White man will save you.

Mrs. Kimball. But my dear Wonalancet, how can I carry these children, and how shall I thither find the way? [*Enter* PATUCKSON, NUMPHOW, WATCHENOIT, and WATACHPOO.]

Wonalancet. Fear not, have no fear. Patuckson know the way. He shall lead, and Watchenoit, Numphow, and Watachpoo shall help to carry yr papooses. Here Patuckson, here Numphow, Watchenoit, and Watachpoo (*beckoning them*), come here! These captives all be free. Now take 'em, lead 'em through woods (*pointing*) this way, then lead um (*pointing*) that way to Major Waldron's garrison, Cocheco. Tell him that Wonalancet send um. Tell him, me Major's friend. Tell him, Wonalancet white man's friend.

All (answering). Ye ha! Ye ha! (*and each one seizing an infant, throwing it over his shoulder pig-back, leaving the eldest to be led by Mrs. Kimball, they take their departure.*)

Wonalancet (waving his hand). Adieu! Adieu!

Mrs. Kimball. Adieu! My dear, dear friend! (*and suddenly returning back embraces him.*)

[*Curtain slow falling.*]

SCENE IX. — *Governor's Headquarters.*

Leverett (alone in meditation). Well, how is this? Time, as in its arrowy flight it advances, wonderful things, more and more tragical, more and more terrible, are falling upon us. Bradford, and Lancaster, and Cocheco are not alone fated. Indian invasions, conflagrations, and murders are quite as keenly realized in other places. Haverhill is still in mourning for its loss of life. *[Exit. Enter DUMKINS.*

Dumkins. That's so, Governor, but depend upon it, 't will not be long before the tables will be turned on um. There's heroism, there's true metal in those two old Hannahs whom, many days ago, they carried off from Haverhill. The savages will find genuine jingle in um. If the fathers had spunk, half so much as those old English mothers, why they'd drive these infernal red-skin murderers into the sea — horse, foot, and dragoons all into an uproar, piled up.

[Enter LIGHTFOOT and PETER.

Lightfoot. Mother Duston, — the tribe that did take her, and did kill her papoose, did divide apart up river, so squaw tell me. Hannah Bradley be carried up to Canada. Mother Duston and tribe, they be away yonder, on Island Contoocook.

Peter. That be not all true. No, not true, — guess Hannah Bradley be not up there now. Got away from Injuns. Got home. She be in garrison here. Injuns be trying to get her agin. *(Indians from without coming in, clamorously inquiring.)*

All (variously). Where be squaw Bradley? Where be Hannah Bradley?

Peter. Old Hannah is safe. Get you gone. Can't have her. She 'll fight ye. She be in garrison. Safe,—no have her. Injun, no have her agin. Me think you no have her at all.

[*All vociferously raising the war-whoop, and rushing to the garrison wherein Mrs. Bradley, Whittaker, and others are concealed, repeating as follows: "Woach! woach! ha! ha! ha! O woach!" All yelling, pounding and trying to stave in the door.*]

Hannah Bradley (extending her head from the window). Begone, ye murderous hell-hounds, begone! Never, never shall ye capture me again. Get out! begone! (*Instantly she lets blaze a blunderbuss from the window; and Bampico, the Indian leader, falling dead, the Indians take flight; bearing away the dead man; old Hannah at the same time giving them another blast from her blunderbuss.*)

[*Curtain slow falling.*]



GIANT OF THE WOODS.

THE
REGICIDES.
(N. E.)

An Historical Drama.

[YEARS 1640 TO 1676.]

By ROBERT B. CAVERLY,

POET AND HISTORIAN.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

WILLIAM GOFFE,	} Regicides.	OLIVER CROMWELL, The Protector.
EDWARD WHALLEY,		MESSENGERS, 1st and 2d.
JOHN DIXWELL,		NIMROD An Irishman.
SIR GEO. AYSUE,	} Officer of the	THE KING'S CONSTABLE.
JO BRADSHAW		MRS. FLEETWOOD, } Daughters of
MICHAEL MCPHERSON,	} Ch. Judge.	MRS. CLAYPOLE, } Cromwell.
DR. DRUG.		RICHARD Son of Cromwell.
KING CHARLES I.	} A Churchman.	JOICE A Captain.
THE DUKE OF YORK.		NAYLOR A Quaker.
THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH.	} . . . Dissenters.	HARRISON, }
AUNT MARGERY,		PETERS, } . . . Republicans.
JENNIE GEDDES,		JONES, }
KIANEMO The Betrothed,		LEONORA . . . The Squaw Sachem.
		SAGAMORE SAM.

ATTENDANTS.

Heroic Villagers of Hadley; OLD ISRAEL, TOM, NOAH, NATHAN, and DEACON DROWN; a member of Parliament; a member of a Court; MRS. WHITTERWINKLE, WHITE, and LESLEY.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Charles I. — his Tragic Conflicts	197
Factions in the Realm; Religious Frenzies	204-241
Oliver Cromwell at the Head of the Army	202
King Charles I. tried by 70 Judges; Beheaded	207-214
Jennie Geddes, Spunk of; Trouble in the Church	206
The Queen Unfaithful; Grief of the Duke and Princess	211-214
Parliament, Long, dissolved by Cromwell; "Seeking the Lord"	215
Death of Cromwell; Richard the Son, and Daughters	218-221
Naylor, a Quaker Intruder	220
Richard — his Reign momentary	222
Charles II. crowned King	225-227
The Regicides beheaded; some of them escape	228-241
Goffe, Whalley, and Dixwell, escaping, arrive in New England	229-243
Dr. Drug — his Patients, Prescriptions, and Skill	222-225
A Ship lands, bringing the King's Constables	229
They seek the Regicides in Vain, they escape	229-232
Kianemo seeks the Hand of Leonora, Squaw Sachem of Wachusett,	231
Trial of Kianemo for Murder, and his Escape	232
Goffe, at Hadley, leads in the Fight, driving the Tribes	235-236
Villagers, and their Account of that Conflict	237
Regicides at Leonora's Tent, secreted, and by her protected	239-241
Kianemo, by Leonora, commanded to kill the King's Constable	242
King's Constable misled, bewildered	242-244
Pursued by Kianemo, crippled, he falters.	245
He falls at Leonora's Tent, slain by Kianemo	246
Lovewell, Paugus, and their Conflicts	193

BATTLE OF THE BUSH.

LOVEWELL, PAUGUS, AND THE REGICIDES.

LEGENDARY.

No incidental conflicts in New England's primeval history were more heroic and heart-moving, than those of Captain John Lovewell against the Indians under Paugus. Lovewell, at the first, in 1724, had raised a company of thirty volunteers, and advancing north of Lake Winnipiseogee, found an Indian and a boy in a wigwam, killed the Indian, and, bringing the boy to Boston, received a bounty for the exploit, as well as a gratuity from the colonies.

Afterwards, with seventy men, he again invaded the forest above the lake; but thirty of his men, for the want of provisions, faltered and turned back; but the others advanced, and discovering a tribe which had encamped for the night, they concealed themselves, and at midnight rose and fell in upon them, at the side of a pond. Lovewell fired first, and killed two. Five others fired, and then all the others, and then by this all the Indians but one were slain. He, being wounded, and trying to escape, was followed by a dog, and was held until he also was killed. This was at Lovewell's Pond,

in Wakefield, N. H., at the head of one of the branches of the Salmon Fall River.

Belknap, the historian, says: "This brave company, on February 24, 1625, with the ten scalps stretched on hoops, and elevated on poles, entered Dover (Cocheco) in triumph, and, proceeding to Boston, received the bounty of one hundred pounds for each, out of the public treasury."

And again, on the sixteenth of April of that year, Lovewell, raising another company, numbering forty-six men, including a surgeon and a chaplain, he again advanced into the forests of the northeast as before. Two of the men becoming lame, and one falling sick, were left behind with the surgeon, in a stockade fort on the west side of the great Ossipee Pond; together with eight men, who were also left there as a guard. The remaining thirty-four men, led by Lovewell, advanced onward about twenty-two miles, and encamped on the shore of a pond. In the morning, while at their devotions, they, hearing the report of a gun, discovered an Indian on a point of land extending into the pond, nearly a mile away. Thereupon they marched off in the direction of the Indian, first disencumbering themselves of their knapsacks, leaving them there on the northeast end of the pond, without a guard.

It appeared that Lovewell's march had crossed a carrying-place, wherein Paugus and Wahwa, with forty-one warriors from Saco River, were about returning to the lower village of Pequaket, it being distant about a mile and a half from this pond.

Discovering the track of Lovewell, they traced it back to the packs, counting them, and ascertaining the

number of the enemy to be less than their own tribe, they placed themselves in ambush, and awaited Lovewell's return.

Lovewell, while away, again discovering the Indian from the point of land, fired at him ; but, missing him, he returned their fire with small shot, wounding the Captain and one of his men. But Lieutenant Wyman, firing again, killed the Indian, and took his scalp.

They then returning for their packs, the Indians arose and assailed them with firelocks, and yells terrific. Captain Lovewell was killed at the onset. Lieutenant Farwell and two others were wounded. Several of the Indians fell ; but, seeing their superiority of numbers, Lovewell's men took positions behind rocks and trees. On their right was the mouth of a brook, on their left a rocky point. Their front was covered partly by a deep bog, with the pond in their rear ; and there they continued the fight for a long time.

Jonathan Frye, Ensign Robbins, and one other were mortally wounded ; yet they continued the conflict up to near the night, when the Indians left the ground, carrying away their killed and wounded, and leaving the dead bodies of Lovewell and others unscalped.

Of the remnant of this brave force of settlers, three were unable to leave the spot, eleven others were wounded, but able to march, and nine only had received no injury. It was sad to leave their three wounded companions in the wilderness, but the fates had so ordered it. One of them, Ensign Robbins, directed that his gun should be left at his side charged, so that if the enemy returned, he might kill one more of them.

This was on the 8th of May, at night. When they left the ground, the moon had cast its light upon the fatal spot, and had begun to light their way through the wilderness towards the fort where their comrades, the surgeon, and guard had been left. And it appears Robbins, Lieutenant Farwell, and the Chaplain, thus perished in the woods, while the survivors, after suffering the most severe hardships, wandered back, arriving one after another into the lonely fort. Fourteen only of Lovewell's forty-six men lived to find their way back to their cots or cabins in old Dunstable.

A generous provision was made for the widows and children of the slain. Lands by the Commonwealth were given to the survivors, one tract now takes the name of Pembroke, N. H.

Soon after this battle Colonel Tyng, of Dunstable, visited that battle-ground, buried the bodies of twelve of the company, carved their names upon the trees there, and then left them alone again, in the dark, deep forest, to a peaceful, quiet repose. A considerable time after this dread conflict, wherein both Paugus and Lovewell fell, a temporary treaty was negotiated under Governor Dummer's administration, with the Norridgeworks, Penobscots, St. Johns, and Cape Sable Indians. This treaty was ratified Aug. 5, 1726. Anon, for a while, there are better days, —

And peace, — that welcome harbinger of health,
Of generous thrift, foreshadowing weal and wealth, —
Brings her glad-tidings down, and cheers the land
With prompt good will, and noble deeds at hand;
To heal the broken heart, to make amends,
For wilful waste that from the past descends.



MAID AT THE WHEEL.

Thence this fair vale from mountain to the main,
 In vernal grandeur buds to bloom again ;
 And plenteous harvest with her golden ears,
 Crowning the prudence of progressive years,
 Adorns the field, and grace triumphant gives
 To honest toil. . . .

LEGEND NO. 4.

[*The King, Cromwell, and their Conflicts. A true story of the royal fugitives,—William Goffe, Edmund Whalley, and John Dixwell.*]

In the following Drama we have noted the Englishmen above named, and have extended particularly some of the dread events which happened at their hands and against them both in England and America.

They had been known as Regicides, who, among others, one hundred in all, acting in the capacity of judges, had beheaded King Charles I., under the leadership of Oliver Cromwell. And when the British government had again changed, Oliver Cromwell being dead, and Charles II. being crowned King, these men, then being pursued as murderers of his father, escaped from England, and arrived at Boston in July, 1660. They were regarded as gentlemen of worth, were of dignified manners and appearance, were esteemed of the Colonists, and were pious, commanding much respect. Whalley had been a lieutenant-general under Cromwell, and Goffe a major-general in the same army. An order from King Charles II. for their apprehension reached New England soon after their arrival here; and to avoid the King's Commissioners, then eager to execute this order, these Judges hastily resorted to the woods and to the caves of the earth for concealment.

Several of their associate judges had already been caught by the king's constables and executed in England; yet the Colonists had a care and a disposition to favor these fugitives who had sought an asylum on these shores. At one time they occupied a cave on West Rock, about two miles from New Haven; at another, they dwelt secreted under a bridge, while their pursuers crossed it on horseback; at other times they found refuge in rude cellars and garrets, and although much troubled, fortune usually turned in their favor.

At length, after a concealment of about three years and a half at New Haven and its vicinity, they, on Oct. 13, 1664, left there for Hadley, Massachusetts, one hundred miles distant, travelled by night, and took up their abode there at the house of John Russell, a friendly clergyman of that village. The house was well suited to the reception and secretion of the judges. "The east chamber was assigned for their residence, from which a door opened into a closet back of the chimney, and a secret trap-door communicated with an under closet, from which was a private passage to the cellar, into which it was easy to descend in case of a search."

"Here, unknown to the people of Hadley, excepting to a few confidants and the family of Mr. Russell, the Judges remained fifteen or sixteen years. These Judges were confidentially known at the time by a Mr. Smith, who also admitted them occasionally to his house in Hadley. They were also favored by a Mr. Tilton, then often in Boston as a member of the General Court from Hadley," through whom donations from their friends in England and elsewhere were, from time to time, re-

ceived by the Judges. During his residence in Hadley, Goffe held a correspondence with his wife in England under a fictitious name. By one of the letters, dated April 2, 1679, it appears Whalley had died at Mr. Russell's residence some time previously. He was buried in a small tomb of mason work, just without the cellar-wall of the Russell house. Much later, in 1794, the bones of this Regicide were found there by a Mr. Gaylord, who erected a house on the same premises. Soon after the decease of Whalley, Goffe, as appears, left Hadley and journeyed to the south. Afterwards no certain news was heard of him. "Not long after the arrival of these two Regicides at Hadley, Colonel John Dixwell, another of the judges, joined them at Mr. Russell's, and resided there for awhile. He afterwards settled at New Haven, Conn., under the assumed name of Davids, where he died in 1689.

During Philip's war these men, as appears, were still secreted in Hadley. In 1776 this town, at one time, was attacked by about seven hundred Indians. Over night the Indians had approached it, had laid an ambuscade at its southern extremity, and advanced the main body towards the other, and at daylight, as was their custom, "the attack was commenced, with great spirit;" but the English turning out, received them at the palisades.

The Indians gained possession of a house at the north end of the street, and fired a barn, but were in a short time driven back, with loss. The attack was renewed, on other points, and the Indians, though warmly opposed, appeared determined on carrying the place; but a discharge of a piece of ordinance checked their fury,

and their ambuscade failing of its object, which was to surprise the people who might be driven from the village, they faltered, and fled away.* "At this moment," says Dr. Dwight, "an ancient man, with hoary locks, of a most venerable and dignified aspect, and in a dress widely differing from that of the inhabitants, appeared suddenly at their head, and with a firm voice, and an example of undaunted resolution, reanimated their spirits, led them again to the conflict, and totally routed the savages. When the battle was ended the stranger disappeared; and no person knew whence he had come nor whither he had gone.

The relief was so timely, so sudden, so unexpected, and so providential, the appearance and the retreat of him who furnished it were so unaccountable, his person was so dignified and commanding, his resolution so superior, and his interference so decisive, that the inhabitants, without any uncommon exercise of credulity, readily believed him to be an angel, sent by Heaven for their preservation. Nor was this opinion seriously controverted until it was discovered, several years afterward, that Goffe and Whalley had been lodged in the house of Mr. Russell. Then it was known that their deliverer was Goffe. Whalley had, as it is said, become superannuated, some time before this event took place.

In the following drama, No. IV., further and more specific accounts of the secluded, fearful lives of these venerable regicides will occasionally appear, — as how, through life, they were pursued in our New England wilderness by the king's constables; how they were

* See Nason's Mass. Gazetteer, page 240.

secreted, fought for, and defended, from time to time, by Leonora, the celebrated squaw-sachem of Wachusett; and how this squaw, then young and energetic, assisted by her betrothed lover, Ki-a-nemo, had fought for and had given the Regicides a safe deliverance from the constables of an angry king, seeking blood; and how in the old world, cruelty and crime as a prelude to this had cropped out, dividing the kingdoms into discordant factions, in the midst of which the bitter passions of men predominated, and the wildest fanaticisms and combinations became rabid in the conflict; and how from all this, Parliament in its demoralizations and distractions had invaded the prerogatives of the throne, imposing restraints upon the royal actions of Charles I., to a general disorganization; and how the armies, the churches, and the people at large, had become distracted, all at loggerheads, faction against faction, power against power, without the restraints of Parliament, of the King, or of laws; and how Oliver Cromwell and his court of seventy judges, arrested, tried, convicted, and beheaded the King, drove out Parliament, and terminated that kingdom; and how by force of the armies for seven years he held and ruled England; and, at his death, how the judges whose mandates had beheaded the King, being in the end (many of them) hunted down, and themselves executed, shall appear.

THE REGICIDES.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Council Chamber in London, and Cromwell alone.*

Cromwell. This heart and this head of mine are painful. To me, as well as to the realm, the times indeed are troublesome. Treason lurks in the king's councils; the royal Charles, himself, is a traitor. Kingly traitors, as many say, ought to be dethroned. Yonder doth London's tower open her crimson gates wide for traitors; and the bloody axe, uplifted, impatiently awaits their coming. [*Enter BRADSHAWE.*] Ah, welcome, my valiant hero and friend, Bradshawe. Bradshawe, thy appointment is to be one of the hundred judges, hereafter to be nominated, to try King Charles for treachery,—for high treason against Parliament, and against the people of this realm. And you, Bradshawe, will preside over the court.

Bradshawe. But under the laws of England, my dear Cromwell, by what right can a king be tried? How can his majesty be thus assailed, who, by our great charter of rights, can do no wrong?

This, it appears to me, is an insurmountable barrier.
That kings can do no wrong, is a maxim.

It is the great primeval starting point to all governments, and all grades of governments. How then, O Cromwell, is this great obstacle, riveted as it is in the public mind, to be overcome?

Cromwell. Ah, my lord, granted, it may be, that a king—who is a king under the law, and in the eyes of a generous people—can do no wrong, and that this your principle, in all and every organization of governments, is sound, and is ever to be adhered to,—and should be carried out. I grant that the king, as well as every other leader, from the throne down through all the grades of government, even to the father of a family, are to stand honored and respected by their dependents as being powerless to do wrong.

A government instituted and sustained on this grand old principle will always stand and prosper; otherwise, by or through frenzy and faction, divided against itself, *it must fall*. Thus, my lord, I concede the principle. But allow me, in my own opinion, to declare that Charles the First, being opposed to Parliament and the people, for years has not been, and is not now king, save in proclamation and fictitious form.

Bradshawe. Well said, my lord. Yet Charles has the title of a king, wears the crown of a king, and still lives in the place of a king.

Cromwell. Hardly that, most noble lord. He has been a king, but through duplicity and deceit; he has made merchandise of all that is manly in himself, or profitable to the public. For all this, he is distracted, flying hither and thither for safety. His armies are divided, and his Parliament have severed themselves from his sovereignty, seeking to depose him. Surely a

conflict is portending. Rivers of blood will flow in upon us if Charles is suffered to live. Up, then, my lord, and let this great people bestir themselves.

[*Exit* CROMWELL. *Enter* DR. DRUG.

Bradshawe. Ah, my dear doctor, how fare you? How do these agitations in the commonwealth appear to ye?

Dr. Drug. They appear rash. I am opposed to all fanatics. Nay, I am opposed to all religions save that of the true church. By this soul of mine, I abominate, I hate the queen, in her Protestantism, who is an Austrian. On the contrary, I magnify Charles, the king, in the fervent faith of his sovereignty.

Bradshawe. True, but the factions with which government has to grapple are antagonistic,—they pervading England, Scotland, and Ireland, are numerous and strong. You, doctor, are a believer in the Church of England, another is an advocate for the Catholicism of Ireland, another would take sides with the Protestant dissenters of Scotland. Many hate the king, many the queen, and very many the Parliament; and many are the outspoken complaints against all these in the armies of which Cromwell is chief.

Dr. Drug. Thou speakest truth, my lord; but thou knowest it hath been revealed there is but one church, and that church, as I am prepared to prove, is this, our Church of England. This is in exact accordance with the doctrines of divine writ, and to the creed of the church.

[*Exit* DRUG. *Enter* MCPHERSON.

Bradshawe. How now, McPherson; what appearances have ye for peace? You, I am thinking, are reconciled to the royal house of Charles.

McPherson (Irish). And what is that, pray? A house, is it, that your holiness is speaking about? Ah, I see! and faith, and the king has no religion, not a bit of it. And I, meself, am a Catholic, and why should n't meself dislike the king?

Bradshawe. I was not inquiring for your faith, sir, but whether you and your race think favorably of the king?

McPherson. And what, indeed, does your lordship mean by that? A divil of a bit of favor do I ask of him. In all I've heerd of him he has proved himself a tyrant and a blackguard. He's indade a traitor, and, your holiness, I'm told he is about plotting against our holy Catholic faith, and the Virgin Mary.

Bradshawe. Yea, true it is; the crown is in trouble. Parliament is opposed to his majesty. War in Ireland, war in Scotland. The church, the Catholics, and the dissenters are all at loggerheads. [Exit.

[A sudden ringing of church bells is here heard, and the people, who have been dropping in to its door, now appear as if to fill the adjoining church.] [Curtain.

SCENE II. — *The inside of an old Church, with seats of three-legged stools.*

McPherson (alone). In this place, it would same to me, the Protestants are more than the church people. They assemble here. And true, it is the bishop is persistent; and here, too, there is a conflict. [Enter JENNIE GEDDES.] Who comes? Ah, 't is Aunt Jennie! How fare ye? You still are adhering to your true Protestant faith. Indade, ye are, and ye are coming to church.

Jennie. Most assuredly. My faith never, never faileth. Although a martyr I may perish, I in truth dissent. A dissenter, I protest against the forms of a pretended, spurious holiness. The God we worship requires no idle outside show; no forms, no broad phylacteries. [*Enter MARGERY.*] But here is my sister in the faith. Come, Margery, let us enter the temple, for the hour hath come, and here will we worship in the beauty of holiness. Oh come, let us sing.

Singing in chorus.

Shout, shout, we're gaining ground,

Satan's kingdom is coming down,

Halle — hallelujah!

Firm in faith to the cross we cling,

Up we're moving on the wing,

Glory hallelujah.

Chorus. — Shout, etc.

Up to heaven our voices blend,

High aloft our prayers ascend,

Halle — Hallelujah.

Chorus. — Shout, we're gaining ground,

Halle — hallelujah!

Satan's kingdom is tumbling down,

Glory hallelujah!

[*Music.*]

SCENE III. — *Same. Open church, low pulpit.*

Margery (rising up). It is commanded in our books of revealed truth as if to say, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give ye rest." This is glorious; yet in all his gifts the Great Divine hath given to us all aspirations to advance and to labor in his great works.

[*Entered, the BISHOP ascending the pulpit, is kneeling. Soon then, book in hand, he begins to read a prayer, at which all rise, furiously exclaiming*]:

Ungodliness! ungodliness! 'T is an abomination! Out upon all your forms and ceremonies! (*The priest seeking safety in flight, Jennie, seizing a stool, hurls it with a vengeance at his priestly head; all pursuing him, vociferously giving him battle, following, boosting him out of the window.*) [Curtain.

SCENE IV. — *Hamilton Court. Royal Palace.* KING CHARLES I. *soliloquizing.*

King. Herein there is much doubt, much dismay. These religions of the realm distract my senses. These church quarrels — so daring, so desperate, and so fatal — are not mine; not mine in the beginning; not mine in their conflicting augmentations. Yet the shafts of the conflict are all made to fall, aimed as they are, upon my own head. Treason still lurks in the armies of the Crown, with factious notions and religious frenzies; taking wings, they, like a pestilence, fill the air.

[*Enter MCPHERSON.*

McPherson. Tidings, tidings, your Majesty. The great Parliament hath voted and have taken away yr Majesty's prerogatives. Indade, the Lords and the Commons have all become rebels. And by faith, and the Earl of Essex has been made their chief officer, threatening the Crown, and making war in the midst of your Majesty's forces.

King. Traitors they live! Traitors they'll die, full of treason. To arms, to arms, will I call all my loyal subjects. At Leicester, at Naseby, at Winchester, at

Marston Moor, at New Castle, I'll give that Parliament battle. Meanwhile, London shall be fortified.

McPherson. But be assured there is danger to the throne. Cromwell (and faith he distrusts ye) reigns. Flee for your life, away. The deceptive subterfuges of past years, vacillating doth betray thee! Thy foes concentrate to torment thee; and faith, ye may well believe, ye 'd better fly. [Exit.

[*Thence out goes the KING, attended by JOHN BERKLEY, ASHBURNHAM, and LEGGE, lurking about in disguise concealing himself — and thence he flies to the Isle of Wight and Hammond, where afterwards Cromwell's officers take and imprison him in Carisbroke Castle.*]

[*Music.*]

SCENE V.—*An army tent with a military court. The KING secured elsewhere. Enter CROMWELL and PRESIDENT OF COURT.*

Cromwell. Gentlemen, Officers. Understanding a disaffection exists in the army, Ireton and Fleetwood, my generals, were delegated of the Long Parliament to inquire into the cause of impending disorders.

President of the Court. General, we have deliberated upon that matter, and find the soldiers, in the main, to be the authors of their own discontents, fomented only by a distracted Parliament and the duplicity of a king.

Cromwell. Then let five hundred horsemen move upon the King, under the command of Joice. (*Here breaks in from without a shrill sound of trumpets.*)

[*Martial Music.*]

SCENE VI. — *A Prison, and KING CHARLES I. within it.*

King. Here am I, a king in bonds ; a king who can do no wrong ; a king not knowing for what cause nor by what laws I am thus incarcerated.

[*Enter JOICE, pistol in hand, with a platoon of soldiers.*

Joice (*pointing directly to the King*). Forward !

King. Whither ?

Joice. To the army.

King. By what warrant ?

Joice. (*Silent, but pointing back to his soldiers*).

King (*smiling*). Your warrant is writ in fair characters, legible without spelling. (*At sound of horn and trumpet they move away.*) [Curtain. Music.]

SCENE VII. — *Army tent again. Present Cromwell ; and Bradshawe in scarlet.*

Cromwell. How is this, Bradshawe ? What is your opinion ? The King stood in the way of the Long Parliament, and now the King is secure. The Long Parliament stands in the way of the people and of the armies of this realm. The King being at our disposal, what next shall be done with the Long Parliament, whose deadly usurpations are proving fatal to England's peace and prosperity.

Bradshawe. This Parliament hath made the power of the King a nullity. That body has no power of itself, and there is none left in the King, if we had one. Hence, if we had a king he would be a king without power, and Parliament is powerless without any consent of the people or of England's armies.

Cromwell. Up, then ! Let the ringleaders in the

army now plotting against my orders be instantly tried and shot. Let Charles be dethroned,—beheaded if need be,—and let the House of Commons, now usurpers without right or power, be dissolved; and let this government once again return to its wonted authority and prosperity. But Bradshawe, take care in the meantime; it is our own counsels we are to keep. [*Enter PRIDE.*] Ah, here is Pride, my gallant general officer of the army. Pride, take two regiments of infantry, choice soldiers. March forth, surround the House of Commons; seize and imprison the Presbyterians; exclude all others. Allow none to enter but the Independents, my council of officers well disposed and determined, and let that House be purged of its poisons. [*Trumpets sound without.*] [*Exit. Curtain.*]

SCENE VIII.—*King's Quarters. Present members of his family (Scotland). Enter Joice and soldiers.*

Joice. I have to announce to your Majesty that the government has declared it to be treason in the king that he hath levied war against the parliament of the people.

King (aside to his attendants). But how, and by what law, can any such decree be executed? since a sovereign, in law, can do no wrong.

Joice. I understand this to be a movement of the people, upon the ground, assumed, that the people are the origin of all just and legal power. Hence the Commons have voted and declared that they are the representatives of the people; and that their enactments have, in this regard, the force of law, without the consent of king or peers.

King (aside). I am to understand from this, assassination is intended. But, Colonel, what is the intent of your mission?

Joice. I am commissioned to conduct your majesty to London.

King. Colonel, what I demand, is your warrant.

Joice. The warrant is in writing (*producing the paper*). The offence of levying war against Parliament is herein charged against your Majesty; and a high court, of one hundred and thirty judges, has been constituted to sit at your Majesty's trial. Hence you will prepare, as I must now advance with your Majesty to Westminster Hall. (*The King here seizes and embraces his little son [the Duke of Gloucester, nine years of age]; next his young daughter [the Princess Elizabeth, then thirteen years of age] falls upon his neck, embracing him; and then the cold embrace of an unfaithful wife; and then the King steps to his place between the files of soldiers.*)

Joice. Forward! For Westminster.

Soldiers (exclaiming simultaneously). Justice! Justice!

King. Poor souls! For a little money they would do as much against their commanders.

[*Exeunt, with martial music and trumpets in the distance.*]

[*Music.*]

SCENE IX.—*Same.* Present McPHERSON. Enter Messenger.

Messenger. I would see the queen. I am told to announce to her that the Grand Court of England is in session on the trial for treason of King Charles.

McPherson. And faith, and the queen cannot now be

seen, not at all, at all. She is at her love-feast, in the east room, with an intimate lord. And sure it would be bad luck to meself to interrupt the quane in the least bit of a mite, at all.

Messenger. But my message would be of great interest to her.

McPherson. No, and be faith, but do ye think that your message is better than Lord Lovewell's business? Not at all, at all.

Messenger. But tell her I have a message from her liege lord, King Charles. And haste! 'Tis the king's business.

McPherson. Haste! Do ye mean to insult me? And faith, there's nobody's business that requires more haste than Lord Lovewell's. And I'll not interrupt the quane with her lord, not at all, at all; and ye must wait.

Messenger. If not the queen, then may I be permitted to the presence of Princess Elizabeth, and the young duke.

McPherson. Oh, yes; they are the true son and daughter of King Charles. Indade how he hath loved um! The young duke is the exact image of his dear father. (*A slide opens to them.*) You shall see them. (*Introducing them.*) This is the princess. [*Exit.*]

Messenger. Dear Princess, I am here to announce to your mother the queen, and to yourselves, the sad intelligence that his Majesty is now being tried by the High Court for treason, the court having long been in session. (*Princess bringing her kerchief to her tears.*)

Princess. What, sir, hath agitated this? Who is it, that seeks the life of my dear, dear father, the King of

England? How could he be guilty of a wrong? By what right does such an accusation come? Whence, oh whence, these threatenings of death, which are to make me an orphan? Leave me alone (*weeping*), leave me alone! alone! alone!

Messenger. Weep not, my fair princess. This perturbation must be of but short duration. It cometh like a tidal wave. 'Tis a movement of the people, and may soon, like the ocean tide, set backward. This trial, the populace have willed it, and thus it happens.

Young Duke. But what had my dear father done to provoke the people?

Messenger. He is charged of having levied war against Parliament, and 'tis for this treason he is being tried for his life. And from him I've come, making the announcement of his dread danger.

Young Duke. My dear father being tried for his life, do you say, sir? Do armed soldiers stand around him? Will they lock him up in a dungeon of the Tower? Oh dear, dear! Will they kill him with the bloody axe?

Messenger. Oh, no; he is being tried at Westminster Hall. 'Tis not at the Tower.

Princess. Tell me, oh tell me, that I may know, for what is the trial had? What, oh what, has my father done, that they in anger should seek his blood (*weeping, and embracing him*)?

Young Duke (*standing up ambitiously*). War, war we'll have! I'll go with you. I'll levy war upon Parliament! I'll defend, I'll defend the crown. I'll smite the enemies of my dear old father. Away! away! I'll go with thee. Let us go.

Messenger. Ah, vain youth, thou art ambitious, but

thou art powerless now. Yet the time may come when thou mayest be a king thyself.

Princess. Stay, my dear young brother. Thou art a duke. Stay, thy life here is now safe, but how long my poor head, or thine own dear life, shall be safe after my own dear, dear father is murdered, we know not. Stay, and let us take counsel of our seniors. But, oh where is my dear mother? Thrice called, but does not come. Alas! alas!

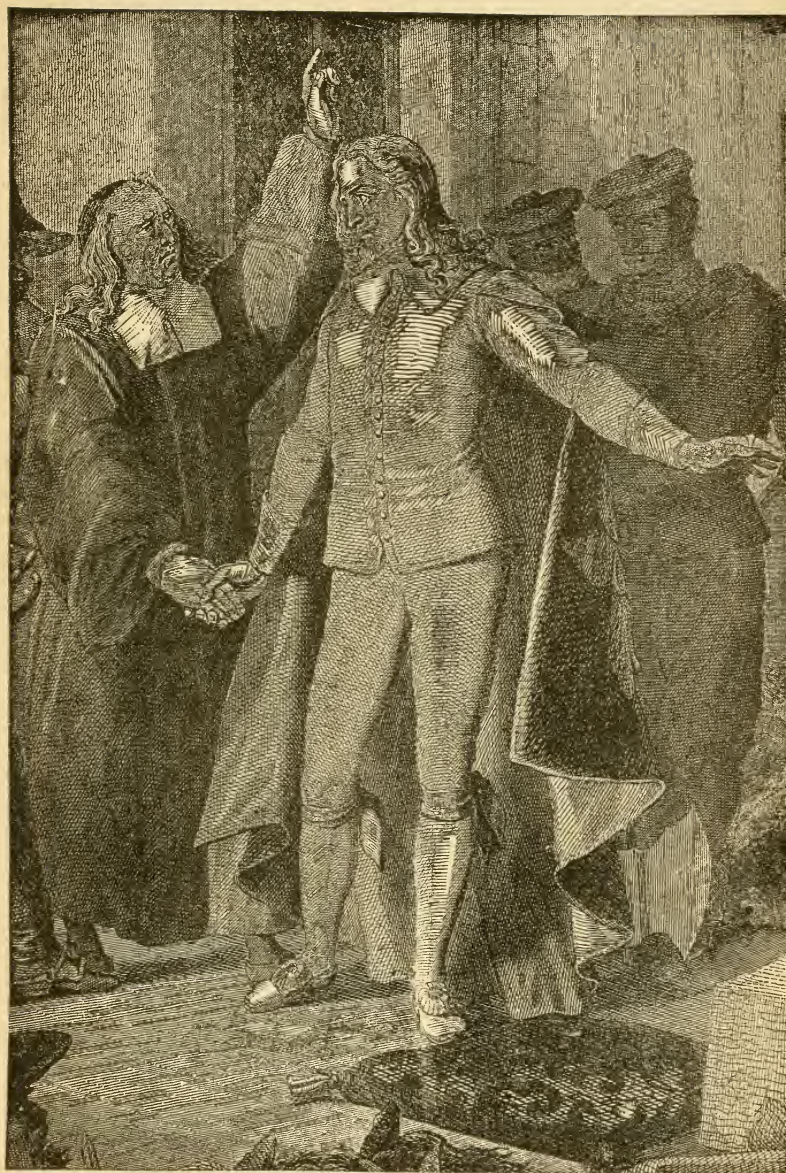
Messenger. Ah! Obviously her love is not royal, but lordly. Give her the message. Adieu! adieu!

[*Exit. Enter* McPHERSON.]

McPherson. And faith, and they have taken the King away from the trial, and they are about going away to murder him at the street of White Hall. Miserable blackguards! Bad luck to um! Bad luck to the murderers, to ivery mother's son of um. But I must keep safe this ould castle, or me own head will come off. Ah, list! what is that? (*Sound of trumpets and martial music without.*) And faith it is now the time they are after about murdering the King himself, bad luck to the bloody blackguards!

[*A dirge.*]

[*Curtain rises, unveiling as in tableau the death scene of the King on the scaffold in the street, attended by the executioner masked, priest and others, and Bradshawe in costume of scarlet, dirge still being played.*]



ACT II.

SCENE I. — *Cromwell at the door of Parliament.*

Cromwell. This Parliament is jealous of my power, and now that Charles is dead, it is fit that the soldiery should have a care for the people, and for Parliament in behalf of the people. [*Enter WHITE in uniform, followed by soldiers.*] White, come forth with your infantry; place soldiers at the door; one hundred men in the lobby, and one hundred on the stairway, and I will enter and will proclaim to them of their tyranny and oppression as vile usurpers. [*CROMWELL passes in.*]

Lesley, alias Dr. Drug. Shame on that Cromwell, — that Agag, that tyrant in superstition and knavery. The Lord has hid his face from Jacob, only for awhile. Out upon Cromwell! Drive him away! Drive him away! As he hath intended to embark for the new world, drive him away. Send him seaward. [*Curtain.*]

[*Enter WHITE, as the curtain rising discloses the entrance to Parliament.*]

White. What seek ye here?

A Member. We are seeking the Lord.

White. What? In Parliament, seeking the Lord?

Member. Yes.

White. Well then, then you may go. The Lord has n't been here for years. [*MEMBER passes out.*]

Lesley. But why should we be deposed? We are the true Parliament chosen by the people.

White. I too am chosen by the people, the Almighty God, and Oliver Cromwell. Thou art among those that stand condemned of the people as being hypocrites, perjurers, and tyrants and devils. Depart then from these walls, and make room, yielding to the sovereign will of this nation, and to the will of God himself, and of Cromwell, the great defender of this realm. Depart.

Lesley. Well, then, it is might that makes this movement right. We vacate at the will of Oliver Cromwell, and Parliament is dissolved. (*All, rising, driven by Cromwell (within), are beginning to press out of the door.*)
[*Curtain. Music.*]

SCENE II. — *A mansion.*

Richard (son of Cromwell, alone). The long seven years of the Commonwealth are now nearly passed. Short and tardy its months have seemed to me, — a dream. It is not strange, however, that intervening conflicts and cares, which have oft afflicted the Commonwealth, should seemingly accelerate time in its flight. Yet have we, in the meantime, been blessed with congratulations from the army, from the naval fleets, and from the many and vast corporations of the Realm, and from all the congregations of the saints. Thence hath the nation been made glad in peace, in better manners, and in its progressions. And thus Cromwell, my venerable father, hath crowned his Commonwealth to a saving success. But the years of his servitude as Protector of England are hanging heavily upon him. [*Enter DR. DRUG.*] Good morrow, Dr.

Drug. I have just been contemplating, as in a review of the past, the progress of this, our Christian Commonwealth, in its duration of nearly seven years. How do you prosper, sir?

Dr. Drug. Prosper! Not a bit of it. How can a subject prosper when he can have no faith in his government. No confidence in a Commonwealth or a Cromwell, though it may be treason to proclaim it. I am outspoken. True, in me own belief, if you would have permanent peace and prosperity, the government must be restored to a kingdom.

Richard. But you had a kingdom; yet it divided itself into direst distractions, and it fell from its own infirmities. It was sick, it was sinking, and there was no hope for mortals within it, but in a Commonwealth and a Cromwell.

Dr. Drug. True! but if I'd had me own will in those years of horror, I would have hanged the Dissenters, every mother's son of um, and would have given the crown to sweet Ireland. And then, indade, it would have been bad luck to the English snobs, owners of the sile. [*Exit RICHARD. Enter JENNIE GEDDES.*] Ah, Jennie, it is you. Come in. We hail you as friendly to the Holy Catholic faith, and as against Cromwell and his adherents.

Jennie. Oh, no! I still maintain my own true worship. I am neither Catholic, Episcopal, Quaker, or Protestant. My faith is in the God of Israel; mine the religion of old Scotia. An Independent, my cares are for my kindred, my prayers outspoken are unwritten, and my hope is in Heaven and Oliver Cromwell. (*And she sings*) —

Shout! shout! we're a-gaining ground,—
 Halle-halle-lujah!
 Satan's kingdom is tumbling down,—
 Glory hallelujah!

Dr. Drug. Indade, Jennie, you are too gay for comfort. I take thee as thou art, an Independent. But soon shall ye see Cromwell's administration as Supreme Protector of England ended. In case of his demise it will terminate with his life. I have dreams of it. But come now, Jennie, as you are in the mood of it, inspire us, yes, elate us, with another song.

Jennie (singing in the same strain) —

Shout! Shout! we're a-gaining ground,—
 Halle-halle-lujah!
 The Devil's kingdom is coming down,—
 Glory hallelujah!

* * * * *

SCENE III. — *Cromwell alone, at his headquarters, his locks gray, his armor, his sword, pistols by his side, and guards at the door.*

Cromwell (lights half extinguished). The seven years of government, loading these locks of mine with frosts of winter, have vanished, vanished; as if we had all, meanwhile, been slumbering. Time, with its multifarious happenings, hath imperceptibly advanced, as if the mind had been entranced in a dream. This is indeed a dreary night. My government is liable to accidents. Fanaticisms compass me about. Treachery tries to mislead and betray me. Not long do I sleep in a place. I return not on the same road. I trust no stranger. A strong armor adheres to this frail body of mine. Vigilant guards, attentive daily and nightly, are

the insurers of life. [*Enter MRS. CLAYPOLE.*] Who comes? Ah, it is my dear, dear daughter (*she flies to him, embracing him*). Daughter, why are you here, at this late hour?

Mrs. Claypole. Ah, my dear father, I have come to beseech your clemency, that you may spare the life of my dear friend, Dr. Huet.

Cromwell. Oh, how common to those who are most dear to distract me with vain behests! I am surrounded with spies, eager for the overthrow of my government. On my mandates, and the sure penalties of violated law, the peace and well-being of three kingdoms depend. The treachery of one man unpunished, though he be thy friend, may effect the downfall of all. Nay, the continuation of the life of thy friend might cause the loss of mine and thine. Be assured, dear daughter, I am the Protector of this realm, never to sanction an unjust penalty, forever meditating the greatest good to the greatest number. Every consideration has to yield to that end. That your father, as Protector of England, should act from his own sympathy, as it moves him, or from thine, is but impossible.

Mrs. Claypole. Then I fear the court's decree will be executed; and hence that your dear daughter, now in declining health, will perish also. Dear father, adieu.

Cromwell. Adieu! and may God bless you. Ah, [*Enter MRS. FLEETWOOD, embracing him*], another daughter!

Mrs. Fleetwood. Father, sad it is to me to find you melancholy. It is meet that the sovereign of a great realm should be cheerful.

Cromwell. But how, my dear, can this heart of mine, incased with an iron shield, be cheerful? In the midst of tyrants and assassins, in the midst of conflicts, in the midst of dynasties, royal, clerical, and layical, in the midst of multifarious combinations and cruel conspiracies, all tending to distraction and disorganization, who that has a heart of humanity can be cheerful? Nay, dear daughter, ask cheerfulness from the gates of death, not from thy father, whose right arm, for seven years, through much blood, from necessity, hath held these three kingdoms, amid the wild infatuation of the times, from impending ruin.

Mrs. Fleetwood. Would it not be more practical, and easier to be administered, were you to give your government a republican form?

Cromwell. Indeed, that would be well; but as yet this people are in no way prepared for such a government.

Mrs. Fleetwood. From this, the many crushing cares that prey upon and burden you are apparent. I know thee to be burdened as man never before was burdened. But what most alarms us, making me sad, dear father, is the appearance of this fever which now afflicts you.

Cromwell. Be not disturbed. I have communed with Heaven; I am not to die of any threatened fever. The world needs me longer. I, however, must retire, and take my rest.

[*Exit.* *Enter* NAYLOR.]

Naylor. Dost thou know Cromwell, the Protector.

Mrs. Fleetwood. Know him? yes, indeed, I do know him. He is within.

Naylor. Canst thee allow me to see him?

Mrs. Fleetwood. No. He has retired, and is quite ill, dangerously, I fear.

Naylor. But thou shouldst know I have a mission, having been transformed to become the Saviour of the world.

Mrs. Fleetwood. Yes, I've heard of you, and I have heard of another Quaker, who, while fasting his forty days, bravely starved to death. What if you were to go and do likewise?

Naylor. By my divine mission, I have come to this city, in haste, upon a horse, and have authority to heal the sick and to cast out devils.

Mrs. Fleetwood. Why did you come on a horse? could n't ye find an ass? One sick would not choose to be healed by any of your faith. As to devils, they were all cast out when Parliament was dissolved.

Naylor. "Thou hast said it." Thou hast a father; a Protector, as we all know. But you will understand there is no protector but Him whom we serve; and by my mission I am to reign in this realm, — and rule too.

[*Enter Guards.*

Mrs. Fleetwood. Guards, take this Quaker away, out from my presence. Let him be cared for according to his deserts. (*The Guards, seizing the Quaker, in their haste pitch him out headlong.*) Oh, that is too cruel! But Quakers, with other frenzied fanatics, have long been offensive enemies to our peace. Poor, deluded mortals! They are good men, but they serve, with others, to foment discord. They know not what they do. (*A tea-bell rings.*) Ah, I must return to my sick father. Fearful forebodings move me.

[*A Dirge.*]

SCENE IV. — *In a Palace. Peters alone.*

Peters. News that the great Cromwell hath expired is startling! England will never see his like again. [*Enter RICHARD.*] Oh, my friend, what now?

Richard. Now that my dear father is no more, his sceptre inevitably must fall upon someone. The people will tender it to me, but I conceive that the burden of a Protector's power would prove too heavy for an untutored son. I would decline it. The affairs of state would oppress any sovereign other than Cromwell himself.

Peters. Yes, Richard, sure it is, the office of Protector hath descended to thee. Disdain not this mantle of thy father, the great, the humane peacemaker of nationalities. For the sake of these islands, these ancient kingdoms, refuse not this sovereign power.

Richard. The position is hazardous. Who is sufficient for it?

Peters. Richard, the power of Protector must now fall upon thee. Disdain it not. For the sake of peace, for the sake of the prosperity of a vast people; nay, for the safety of my life as well as of thine, refuse it not.

Richard. Ah! There's danger on either hand. The position without the force would be hazardous. Show me the man that hath in him the force of Oliver Cromwell, — I will then vacate, and upon him shall the mantle fall.

Peters. Nay, I tell thee, my dear Richard, say it not. Do not thus jeopardize this, the Protection of England, in the opening of an avenue to fanaticisms and religious frenzies, as of old. For the sake of the people's

government, for the sake of the enduring fame of thy sainted father, the Cromwell of England and of the world; nay, for the sake of the lives of his adherents and thine, who in the dark hour of England's history, have stood up manfully against distracting tyranny at the mandates of thy valiant, sainted father, refuse not this sceptre of power. It descends from thine own father. For the peace of the realm, for his sake, and for the sake of our lives, resign not this thy position.

Richard. Of all this matter I must consider. Why should n't a man prefer the independence of a man, to the honors and dishonors of a throne? Strange as it may seem, I must say, give me a manly independence, rather than a priestly, princely power, in the midst of heartless, distracted factions. Beyond this, naught but the lives of my father's friends and the peace of this Commonwealth can move me. Spare me then, and let me consider. *[Exit.*

[Enter DR. DRUG, followed by a MESSENGER.

Messenger. Great news, Doctor; great news. The air is full of it!

Dr. Drug. Ah, yes; and we are always alive to hear it. News in startling times is always in order, always sought for eagerly. It never pines for the want of listeners. Yesternight it happened, a man as he came running down town, stopped to take and read the news; and he read as how Cromwell had died of the pills they had given him; and as how Richard, his son, had inherited his mantle; and as how, on the other hand, Scotland and the royal factions are making many proclamations for Charles Stuart to be enthroned as king. And thus had the man read the news a long

time, then, pondering, he threw down the newspaper exclaiming, "Oh, I must hasten away to Dr. Drug, for my wife is dying."

Messenger. Your patients, Doctor, so fond of the news, must give you much entertainment.

Dr. Drug. Yes, indeed, I am entertained by a variety of characters and by a complication of troublesome diseases. [Enter MARGERY, *Irish*.

Margery. Dear, dear Doctor. I desire you at my house in a hurry.

Dr. Drug (dropping his newspaper). Why, what is the matter, madam? What is the matter?

Margery. Ah, ye reverence, wait a little, and I'll tell ye. Yesterday my ould man, in hurrying down Fleet Street, by accident run against a lawyer, and in trowth, I say it, he has n't been able to spake a word of trowth since? Indade and indade, it is so.

Dr. Drug. It is a bad disease, madam, very bad. But, madam, what lawyer did he run against?

Margery. Indade, indade; it was aginst that ould baste of a barrister, Ould Grimstone.

Dr. Drug. What? Sir Harbottle Grimstone? Why, it's that same old barrister candidate, lawyer of the Crown.

Margery. And faith, it's that very same ould brute of a blackguard, Sir Harbottle.

Dr. Drug. Well, then, if your man has run against Old Harbottle, I guess, I guess he'll die. It's a hard case, a hard case, madam, anyhow.

Margery. Then make haste, Doctor. Hurry up, and come to me at me own house.

Dr. Drug. I can't, madam. At this moment I have

another engagement to another patient a mile away, and I must make haste to be there.

Margery. Then, your worship, please be about prescribing for me ould man, that I, before ye get there, may be about releaving him meself.

Dr. Drug. Well, the case is a bad one. The venomous jostle of a lawyer is dangerous. Go to the apothecary, get and give to your old man, first, a full dose of calomel, to be followed up by five doses of physic to get the lies out of him. Next, bathe him all over externally with the tincture of obedeldock, and at the same time give him internally forty grains of truthfulness, and when I come to ye I will blister him and bleed, then I'll bleed him until he is cured.

Margery. Yes, faith, and true enough, you'll *blade* the ould man. — Yes, you'll *blade* him. [*Exit. Music.*]

SCENE V. — *A parlor.* HARRISON, SCOT, CAREW, CLEMENT, JONES, SCROPE, AXTEL, HACKER, and COKE, *the Regicides, under excitement.*

Harrison. What means this, that Richard should have faltered? Why should he have distrusted the strength of this Commonwealth or of his own Protectorship? Strange that a son should thus lose faith in his father's fame or in his own power; strange that any man should thus falter, and turn back from the faith and leadership of Oliver Cromwell.

Jones. Ah, Richard is but a blank, a blank. He is not a true son of his valiant old father, under whom Great Britain has survived the shock of fanatic contending factions, and for these seven years has lived and prospered. [*Enter PETERS.*]

Peters. Faith, I am glad to see you all ; all as yet alive. They charge that I, as a clergyman, have stirred sedition against King Charles I., and that your decrees in the great court lost him his life. What now shall be done ? Cromwell is dead ; Richard, his son, lives, but, half-disheartened, preferring the life of a wild hunter to that of the great Protector of England. Charles II. is now enthroned. What now is to become of me, and what of you, who sat in judgment against his father, King Charles I., whom you beheaded, and against whom I traversed this realm, warning the populace to beware of his treacherous mandates.

Jones. What, then, if as regicides our heads are at stake, what shall be done ? Shall we brave the seas ? Shall we fly away for the New World, as Goffe and Whalley and Dixwell have done ? Or shall we retract, turn royalists, confess, and sue for pardon ?

Harrison Ask pardon for what ? Ask pardon ? For what ? For love of life ? Ask pardon for patriotism ? No, never. Neither principalities, nor powers, nor the wild threatenings of death by the Crown shall induce me to retract from Cromwell's cause, which was a glorious cause, the cause of the people and the cause of God.

Jones. Yet there are invitations. The royal arm of mercy is extended upon the terms of a recantation, as if the beheading of the king had been a crime, and requiring of us obedient homage to his son, now proclaimed King of England. Shall we yield, or shall we try to fly ?

Peters. No ! Never, never. " Charles I. lived and died a hypocrite. Charles II. is a hypocrite of another

sort, and ought to die upon the same scaffold." * Re-tract? Never from the freedom of Cromwell; never from the just cause of England and of our God. Never, never.

[*Enter the KING'S OFFICER and posse, with warrant in hand against the regicides.*]

King's Officer. The regicides are all wanted. There is my warrant from King Charles II. Answer as I call (*calling and each answering*): Hugh Peters — (Here), — Harrison — (Here), — Scott — (Here), — Carew — (Here), — Clement — (Here), — Jones — (Here), — Scrope — (Here), Extel — (Here), — Colonel Hacker — (Here), — Coke — (Here), — William Goffe — (No answer), — Whalley — (No answer), — Dixwell — (*A voice from without, Absent, they desire to be excused*).

Harrison. Judges Goffe and Whalley and Dixwell are away on the high seas for New England. They have no care of seeing ye at all.

King's Officer. Forward, now, for the King's presence at Whitehall. [*They advance between the files of soldiers.*] [*Dirge.*]

* Junius Letters.

ACT III.

SCENE I. — *On a seashore in New England, walking, and near an open cot, which they enter.*

Whalley. Goffe, this is indeed a new world. The ship and the ocean wave have well served us. Away we are, from royal tyrants. In vain, in vain, they sought our lives.

Goffe. Yes, but the emissaries of that tyrant king will come here; hither they will still pursue us. And now where shall we seek an abode? Where shall we find a place of rest, in which to secrete ourselves from a royal enemy, — an enemy whose minions shall lurk along these woodland shores seeking blood.

Whalley. Some dark cave or cellar in some lonely hamlet will best serve to secrete us. Our associates, the judges who helped to behead King Charles of England, are now about to fall beneath the bloody axe. Perish, as of course they must, at the cruel behest of royalty. Fortunate, thus far, that we have escaped. Nevertheless, a foreign foe, pursuing us, does now, and henceforth must needs linger along the pathways of this wilderness.

Goffe. True. And if taken, we will be hastened back over the high seas, to be mangled, murdered there; to perish as vanquished victims of Charles II., that

blood-stained successor of the great and glorious Cromwell.

Whalley. Take courage! This new world, with its lofty old forests and lonely hamlets, has many hiding-places. Its wandering tribes, without knowledge, will be no tell-tales. But these walls are too public. They seem to echo ominous sounds, which may betray us.

[*Enter NIMROD.*

Nimrod. A ship, a ship is nearing the shore. It bears to the breeze the British flag. In truth, at its masthead flaunts the new and significant name, Charles II., King of England. [*Exit.*

Goffe (privately). List, Whalley, list! There's danger on board there. An enemy, an officer of the Crown, seeking us. Away! away! Which way shall we fly?

[*They start.*

[*Music.*]

(*Sailors from on board, and from without, Ship ahoy! ahoy! Throw in the cables, oho-o! pull away, oho! oho!*)

SCENE II. — *Present Mrs. Whitterwinkle and a sailor. Enter Aysene, the King's Constable, with an assistant.*

King's Constable. Madam, please inform me if hereabouts you have seen two Englishmen, well dressed, and of respectable appearance.

Whitterwinkle. What, one of them a tall, long and white-haired ould gentleman, with long beard?

King's Constable. Yes.

Whitterwinkle. And the other a thick-set, dark-skinned old man, with long mustache, with white hair, and white whiskers?

King's Constable. Yes.

Whitterwinkle. Well, I haven't seen any such men.
(*Officer starts to leave.*)

Nimrod. Here, yer reverence, come back! Look ahere! Do ye want to know the whereabouts of them there Englishmen?

King's Constable. Yes.

Nimrod. Well, away down the road, yonder, as you know, there's a bit of a woodpile.

King's Constable. Yes.

Nimrod. And jist beyond the woodpile there's an old garrison-house.

King's Constable. Yes.

Nimrod. And jist beyond the garrison-house there's a bit of an ould shed.

King's Constable. Well—yes. What then?

Nimrod. And, plaise yer worship, I've been there. Yer Regicides ain't there; they are not there, not at all at all.

King's Constable. And why didn't ye tell me that before?

Nimrod. And faith, and why were ye not after asking me that?

King's Constable. The men whom I seek are in cocked-hats.

Nimrod. Cocked-hats? And faith, and I don't believe ye'll find one of um in all Ameriky. Indade, ye'll have to budge back to the ould country to find "a cocked hat." And I am far from thinking ye are here for any good. Blast me, if I think ye'll find anybody that will claim to see ye at all anywhere hereabouts.

[*Exit KING'S OFFICER. Enter MARGERY.*]

Margery. Now that the ould bright-buttoned bugs are

gone, please say, what do ye think he wants of them men?

Nimrod. Wants? faith, and he wants them for nothing at all, at all, but to carry um back to the ould world and to murther um. They were honest judges; did right. And bad luck to the blackguards that's now here, after seeking their blood.

Margery. Well, they need n't come here to New England thinking they are going to carry away those noble, venerable judges. If the king's officer comes here again, I'll show him the butt end of a broomstick. Out from my brass kettle I'll give him a dashing dose from a ladle of hot water. He may be permitted to rest his carcass 'neath some rude wigwam, for a while, but not long inside of mine, I'll tell him.

Nimrod. Rumors have come, there's to be a grand council of war by the tribes in this wilderness. Fears we have, they are meditating a conflict with our feeble English settlements. A fugitive Indian, from a wigwam not far away, brings this news. Ah, here he comes, with an attendant.

[*Enter KIANEMO, with LEONORA, the squaw sachem of Wachusett, at his arm.*]

Kianemo. Lady squaw, me glad to meet you agin. Long away have I been. Have hunting-grounds in island, yonder, down behind big mountain. Rivers there,—bright, far-spread-out lakes. Good hunting; big bears and beavers there. Trout, shad, salmon there. Me get good living; me be happy, had you there.

Leonora (squaw sachem). Oh, me no go. Me have much land, mine. Oh, na, na, nah.

Kianemo. True; but not so much good fishing, not such good hunting-ground. And ye be most alone, and me be alone, too, down there.

Leonora. Me have good hunting-ground, fishing enough. Me raise corn and beans, and gather clams at seashore.

Kianemo. Say, Leonora, will ye not be my squaw, me would go or stay? Me would build new wigwam; me hunt, me fish. Me would go or stay.

Leonora. Ah! nah! nah! Ye no brave at all. You be squaw. Ye never took a scalp, never killed a coon, no grizzly bear, never robbed an Englishmen, nor stole a pig, ye no kill a man. Nah! nah! Ye no brave; ye be nothing but a woman. I'll no marry ye at all.

[*Exit KIANEMO. Enter OFFICER.*]

Officer. I want Kianemo; have a warrant against him, that I may have him before the great council of the tribes on the charge of having murdered a creole. Where is he?

Leonora. Me don't know; been here; gone now. What murder? What big wrongs have he done?

Officer. Wrongs? Why, in these papers he is charged of murdering an Englishman, and of robbing a chief of the tribes. I want his body, that I may have him before a jury, formed of the council of the English and Mohegans, now in session.

Kianemo (entering from behind a screen, now standing forth, exclaims): Is it Kianemo's life you seek? I am Kianemo. I am at your call. If the taking from the wigwam what was mine own be robbery, then Kianemo is a robber. If the slaughter of an Englishman who is trying to slay me is murder, then Kianemo is a

murderer. I am Kianemo. Take me; I am ready for the trial. Adieu, Leonora, adieu. (*Leonora embracing him.*) Let me go, Leonora. Me will meet um.

Leonora. Go, Kianemo, go try um. Me with you. Yea, I will be thine. (*Officer forcing him away.*) Thine, Kianemo, thine (*holding up both hands*).

[*Music.*]

SCENE III. — *A hamlet and log church. Present Leonora and sailor.*

Nimrod. Leonora, what luck? and faith and what are they being about doing with Kianemo, ye brave, yr sweetheart, ha! ha! ha!

Leonora. Me know not. Court refused me a place there. Great cowards, they. No decent; mean. They hold up tomahawk and hatchet gainst me. They push me out.

Nimrod. What, Leonora, did Kianemo do?

Leonora. He say, Ha! he only stole a turkey gobbler, and murdered an Englishman.

Nimrod. Is that all? Then, and faith and by the howly St. Patrick, they can never harm a hair of his head. For he niver would steal a gobbler unless he were hungry, and as to a bloody Englishman everybody knows he ought to be killed. Fear not, Leonora, your brave Kianemo will be acquitted, and will again come back to ye. Ah! here's a stranger.

[*Enter GOFFE, cautiously.*]

Goffe. Be not disturbed, my friend. I merely desire to inquire of you the way to Hadley, a small hamlet not far away from here.

Nimrod. Indade, it's not far away, and faith, I would

be pleased to go and show ye to it (*going and pointing the way*). Turn there to the right, and sure ye'll be right strait going to it.

Leonora. Nimrod, who is that old man? He be a judge, me think.

Nimrod. Whiste! whiste, I say! Betray him not. And, sure, he is a judge. He's one of the Regicides. Coy he is. He keeps well aloof from the king's officer. Whiste! say nothing. 'T would be bad luck to ye to betray him.

Leonora. Good! good! He be a brave, save him. Me hate the king. He much tyrant, much bloody.

Nimrod. Not a soul of us here are loyal to the king. Tyrants have no place in this, our howly New England. The king is the beast of a tyrant, and the son of a tyrant. Our settlers are more loyal to the great Cromwell, now dead, than to that beast of a king. Charles is a royal blackguard, and he's about beheading every honest judge he can catch. This man Goffe and his companions are threatened of the king's axe. Being pursued here, they hide away, seeking concealment. They are at Hadley; but hould on, don't ye tell it.

Leonora. The Regicides be brave. Me friendly to um, but no friendly to the king. Friendly Indians all friendly to Regicides. But Philip's tribes, hostile, would kill um all. [*Enter SAGAMORE SAM.*] Here comes Sam. Come in. What news, Sam? What news do ye bring from the trial of Kianemo?

Sam. Jury good. They no find Kianemo guilty. He'll get away; Englishmen mad. They'll try to shoot him (*looking out in the cistance*). Ah, he runs! he runs (*holding up hands*).



GREENWOOD GROVE,

[*Guns are exploding, blazing without at Kianemo, as he leaps away back of the screen, and Leonora, with both hands uplifted, is on tiptoe in ecstasy.*]

SCENE IV. — *Near a log church in Hadley.*

Leonora (singing): —

Kianemo is brave, Kianemo is free,
Kianemo is mine forever to be;
He will find me again in the wild shady grove,
And again will I greet him in the glories of love.

[*Enter NIMROD, listening.*]

Oh, the brave man, how noble in action of heart,
When from truth and the right he doth never depart,
When in faith and with vengeance he battles the wrong,
In the transports of loveliness equally strong.

Kianemo is brave, Kianemo is free,
Kianemo is mine forever to be;
He will find me again in the wild shady grove,
And again will I greet him in the glories of love.

Sam. Me right glad, Leonora, to find ye so happy. Me rejoice that Kianemo get away. But I've now been hearing much, much of war, — how Philip, our king, everywhere is burning down cots in the settlements, and murdering the English. This day morning Deerfield was destroyed, and soon they'll be breaking in somewhere else. See there (*pointing his finger*), Puritans have to carry their guns to their church.

[*Armed men, with women and children, are passing, one by one, into the door of it.*]

Leonora. You, Nimrod, be peaceful: You no do anything against the English. Ye would no help Philip, and ye would not betray that dear old judge, the Regicide. He be hid, me guess, about here somewhere.

Concealed, he be safe, me hope. Whether in some cabin or in some old cave me know not. But heed ye! he must not be betrayed.

Sam. Oh, na, na! me no betray him. He good old friend. This be Hadley's day of fasting, from fear of Philip's tribes. His warriors not far away now.

Leonora. But what if they should break in upon us now? We are in peace with the English settlers, and if they come to conquer us, what should we do?

Sam. Oh, then me run. Me hide away. You, being squaw sachem, they no hurt you. Ah! there, they've come. (*A cry without, "Fire! fire!" and a rush is made; and without an Indian war-whoop is heard, with a great noise.*)

All. Wo-ach! wo-ach! ha, ha, ha! Wo-ach! wo-ach! ha, ha, ha! Wo-ach! oh! wo-ach! (*As they near the church, skulking hither and thither, the church people turn upon them, advancing with loud explosions of shotguns, and with vociferous imprecations, when Goffe, emerging from a cabin cellar, takes to the lead of the Puritans.*)

Leonora. Oh, they'll kill us! they'll burn us!

[*Screaming, she dashes beyond the screen.*

Goffe (*seen without, in his white locks, being heard within*). Villagers, move forward! follow me! (*and with repeated discharges of musketry and pistols, and with great noise of men and women, the tribes are driven out of sight, with repeated shouts of "Shoot um! drive the devilish murderers! drive um into the sea! Drive um where the devil drove the hogs"*).

[*Curtain.*]

SCENE V. — *Same. Villagers returned and returning from the fight.*

Old Israel. Well, the scamps did n't do as they meant to do. My ould firelock blazed well. She didn't miss fire. I levelled upon um, and zounds ! how they did heel it.

Sam. Yes, faith, and sich a getting down-stairs as they leaped away adown that ledge, head foremost ; and away they went, piled up —

Tim. One of um dropped a tomahawk, another a scalping-knife, another a gun. Here they are (*holding them up*).

Tom. Old Bampico ; indeed how that ould devil was discomfuddled. How he flared up when I hit him over the back of his cocoanut with a club. So he sneaked away, kinder agitated.

Noah. One of um shot an arrow at me, and I let blaze at him and he went tumbling over backwards, forgetting his poor relations, just as if a mule had saluted him with both hind legs.

Nathan. The heavens ! just when on the run my old blunderbuss, blazing with fire and smoke, went off. The charge went right against the hinder parts of that bloody old chief, and over he went headlong.

Deacon Drown. All over the village the bloody beasts made an attack at the same time. They seemed in a hurry, driven many ways, setting fires. And didn't we rout um ?

But now it is meet that we return to our sacred Puritan altar. Thankful may we be to our King of Kings, and Lord of Lords, for this our safe deliverance.

[*Exeunt. Enter LEONORA and NIMROD.*

Leonora. Nimrod, in this battle me thought it best to take no part. Indians my friends, so be the settlers. For Philip's crew me have no concern. Me think of another. Me fear for me brave Kianemo. Nimrod, have ye seen or heard of him? Me never have seen him since his trial and escape.

Nimrod. Nay, and faith, and I believe he safely escaped; and sure he wouldn't dare to be in the fight, for either side would kill him dead. But to what tribe he fled, or whether he be still secreted hereabouts, me don't know, can't tell ye.

Leonora. Kianemo be too brave to hide away. His arm be too strong to feel weak at sight of murderers.

Nimrod. Where do ye think Kianemo may be?

Leonora. Ah! how is it, do ye ask where? He be in deep woods, pursues the wild deer in the mountains.

Nimrod. And faith, nor the devil of a deer does he pursue in the mountains. Ah, ha! the *dear* that he pursues is niver a bit so far away; ha, ha, ha! It's *Leonora*. Yes, *dear*, she is *dear* enough.

Leonora. Oh, no, me refuse him. Me now sad because me offend him, I fear. Guess he knows me not to be here. He may be wandering, looking for me. He valiant and noble. Kianemo be near me at night. He in me thought, in me heart. Me fear him dead.

Nimrod. Never mind, *Leonora*! never mind! *Kianemo* must be still alive! True, and the bloody murderers shot at him. But faith, they never a one of them hit him. And 't was me that upon a horse saw him as valiantly he flew away from the blackguards out of sight unharmed. Me own guess for it, and sure he

is somewhere in these hillsides, still loving and still saking his dear Leonora.

Leonora. Oh, then, me will wait. Oh, Kianemo, Kianemo (*breaking into a song, gazing into the mountains*):—

My heart shall leap with joy serene,
To hail thee here at morn or e'en,
In manner most becoming.
I'll make the wigwam wild with flowers,
I'll know the very midnight hours,
Still waiting for thy coming.

Up to that promised bridal day,
My soul transported wings away,
To my beloved alone.
For him, for me, what joys to come,
To meet for aye, to be but one;
Then shall my cares be gone.

[*Music.*]

SCENE VI. — *Same. Near the Wachusett Mountains. Present, Goffe and Whalley; and Dixwell approaching a wigwam.*

Dixwell. Good cheer, my companions, good cheer. But are we safe in these mountains?

Goffe. Oh, yes! There are no English settlements near us. The king's constables can never find us in these woods. We've heard of him only occasionally through the friendly Indians. Surely, the constable will never seek these brambles. This New England wilderness is much too dark for the royal eyesight. Indeed, its pathways are much too rugged for the silver slippers, or for the foolhardiness of a king's constable. These bramble mountain passes, oft troublesome to the hun-

ters' hounds, shall serve to endanger the royal dogs of King Charles. Sure, the king's cowardly constable will never have the courage to penetrate this, so dark a wilderness. If he does, in the faith of God, and in my own strength (*brandishing a pistol*), he shall be my dog and my victim.

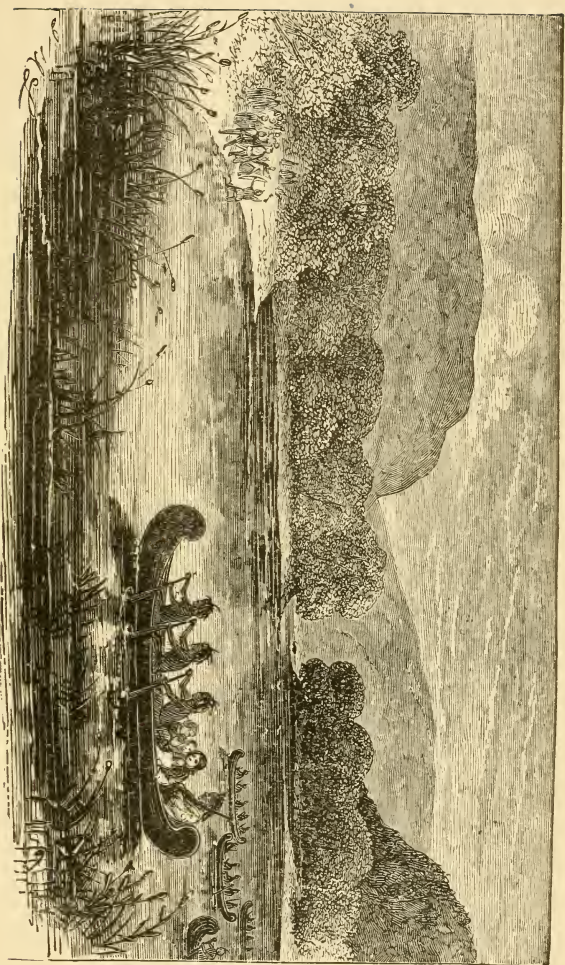
Dixwell. Since here, we have traversed the territories of Canonicus, of the squaw sachem of Wachusett, and of Hadley. The tribes are friendly to us. Even the royal settlers having hearts of men would conceal us. Cautious, we must henceforth live concealed.

Goffe. Concealed; save when war invades or endangers us. As here in Hadley, when we volunteered to aid the church-going settlers against the invasions of Philip's tribes.

Whalley. Yes, Dixwell, let me add a word; let me tell ye as how our Brother Goffe, hidden at Hadley of late, came forth and heroically opposed the invasion of blood-stained savages, and, leading the Puritans, drove the tribes out of sight. And then how at once his old white locks disappeared into a cellar out of sight, and how at length to this hour the settlers have thought him to have been an angel sent of God to their deliverance.

Goffe. Ah, mayhap, it was an apparition, from their more immediate friends, the departed Pilgrims. [*Exit.*

Dixwell. More likely it may have been the ghost of King Charles I. upon a flying visit to his venerable judges. Indeed, it would be doubtful if even here he heard any good of himself. But who comes? [*Enter LEONORA.*] Lady, thou art, as I am impressed, the squaw sachem of Wachusett.



CROSSING TO THE CONTOOCOON.

Leonora. They call me so. Me own these lands, and me live in these mountains.

Goffe. Well, then, as I opine, this wilderness being thine, you have a strong influence over the tribes and with the English settlers in this new world.

Leonora. Me have lived with English at peace, but have no good will for the angry tribes of late King Philip.

Goffe. Ah! and this is where and why you are a friend to us; and now that we are accused of being regicides, wandering here for dear life, may we not, Leonora, seek thy protection?

Leonora. Whence have ye come? And why does King Charles seek to kill thee?

Goffe. We three, as they call us, are Regicides. For seven long years we were friends and adherents of Oliver Cromwell. Believing in him, we were appointed and sat among the fifty-seven judges who condemned King Charles I., the present king's father, to be beheaded. For all that seven years England had its best government. But Cromwell died. Since then the second Charles has been crowned; and now he is seeking the lives of us all, the judges who sat in judgment against that old king and tyrant, his father. Many of the judges, our brethren in London, have already been beheaded. We have fled. We are here, and the king's constables are on our track, doubtless somewhere about in this wilderness. Here we are, and here I am now, dear Leonora. Will you find me some place where I may be at peace and in entire safety?

Leonora. Me will try; ye will please follow me.

(*And she conducts him through a door into a cellar of her wigwam, and returning*): [*Enter KIANEMO.*] Oh, my dear, dear Kianemo! (*embracing him.*) Now tell me, tell me, Kianemo, where ye have been, and how ye have fared?

Kianemo. Ah, the murderers did seek me life. But me took flight away, away off. Now me life be safe, me have come back. Me love thee, Leonora. Me seek a new wigwam with thee.

Leonora. Nay, not now. Me tell you a story, a secret. There be a brave old man, a Regicide, in there (*pointing to the tent door*). Big man, a judge, who tried and helped to kill a bad king. Now the second king's constable is in these, my own woods, trying to catch and kill the judges.

Kianemo. Be there more than one judge?

Leonora. Yea, there be three, only one here now; two others somewhere in the woods.

Kianemo. What! in a wigwam, or in a cave?

Leonora. In a cave, or in some old cot, secreted. The officer is hunting after the judges to carry them back to the big king in England to be beheaded. That officer be murderer. He seek blood. Go find him. He be spying about here. Do this for me. To do this, I charge thee, kill him! kill that king's constable!

Kianemo. How shall me know him? And me arrows all used up; how shall me kill him?

Leonora. Know him? He have blue coat, bright buttons. Arrows? me get one (*turning and opening the tent door, and bringing a pistol from the Regicides to Kianemo*). Now kill that constable, or this right hand of mine shall never be thine. Kill him!

Kianemo. Me *will* kill him ; me will give his body to the wolf and his soul to the grizzly bear. [*Exit.*

[*Enter* GOFFE.]

Goffe. Lady, have ye seen an English officer here of late, a man quite aged ?

Leonora. Yea, me have seen one. But he is gone. What do ye want of the man ? Is he a Regicide, and is the king's officer hunting for him ?

Goffe. Indeed he is, my friend. I parted with him not far away, as he then appeared [*Enter* WHALLEY] to be meandering hither, avoiding detection from the king's forces. Ah, here is another old friend.

Whalley. Goffe, I begin to fear for our safety in this wilderness. The king's constable is hereabouts. I got sight of him ; and I descried an Indian, who apparently was upon his track, lurking clandestinely in pursuit of him.

Goffe (beckoning to Leonora). Here let me acquaint my friend Whalley with thee, who art the heir to all the lands hereabouts. We are strangers. We seek thy protection beneath these mountains, this lofty Wachusett.

Leonora. What ! art thou also a Regicide ? Were you among the braves who have escaped to these shores, who long ago sat in judgment against King Charles I. ?

Whalley. Yea, indeed, we are the same, and we ask thy friendly protection (*drawing his pistols*). These deadly weapons, with which we are armed, if need be, shall sustain thee in our defence.

Leonora. Protection, braves, protection ! This right arm of mine, the Great Spirit giving me strength, shall give protection to thy frosty locks. Here, give me a

firelock (*Goffe giving her a pistol, she, opening the door, and secretes them also with Dixwell*). There please stay till Leonora calls for thee. And I'll swear to the Great Spirit, that the king's constable, who now seeks thy blood, shall bite the dust. Adieu.

[*Curtain.*]

SCENE VII. — *Same. Leonora at rest. Enter King's Constable.*

King's Constable. Are you the proprietor of this cot?

Leonora. Me own it; me own these mountains. This be my wigwam, mine to keep and defend.

King's Constable. But I have a warrant of power from King Charles.

Leonora. And my power be from the Great Spirit.

Constable. Mine is against the Regicides, not against you. It charges them of having beheaded King Charles I. By this (*opening his paper*) I am commanded to apprehend the three judges and convey them back to England.

Leonora. Me will have nothing to do with your warrant. King has nothing to do with me, me'll have nothing to do with the king.

Constable. Assuredly, my warrant from the King authorizes me to make search for the Regicides, Goffe, Whalley, and Dixwell. I demand of you to know whether they are, or are not, secreted somewhere here within your enclosure. You, I am told, are the squaw sachem of these lands.

Leonora. This enclosure is Leonora's. It be her own castle. Over her or hers your king has no power.

This is Leonora's hunting-ground, not your hunting-ground. 'Tis the land of a squaw sachem, not the land of a king.

Constable. Believing the Regicides to be here, I shall insist on entering your wigwam. I have a posse of assistants to my service. I will summon them.

[*Exit to call them.*]

Leonora. Me defy ye (*raising the war whoop*),
Woach! woach! ha! ha! ha! woach! woach! ha! ha!
ha! oh! woach! (*Instantly a popping of infantry is heard without. Kianemo from the distance is blazing away at the king's constable and posse, and they, nearing the wigwam, are exploding their weapons and dodging hither and thither.*)

Leonora (*calling to the Regicides*). Bring bow and arrows, bring weapons, bloody weapons. The king's posse, they be coming to kill us.

All (*answering*). Oh, yes! Oh, yes! (*leaping forth pistols in hand, all abreast, to the aid of Leonora.*)

Goffe. Fear not, my brave lady, we, with you, will take the defensive. Thou shalt not be endangered.

Leonora. Let the tyrant come. Me'll let daylight shine into him. I'll pile slugs straight into his bread-basket. His body will I cut in quarters; his heart shall be food for the tiger, and his blood shall be drink for the jackal. (*Noise without, still the musketry seems nearing the wigwam, and she fires at him.*) Ah, me hit him, me hit him! Did ye see him limp? And yet he lurks.

Goffe. And to die, I hope. See (*holding up his weapons*), I've reserved my fire. This weapon, I have reserved it to the use of a tyrant's officer, and to the re-

ception of a murderous assassin in the unholy disguise of a king's constable, seeking blood. To take his life shall and will assert my own manliness. That God, who alone reigns in this wilderness through this queen of the forest, Leonora, and who is not King Charles (*glancing upwards*), shall strengthen this arm (*extending it*), and shall justify the deed. Hasten, Whalley! Hasten, Dixwell, haste! See to it that Leonora's weapons, as well as your own, are well charged and primed.

Leonora. Me kill him. Me all ready.

[*Enter NIMROD in a hurry. Noise of musketry without.*]

Nimrod. News, Leonora, news. There be a duel; terrible fight. The king's constable hath hurt Kianemo, and Kianemo hath crippled the king's constable, and there be others there fighting. Kianemo be in and out, but he be fast following um with gun and daggers.

Leonora (extending her dagger). Then let me alone. I'll kill that constable if Kianemo don't. (*The constable limping into sight, but perceiving the Regicides armed, tries to secrete himself, but dodges out of sight pursued by Kianemo; when round they come again, and Kianemo, while all are firing at him, kills him with a dagger.*)

Goffe. Thus dies a would-be murderer. Thus let the wicked perish; a tyrant's messenger seeking blood, let him die and slumber like a dog. Leonora, nobly hast thou defended thy castle; nobly indeed have ye defended us. Thanks we give thee, with such rewards as our means will afford thee, to wit, the crown of a queen. (*Placing it upon her head, he exclaims*): Indeed, thou shalt be queen of these mountains forever. Kia-

nemo, what do ye find upon the person of a royal tyrant's messenger?

Kianemo. Me find nothing but these papers and a purse of gold.

Goffe. Give me the papers; the gold is thine, Kianemo (*returning it to him, and at the same time destroying the papers*). Thus the king's warrant becomes as nothingness. Like unto the king's constable, let the royalty of all tyrants perish. In sight of this, my dear Brothers Dixwell and Whalley, these very men are endeared to us. For here is our deliverance, and here is the queen. And here is the gallant, the great-hearted Kianemo, who, henceforth, is to be the bearer of many a floweret, and forever (*joining their hands*) with a valiant, truthful heart, is to lead our noble queen by the right hand. Thus, our dear queen, thou art wedded to the heroic, noblest Kianemo. [*Regicides hand in hand.*

[*Curtain slow falling.*]



CHOCORUA IN THE MOUNTAIN.

CHOCORUA IN THE MOUNTAINS.

(N. E.)

An Historical Drama.

[YEARS 1698 TO 1768.]

By ROBERT B. CAVERLY,

POET AND HISTORIAN.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CAMPBELL	A Settler.	ROBINHOOD .	Indian Necromancer.
MRS. CAMPBELL,	Of the Household.	LIZ. TOBEY	A Village Jilt.
ELIZ. WRINKLE	{ A New England Mother.	MEHITABLE . . .	A Country Girl.
UNCLE NED . .	An Old Hunter.	MRS. TOBEY .	A Lady of Fashion.
SAGAMORE SAM	{ Native Indians.	FREEMAN . .	A Young Attorney.
BLIND BILL,		A CHIEF	Of Pequakets.
		LIGHTFOOT . .	A Friendly Indian.

ATTENDANTS.

CHOCORUA, MACK, EASTMAN, STARK, and JACOB.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Dawn of Peace on the Lake Shore	259
Chocorua,* Keoka, and their little Son	251-293
Sassacus, Philip, and Miantonimo fallen	260
Keoka — her Truth, Death, and Burial	261
Her Indian Boy, poisoned, dies	263
Chocorua's Grief, his Crime, and Exit to the Mountains	265-289
Lovewell's first Fight; his Forty Men	265-288
Liz Tobey, the Belle of Rumford (?), and Mehitable Johnson	268-290
Scalps of the Tribes taken by Lovewell	271
With Paugus — Lovewell's last Battle	272
John Stark a Captive	276-278
Meeting of the Lovers, Freeman, Liz, and Mehitable	279
Murder of the Campbells	252-289
Ramblings in pursuit of Chocorua	290-295
Interest of all in the Search	291-293
Battle News from Norridgewock	296
Rallse — News of his Death; Chocorua slain.	297
Dying Chocorua curses the English	297
Robinhood invoked as Soothsayer	298, 299
Uncle Ned and Hounds, their Departure	301
Ghost of Chocorua	300
Major Waldron of Coheco	255
A Fight for a Deer-skin	277
Addenda of Many Matters	302
Indian Costumes	303
Music of the Mohawks	304
King Philip's Apparel	305
Indian Money and their Customs	306
Art of the Natives and their usual Apparel	307
Indian Manners, &c.	308
Wars between Themselves	311
Battles, English against the Tribes	314
Location of the Tribes	316
Eliot among them	324, 325
Troubles beyond the Seas	318
Indian Origin, &c.	329
Invention and Progression of the White Man, &c.	333-340

* Pronounced Cheh-cor-u-ah.

BATTLE OF THE BUSH.

CHOCORUA.

LEGEND NO. V.

PRIOR to the settlement of New England by the white man little or nothing is known of its history. The deeds, noble or otherwise, of the native Indians, as well as the terrible happenings of the then past, are all covered in oblivion. And, as appears from the date of the first settlements, for an hundred years its annals, as now recorded, are but little else than a narrative of conflicts fraught with thrilling incidents.

Among the events which constitute the beginning of New England's history, the story of Chocorua, his eventful life, his death, and the terrible curse that seemed to have followed his downfall, hath been made conspicuous. It comes down from tradition, it has been told as true by Samuel Drake, by T. Starr King, and others, poets as well as historians. This Indian, as it appears, was chief of the Pequakets, who, with his tribes, wandered in the hills of New Hampshire during the first half of the eighteenth century. His wigwams, for the most part, stood near the north shore of the great lake ; his hunting-grounds were vast, and the lofty mountain on which

he finally fell by the gunshot of a white man still bears his name. Indeed, his history is as true as it is tragic.

This proud chief, who lived in romantic times, and who roamed in the wilderness of this then uncivilized world, witnessed in his day many a tragic scene. North of the Winnipisseogee was a region of country which was attractive to the wild hunter on account of its mountain cliffs, and of its limpid waters, from which a large supply of fish, also of bears and other wild game, was obtained. There this wild man, Chocorua, ruled and wandered with his tribes. The mountain of which we have spoken stands in the town of Burton, now Albany.

The story of his life and departure is this : Chocorua had a little son, and the squaw of his choice being dead, the boy was accustomed to follow the father in the deep forest, on hunting excursions. But the boy, being away from home one day, visited a white settlement, got poisoned, and returning to his wigwam fell sick and soon died. This terribly exasperated the valiant chief, as he verily believed the settlers had poisoned the lad purposely.

Cornelius Campbell, as they say, a white settler, lived near there. And in the course of a few days this white man had occasion to be away from home. But alas ! On his return he was horrified at finding all his family dead in the cot. In due time, the family being buried and the neighboring settlers having united, they pursued the chief as the murderer into this mountain, and, seeing him upon a crag of it, hailed him and commanded him to jump off. "Me won't," he exclaimed, "the Great Spirit gave Chocorua his life, and he will not

throw it away at the bidding of the white man." Upon that Campbell, raising his gun, shot him. Chocorua fell wounded fatally, and, while dying, he in doleful accents pronounced dread curses upon the English; such a curse, as they say, still remaining there to this day, rests upon everything in and about all that region. And ever since that time the same dread condition of things has been reported, and generally credited to be the dire results which emanated from the dying maledictions of Chocorua. Such a curse as in another place we have elaborated:—

And thus the story oft is told,
Chocorua hateful here of old,
Brought maledictions many.
"Curse on yr white man's soul," he prayed,
Curse on yer living and the dead,
Nor give him gospel any."

"Yr war-path let it lay in snares,
Yr fields laid low of frost and tares,
Yr pestilence supernal.
Of crimes accursed for aye to know,
Prompt penalties of pain and woe,
On all yr heads infernal!

"Vile, heartless knaves! Ye killed my boy,
My own Keoka's darling joy,
Ere in the grave she rested;
By deadly drugs laid low he died,
Me too ye 've slain! let devils deride
Ye, tortured, damned, detested.

"Ho! let the war-whoop lead the fight,
The torch, the tomahawk at night,
Yr habitations storming;
Drive deep the axe, the scalping blade,
Spare never a white man, child, or maid;
Give carnage to the morning.

"Great Spirit let thy lightnings flash,
Thy fiery vengeance let it dash,
 Down where the paleface prowls, —
On Campbell's head, on all he owns,
Let panthers perch upon his bones,
 While hot in hell he howls."

Thus prayed Chocorua, bleeding, slain;
Vengeance from thence eternal came,
 Destruction dreadful, certain.
Nay, ever since from then to this,
Not a breath of hope, nor breeze of bliss,
 Hath moved the woods of Burton.

Strange now in shadows stands the sun;
The Indian hunter's day is done,
 In these New England borders.
A baleful shaft his heart hath broken,
Out from the cloud the fates betoken
 Unwonted, dread disorders.

Dark on that night and hitherto,
The heavens let fall malarious dew,
 Far down these murky mountains.
Of all the flowers, not one is known,
The maple leaf is dry half grown,
 And death is in the fountains.

The moping owl hath ceased to hoot,
The scrub-oak falters at the root,
 And the snail is lank and weary.
The fated fawn hath found his bed,
Huge hawks, high flying, drop down dead
 Above that apex dreary.

Faded the vales, no fruits adorn,
The fields are pale with poisoned corn,
 The flocks are lean repining.
No growth the panting pastures yield,
And the staggering cattle roam the field,
 Forlorn in death declining

'T is thus we're made the slaves of earth,
Mope in miasmas deep in dearth,
 Sad from some bad beginning.
From cruelty to friend or foes,
Our morbid pains and mental woes
 Prove but the pangs of sinning.

High now a voice is in the air,
As if Chocorua still were there,
 With wood-nymphs wild attending ;
'T is heard far up the mountain side,
That plaint of earth's down-trodden tribe,
 Bleak with the zephyrs blending.

Great God, forgive our Saxon race,
Blot from thy book no more to trace,
 Fraternal wrath infernal ;
That taints the atmosphere we breathe,
The sky above and earth beneath,
 With dearth and death eternal.

MAJOR WALDRON.

At Coheco and vicinity in October, 1676, much damage had been done. An hundred Indians had come in there ; and half a mile above the upper garri-son at Salmon Falls, among other outrages, they had killed a man by the name of Tozer, and had taken his son captive, from which there was a despatch sent to Major Waldron, as follows :—

“SALMON FALLS, Oct. 16, 1675.

“*Mr. Richard Waldron and Lieutenant Coffin*:—
These are to inform you that just now the Indians are engaging us with at least an hundred men, and have slain four of our men already,—Richard Tozy, James Barney, Isaac Bettles, and Tozer's son,—and have burnt Benoni Hodsdan's house. Sirs, if you ever have

any love for us and the country, now *show yourselves* with men to help us, or else we are all in great danger to be slain, unless our God wonderfully appears for our deliverance. They that cannot fight, let them pray. Nothing else ; but I rest. Yours to serve you,

“ROGER PLAISTED,

“GEORGE BOUGHTON.”

Thereupon the Major sent twenty men with a yoke of oxen and cart to take away the dead bodies. Obtaining a part of them, a hundred and fifty Indians in ambush, firing upon them, frightened the cattle so that they ran back to the garrison, carrying part of the dead, and leaving the twenty men there to fight it out. Captain Plaisted was killed ; the others got back to the garrison, as the Indians took fright and ran away. The Indians then proceeded to Sturgeon Creek, to Kittery, to Cocheco, Exeter, Salmon Falls, Casco Bay, and to Wells. There, and in other places constant conflicts continued. Between the Piscataqua and the Kennebeck upwards of fifty of the English settlers were slain, and nearly double that number on the part of the tribes.

In these days rude fortifications and garrison houses were established almost everywhere throughout the settlements. King Philip having been slain ; and the war supposed to be nearly ended, Major Waldron of Cocheco, with Captain Frost of Kittery, and their men, adopted the scheme of seizing and making prisoners of all the Indians that might be induced to come to Cocheco* at their call for a great training. Accordingly, a proclamation for a Training having been published, on

* Dover, N. H.

the 6th of September, 1676, Wonalancet, with four hundred other Indians, were induced to assemble at Major Waldron's at Cocheco, and there, with the English, to make a military parade, and, in the end, to enter into a sham fight. During the exercises the Indians were stationed to handle the drag-ropes of the artillery, while the English were, of course, appointed to manage the guns, and the sham fight commenced. Soon a gun exploded towards the Indians, at which the English infantry, by a preconcerted manœuvre, enclosed the Indians on all sides, secured and disarmed them all.

Hubbard says: "They were handsomely surprized," without the loss of any person's life, to the number of four hundred. They then separated the peaceable from the perfidious, and Wonalancet, the friendly Penacooks, Pequawkets, and Ossipees, were dismissed to their homes, while two hundred or more, having taken part in Philip's War, were taken to Boston. Seven or eight of them were hanged for supposed murders, some of them were sent to other parts, and a small number sold into slavery. This was done to prevent them from uniting with the hostile Indians of the East.

But for all this at Cocheco there was a day for retribution and vengeance, from the tribes not far away, yet to come. Major Waldron had a strong garrison there, and near him were four others. In the course of time, on the 27th of June, 1689, Rancamagus, a Penacook chief, in league with others, secretly contrived to surprise and destroy Cocheco. Accordingly squaws were sent, two to each garrison-house, to obtain lodgings for the night, and Massandowet, their chief, the same evening took supper with the Major, and, among other

things, told him they (the Indians) were coming the next day to trade with him, but said, "Brother Waldron, what would you do if the strange Indians should come?" To which he replied, "I could assemble an hundred men by lifting up my finger." In the utmost security they, in the garrison, retired to rest; but at midnight the gates were opened by the squaws within, and dread consternation ensued. One garrison had refused their admittance, and escaped; all the others fell. The tribes crowded Waldron's House,—some guarding the doors, while others advanced upon their business of blood and death. Waldron then, eighty years of age, defending himself, drove the savages from room to room, until from behind him he was knocked down with a hatchet, and then, being dragged away and placed upon a table, was stripped, gashed, burned, and otherwise tortured, until death relieved him. While gashing him they would say thus: "I cross out my accounts." While cutting his fingers off they would ask: "Now will your fist weigh a pound?"*

While this was being done, other savages busied themselves in compelling the women of the garrison to prepare suppers for them.

In the garrison houses and elsewhere the inhabitants of Cocheco, on that night, to the number of twenty-three, were killed, and twenty-nine were carried away captives by the Indians through the wilderness to Canada, where some of them in the course of time were sold to the French.

* In his trade with the Indians the Major was accused of using his fist as a weight in the scales, and of not always crossing out his accounts when paid by the Indians. Caverly's Indian Wars of New England.

CHOCORUA IN THE MOUNTAINS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A woodland Cabin on the shore of the Winnipiseogee.*

Campbell. True it is, for an hundred years and more, dread conflicts have haunted these, our New England settlements. Peace now, with its plenteous harvests in and about us, reigns. Quietude and loveliness, like the sweet peace of Jerusalem, is here. Vanished far away, none of the tribes inhabit this wilderness save the Pequawkets, over whom the wild old Chocorua as chief wanders. Attending him daily there is the faithful Keoka, whom his Indian boyhood had wooed in these woods, on the river side yonder, not far away. Keoka is still with him, with a lovely little son, grown in years, just above the age of a papoose. His hunting-grounds are in the distance north, above the great lakes, in and about yonder mountain. [*Enter* MRS. CAMPBELL.] Mrs. Campbell, I was just now soliloquizing upon the peacefulness, and upon the present prosperity of our new world, anticipating sweet repose, nay, much pleasure, in this rural, isolated little cot of ours.

Mrs. Campbell. Yes, husband, I am greatly encouraged to have you feel secure in life and property, now

that the great melancholy past no longer lingers here to afflict us. Long ago Sassacus and his nation, falling at the point of an English sabre, in the dreary midnight, perished. Miantonimo, long ago, he also perished at the bloody hand of Uncas and the Colonies. King Philip also, of more recent fame, was hunted down and slain of Alderman. All, all now being dead, why should n't we, my dear husband, live in gratitude, hence to enjoy the little which seems now to have been left to us of rural life. Yet beware, I beseech of you, my dear, beware of the Pequawkets. They, though peaceful now, are naught but savages. They still bear, upon their brawny arms, blood-stains from the veins of our ancestors. Fearful, indeed, have I always been, since Chocorua's wigwam is, as you know, so near to us.

Campbell. That may be so, yet you will remember that Ralle, of Norridgewock, who long since advised and instigated the French and Indians to our injury, being slain, as well as others, we need not have further fears in that direction, and peace, for all I can descry, is ours—ours, as we may trust, forever. [*Exit. From behind the cabin enters ELIZABETH WRINKLE.*]

Mrs. Wrinkle. My dear Mrs. Campbell, sad news is at hand. Chocorua's squaw, our excellent Keoka, is dead and buried.

Mrs. Campbell. Why, Elizabeth, who tells it? How did it happen?

Mrs. Wrinkle. It was very, very sudden. She'd been ill only one day; was walking around the wigwam but a very little time before the vital breath left her. Alas, how that wild old chief will mourn and miss her. Tears! tears! Chocorua loved Keoka tenderly. In

fact, 't is of his love the poets have sung. Oh, that I had memory to repeat the language itself. 'T was like this : —

A priest from boyhood brave he roved,
Faithful at heart, he fervent loved
Keoka, ne'er to sever ;
No happier pair could earth produce :
Keoka true and a proud papoose,
Inspired that wigwam ever.

But alas, alas ! the tender links of love between them, at least for this world, have dropped asunder.

Mrs. Campbell. True, and I well remember also how faithfully Keoka had always served to cheer the life of her dear chief, and how much she hath been sung for her faithfulness also. 'T was thus the poet honored her : —

With truth and trust and patient pride,
At morn, at noon, or eventide,
She calmed the cloudy hour ;
Her heart was full of love and song,
She cheered Chocorua's life along,
She brought him many a flower.

But how, my dear Elizabeth, did the Indians designate the burial place of Keoka ?

Mrs. Wrinkle. List ! list ! In measured language of poesy, already foreshadowed, allow me to answer you.

A white flag standing in the air,
The stars of heaven shall glitter there,
And the zephyrs long shall love her ;
Deep woodlands whispering sighs unknown,
The plaintive pines their loss shall moan,
Sweet flowers shall bloom above her.

Mrs. Campbell. Ah, how truthful ! What now, my dear, will become of Chocorua's nice little Indian boy,

now that its dear mother is gone? And that old chief, great indeed must be his grief!

Mrs. Wrinkle. Yes, how true! Now, indeed, they say:—

Ten times a day Chocorua weeps,
Ten times a day his shadow sweeps
In plummy form around her;
The partridge flutters from his trail,
The she-wolf nightly heard his wail,
To a troubled trance it bound her.

True, they say:—

Where'er he turns, where'er he roams,
Or when around the grave he mourns,
There, prompt and true to mind him,
That little lad with lifted eye,
As if to hail that mother nigh,
Trips on and stands behind him.

Chocorua is often at her grave. Still there he weeps.
[*Rear slide, moving, uncovers CHOCORUA and his boy at the grave of Keoka. In tableau.*]

SCENE II. — *Same. Present ladies* — MRS. CAMPBELL and WRINKLE. *Enter* UNCLE NED and hounds.

Uncle Ned. Ladies, I hope I have n't interrupted you in your conversation.

Mrs. Wrinkle. Oh, no.

Uncle Ned. How? I did n't understand ye (*raising his hand to his ear*).

Mrs. Wrinkle. Oh, no, I say.

Uncle Ned. Wal, as I was going to say, an awful thing has happened. I mistrust it. Chocorua's boy, that you saw here, has fallen down, terrible sick. He's vomiting and is casting up his accounts, agonizing dreadfully, and they say that are curse of a Campbell



CHOCORUA AT THE GRAVE.

has poisoned him. The boy was out about there playful in the white settlement, just before night, so old Aunt Kesiah says. And as the boy always liked little knick-nacks—sweet things—they gin him a dose of rotgut; and faith, I believe they poisoned him a purpose.

Mrs. Wrinkle. Oh, Lord, Lordee! Can that be so? That noble little boy, that brought the flag to the grave of his mother. Is he poisoned? Oh, how sad. But does Chocorua know it?

Uncle Ned. How? (*touching his ear.*)

Mrs. Wrinkle (aloud). I say, does Chocorua know it?

Uncle Ned. He's away now, but when he returns, when he finds it out, when he gets to the bottommost facts, somebody will catch it; this you may well believe.

Mrs. Wrinkle. Most beautiful, excellent boy; he always was so faithful to his dear mother, now dead, and true in life, faithful in death. Oh, he was so true and obedient to her, and also to his wild old father, the chief himself. It cannot be that a boy so noble is so soon to die. Oh, let heaven forbid it.

Uncle Ned (raising his voice). Forbid! did ye say? By the faith of Saint Peter, the chances, according to my notions, are agin ye. The boy seemed to me to be in a fit. 'T was an awful uproar of all-overishness. I was down there on the edge of Bushtown when I heard the uproarous outcry. Old Mother Crane's cap set right straight back. Sal Strout ran for the Injun Doctor; and old Bridget Buffum hastened to the rescue with her apron chucked full of green arbs. But whether they'll kill him, or cure him, or curse him, is yet to be

seen. Indeed, it may be well to inquire whether it was the medicine that killed the papoose, or the pison. Wait awhile, and ye'll see. Murder they say, always creeps out on all fours —

Mrs. Wrinkle. Wait; I'll go. Give me my shawl. I'll go down there. This news is distracting.

Uncle Ned. What did you say? (*raising his hand*).

Mrs. Wrinkle. I say I'll go down there.

Uncle Ned. Oh, excuse me. (*He hastily obtains a shawl for her.*)

[*Exit* MRS. WRINKLE. *Enter* SAGAMORE SAM.]

Uncle Ned. Wal, Sam, what do you hear?

Sam (*loud, drawling.*) Hear? I have been told that Chocorua has gone away; that he's on a hunt towards the great lake. He is up there, far away, and there's trouble in the wigwams. I saw up here, as I came along, many Injuns, lurking about in the distance, — fighting-men and squaws. (*Loudly, in his ear.*) Uncle Ned, what do ye think about it?

Uncle Ned. I had been talking with Elizabeth Wrinkle all about this business before you came in. 'Tis my belief that the Indian boy is pisoned. Our English neighbors seem disposed to do up business jist like that. They profess religion, — much more than they ever have got. They came honestly by their deviltry, — brought it with um, when they come over the sea. I've no affection for um. Never had any for a snake or for a sneak. They never can stand up straight if they try. They're creepers, — they kinder crawl. There's as much pison in their hearts as in their hands; in their fangs as in their fingers; and everybody knows it. [*Exit.*]

Sam (*alone*). True it be; trouble with the tribes will

surely return to the white man, for it be his own intrusions. Englishmen be wicked, overbearing, yielding nothing; not half enough. Yet he calls it civilized world. Still it be a wilderness, and we be more angry now than before the white man came over. [*Enter MRS. WRINKLE.*] What have ye, lady, to cheer us.

Mrs. Wrinkle. No cheer. The death of Chocorua's favorite lad comes now to impart to us fearful sorrow. He has fallen, as we surmise, by force of a poisonous drug. The certainty of this rumor, however, will probably never be known. The poor old chief is greatly afflicted. Deeply indeed will he mourn the loss of his darling boy. Weep sadly he will, doomed, as he is, to wander alone through yonder hunting-grounds without him. Ah, Chocorua! here he comes. [*Exit as if in fear.*] (*Enter CHOCORUA bearing a dagger, tomahawk, and scalping-knife, hesitating, appearing bewildered.*)

Chocorua (talking to himself). Hark! me is nowhere! Me in pain! They kill me boy! me boy! Killed me boy, my boy! Me Keoka; my Keoka's boy! Where, where, where be they (*pointing his dagger this way and that*)? Where be white man? Where be Campbell (*brandishing it*)? Me hunt um! me hunt him! me hunt him! Me hunt um all! [*Flying away, vociferating the war-whoop. He is heard in the distance: "Woach! woach! ha! ha! ha! hack! woach!"*]

SCENE III.—*Same*

Sam. Further news hath come. News, great news it be. It comes to this: Captain Lovewell raised forty-six men in Dunstable, and about three weeks ago started to shoot the angry tribes in the east,

Uncle Ned (listening). How? What did you say?

Sam. I say Captain Lovewell has gone to kill the Indians.

Uncle Ned. Oh, yes! I understand. I s'pose 't is that same Captain who, a month ago, with twenty men, went off, and near a pond killed ten Injuns. The savages were taking a nap. I guess they 'd been on a bust, — busting it. Our whites pintoed their firelocks each to his victim, took straight aim, fired, and killed the whole flock of um, ten in number, all told, scalped um, and then took for home in a hurry.

Sam. What then?

Uncle Ned. Rampant down they came to old Cocheco, on their way to Boston. The scalps of the cruel critters they piked upon poles, hoisted them to the heavens, and tilted um through Cocheco with a flourish of trumpets, just as if scalps did n't cost nothing at all, — and a considerable less. Ah! how wise the old women looked, who had seen so many on um. But the gals were green; some of um fled to distraction. One lost a shoe, another a cap, and another her indispensables; and they were troubled. They had the nightmare terribly, all on um, night after night, for a long time afterwards. Only think on't, them there scalps brought um five hundred dollars apiece.

Sam. But me hear they were the scalps of friendly Indjuns. Anyhow, Lovewell made money on um, — more, by half, than as if they 'd been coonskins.

Uncle Ned. What? What did ye say?

Sam. I said the authorities in Boston are a big fraud. That they have laid aside their Bibles and prayer-books, and that their secret intention upon the

tribes be nothing but extermination. Lovewell's victims, I hear, were all friendly Indians.

Uncle Ned. Wal, what of that? What if they were friendly, their scalps were as good as any; would bring jist as much in the market. That five hundred dollars apiece for um was a mighty nice price; a tip-top thing for a backwoodsman. Lovewell's men went in, hard up, for the odd change; and so do I. Five hundred dollars for an Indjun's pelt! Five hundred dollars, five hundred dollars; yes, give me that, and I'd have Indian pelts on a pole, a score on um, jist in the shortest time! And in faith I should n't wait, or inquire for the friendship of a savage. It would be all the same. The scalp would bring just as much. We all have a kind of an interest in um. But it is a claim not much to be coveted in these settlements. I'd like to have nothing more to do with the tarnal critters. I'd gladly quit-claim my interest in all on um, and would make a mighty big discount. But as it is [*Enter MRS. WRINKLE*], I go in for scalps. Twenty pounds a scalp, and no discount, is the colonial price, and let us have extermination; yes, extermination,—pork and beans, a plenty on um, old rum, onions, and tobacco. Then you and me, Mrs. Wrinkle, will enjoy life with the sweetest content. And, faith, would n't we, Mrs. Wrinkle, begin the world anew?

Mrs. Wrinkle. Oh, yes; would n't we, Uncle Ned.
(*Curtain.*)

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Parlor in Rumford. Present* UNCLE NED *and* MRS. WRINKLE.

Mrs. Wrinkle. Well, you know old Deacon Johnson, who lived up here a mile or two in the country?

Uncle Ned. Heh (*putting his hand to his ear*)? Heh? What did you say?

Mrs. Wrinkle (loudly). Old Deacon Johnson is dead,—killed by the Injuns,—and his daughter, Mehitable, is coming in here at Rumford, to her Uncle Jonathan's, to live. You've seen Mehitable?

Uncle Ned. Who did ye say (*with hand to his ear*)?

Mrs. Wrinkle (raising her voice). Mehitable, the Deacon's only daughter. They talk as if she would be a good companion for Liz.

Uncle Ned. What do ye say her name is? Is it Jerubabel?

Mrs. Wrinkle (loudly). Yes, Jerubabel! (*Aside*) That name will do as well as any.

Uncle Ned. Oh, yes! Yes, I know her; I know that gal right well. My word for it, she will be the belle of Rumford. She'll make the wheel whirl, and buzz, like the tail of a rattlesnake. I've seen her do it; and you'll believe it, it gave me a sorter glorious, sposmatic

kind of an all-overishness to hear her sing, and see her dance and spin. By the Father of Mercies! if I was only young enough, she should be the gal for me, and there would n't be the least bit of a slobbering about it, nither. Never at all; never at all. But you say she's coming to live at her Uncle Tobey's.

Mrs. Wrinkle. I do. She is bred to good habits. Her father, you know, lately left us, and it becomes proper that Mehitable the daughter, being left alone, should be properly cared for by her uncle. But how it will please the family, remains to be seen. His daughter Liz has been bred to a higher life. She's fond of dress and ornaments and amusements, and likes the display of wealth. Not so of the industrious, labor-loving Mehitable. She abhors idleness; she hails the early morning; catches inspiration from the joyful bird; and when night comes there is bliss in the sweetness of repose.

Uncle Ned. I don't understand half ye say. But why did n't ye take Mehitable to some old farmer? or to some country esquire, some doctor, or other professional man, who would know how to appreciate her industrial qualities. It's no use to bring her here. It is difficult to know a fashionable gal in her full rig from a moping turkey-buzzard, or from a full-fledged guinea hen, or a shanghai rooster.

Mrs. Wrinkle. You know, Uncle, that Liz Tobey has at this time no companion, save her darling lap-dog, no care nor amusement, save what comes from a cold, monotonous — “nothing to do;” and this is enough to unsettle the peace of any one. (*Loudly in his ear.*) Her mother, Mrs. Tobey, as I understand, is quite

pleased with the fact that *Mehitable* is soon to be a member of her family.

Uncle Ned. Yes, mightily. But there's one that won't be pleased, — I'll bet ye a leather medal and a tin whistle of that.

Mrs. Wrinkle. Ah, I know whom you mean. 'Tis *Liz* you are speaking of. *Liz*, as you think, will dislike *Mehitable's* industry.

Uncle Ned. That's so. She's full of flounces, full of flirtations. I saw her t'other day, and what do you think I saw of her?

Mrs. Wrinkle. Well, what?

Uncle Ned. I saw her one day a-coming. She was a perfect bender with a big hump, such as the fashionable trade nowadays usually make to order, — a buster flounced up on the parts posterior, and bordered with a hoop.

Mrs. Wrinkle. Oh, yes, indeed; I clearly perceived it. She wore a bender; — was kinder bent, this way (*bending inquiringly*)?

Uncle Ned. Yes, the brim of her cap seemed to set every which way. It kinder followed the pints of the compass — setting north, south, and all about. Her form was wasp-like, it looked like the little eend of nothing at all, kinder whittled out. The whole consarn, rigged out as 't was, was a huge bender, a sort of a buster — as you may say, something (*imitating*) like unto this.

Mrs. Wrinkle. But, sir, you'll bear in mind that the father is dead, that the family is broken up, and *Mehitable* is alone. It is but charity that her *Uncle Tobey* should bring her to his own house here at *Rumford* to

share with him its comforts. And such is the arrangement.
[*Curtain.*]

SCENE II. — *A Cot near Lovewell's Pond. Present, MRS. WRINKLE. Enter SAGAMORE SAM.*

Sam. The story comes that Captain Lovewell's company of forty-six men are on the way to duty. Long ago you had heard how they enlisted, and how they marched out from Dunstable, bearing weapons of war; how they have hunted the hostile tribes far, far away, in the Pequawket wilderness; and how they at one time slew ten of them and sold their scalps in Boston. And now they have gone again. There's to be another fight.

Mrs. Wrinkle. Yes, we had heard of their going, — and this last time we hear they have been gone into the woods more than a month. And that same song of Lovewell's first fight still moves us. I was just now thinking of the sad story, and as how it is oft repeated: —

"'T is Paugus leads the Pequawket tribe, —
As runs the fox will Paugus run;
As howls the wild wolf wil he howl,
A huge bearskin has Paugus on."

"To him the noble Lovewell goes,
With fifty men from Dunstable;
The wild Pequawket tribe to oppose,
With war and bloodshed terrible!"

Sam. That be good song. We have heard of that tribe, and how desperately they fight from bush to bush. Oh, how they yelled.

Mrs. Wrinkle. But where is that tribe, and where does Lovewell expect to overtake Paugus?

Sam. He'll be likely to overtake the tribe at the

Pond not far from this, where there are good fishing and hunting-grounds. (*Guns without.*)

Mrs. Wrinkle. Ah, whence that noise in the distance? (*Enter CAMPBELL.*) Oh, I am fearful. [*Exit.*

Campbell. News, terrible news at hand. Paugus and his tribe are at the Pond, and as Lovewell was moving through the woods thither, they heard a gun and saw an Indian alone in the distance. Thereupon, they threw off their clothing, their packs and other equipage, and marched forth to discover the enemy. Lovewell moved after him, but advanced in the wrong direction. Now Paugus with his savages, taking advantage of Lovewell's mistake, coming to his path, traced it back to their packs, and in ambush at length, laid in wait for Lovewell and his company. Yes, indeed, and there's a terrible battle.

Sam. But what did Lovewell do to the lone Indian?

Campbell. As I have said, Lovewell descried the Indian not far away, fired at, but missed him. The Indian, at once returning his fire, wounded Lovewell. Lovewell, firing back again, killed the Indian, and scalped him; and now, the settlers having returned to their packs, there is a battle, a battle, a battle. Hark! (*Guns exploding without, and the war-whoop cry and much noise.*) [*Martial music.*]

SCENE III. — *Same.* Curtain rising discloses the fight; guns exploding and the Indians and English driven from place to place, one after another in the conflict. Enter CAMPBELL and SAGAMORE SAM.

Campbell. See there; Lovewell is disabled, yet he stands his ground valiantly (*gazing at the conflict, pointing that way*).

Sam. Oh see, see ! Paugus has fallen, and the cowardly rascals are flying away, away. (*Much noise, yells, and cracking of musketry amid the howlings and tumult of savages, answered by huzzaiings from the English.*)

Campbell. The English are leaving the ground, and the savages, although badly beaten, still they will have a powwow.

Sam. Yes ! They'll celebrate a victory, although they were the losers. English too, with their allies, in joyful song will rejoice, and will now join the friendly natives in their celebration.

Campbell. Sad, sad, the story of Lovewell's last battle. He has lost his life, and all of his forty-six men, save that indomitable fourteen, who alone have remained to tell the story. Cheerily may they sing and give thanks, that all were not lost ; and now, with their allies the Mohawks, they may bury their dead, and may rally for the fight at least once again. Yet will it be with sad hearts. [*Enter NED.*] Ah, Uncle Ned, how fare you ? And what now ?

Uncle Ned. What was that you were saying (*lifting his hand*) ?

Campbell (*raising his voice*). I say, what have you heard ?

Uncle Ned. And faith, I hear all I can, and sometimes a tarnal sight too much, and sometimes a mighty sight more than I want to hear, or that proves true. Now, a man up here in the woods has been telling me all about that last bloody fight of Lovewell's with Paugus, and how them savages laid in ambush and surprised him ; then how desperately they fought all day, and into the night ; how Lovewell, after being wounded, killed

Paugus, and then how himself fell; and as how all the dead were left there at the Pond, upon the battle-ground, unscalped and unburied; and how our Captain Tyng, with the friendly Mohawks, as they say, are going out to that battle-ground, and, as I am told, they are now about starting. Hark! can it be the Mohawks? (*A great noise without of Indians, and a voice, "We'll soon be away to the battle-ground of Paugus."*) Hark! here indeed comes our captain and the Mohawks. (*Music strikes. They enter, dancing and singing.*)

[*Here the Mohawks have broken forth in song, and now with hilarity they jump forth into a war-dance, repeating*]:—

"Seth Wyman, who in Woburn lived,

A marksman he of courage true,

Shot the first Indian whom he saw,

And through his head the bullet threw.

CHORUS.—'What means that dance,

That powwow dance,'

Stern Wyman said; with wondrous art

He creeps full near, his rifle aimed,

And shoots the leader through the heart.

"The savage had been seeking game;

Two guns and eke a knife he bore,

And two black ducks were in his hand,

He shrieked, and fell to rise no more.

CHORUS.—'What means that dance,' etc.

"Anon these eighty Indians rose,

Who'd hid themselves in ambush dread,

Their knives they shook, their guns they aimed,

The famous Paugus at their head.

CHORUS.—'What means that dance,' etc.

"Good heavens! Is this a time to trust?

Is this a time to worship God?

While Lovewell's men are falling fast,

Let tribes of Paugus feel the rod.

CHORUS.—'What means that dance,' etc.

[*Exeunt* MOHAWKS. [*Enter* MRS. WRINKLE.

Uncle Ned. Captain Lovewell, they say, scalped one of the curses after he himself had been wounded ; and then the men proceeded to return to their packs. But Paugus and his tribe were there beforehand, secretly awaiting them in ambush. And then the battle began and raged terribly.

Mrs. Wrinkle. Oh, I have been hearing of this. Yes ; hence it was, as the song has it : —

“ Fight on, fight on,” brave Lovewell said,

“ Fight on while heaven shall give you breath.”

An Indian ball then pierced him through,

And Lovewell closed his eyes in death.

Sad, so it is ! —

“ And many a wife doth rend her hair,

And many a child cries ‘ woe is me,’

Since messengers the news do bear,

Of Lovewell’s dear-bought victory.

Well may they dance the powwow dance,

With horrid yells the forest fill ;

The bear shall hide within his den,

The eagle seek the distant hill.”

Uncle Ned. That battle was fearfully furious. The Indians in the fight roared ; yelling, barking like dogs, and howling like wolves. They made hideous noises. The emboldened English, in return, gave loud huzzas. They rallied bravely.

SCENE IV. — *Same.* *Present* BLIND BILL and NED.

Uncle Ned. How are ye, Bill ? I’ve been listening to loud music, and true, the tribes may well be called sweet singers. We are out now from their midst, and may as well as not enjoy their hilarities. I should have been a great singer myself, but was *spilt* in being fin-

ished; and ye'll see the inside of my nasal organs was n't hollowed out right. But Bill, what news?

Bill. They tell me, and me believe it, the cruel Indians have caught and carried away the two Starks, Amos Eastman, and David Stinson from Penacook.

Uncle Ned. What do ye say (*bringing a hand to the ear*)? Do ye report that my old friend John Stark is killed by the savages?

Bill. Oh, no; me no say it (*raising his voice*). Me say he be caught; they kidnapped him, and other settlers too.

Uncle Ned. Where did they capture them?

Bill. Away up on the merry-make at Penacook. Have gone back with um, in the woods. That man Stark, he be noble, he be brave fellow. Has nice gal up there; her name be Molly. Molly much worry that her John be taken.

Uncle Ned. John Stark,* did ye say (*raising his hand*)? He's a son of Billy Stark.

Bill. Yea, they were out hunting on the Pemigewasset.

Uncle Ned. I've just been hearing how Stark and company have been caught by a tribe of ten, led by Moses. They seized John first, and then they waylaid the others at sunrise in the morning. The scamps killed Stinson, but John Stark will be too smart for um.

Bill. Yes, they killed Stinson.

Uncle Ned. Just like um. If I understand it, John's good for um. He'll give um hallelujah at the butt eend of the poker.

* This was the same John Stark, of Revolutionary fame, who in later years defeated Colonel Baum at the Battle of Bennington.

Bill. Uncle Ned, me also hear that Colonel Tyng, of Dunstable, has enlisted the friendly Mohawks, and they are coming to join the English in going to the battle-ground up in the woods, at the pond. They are going there to take the scalps of Paugus and his tribe that lay dead there. [*A noise without.*] Hark! the Mohawks have not yet gone. They still linger for a powwow. They seek one before they depart into the woods to the battle-ground of the dead. (*Enter Mohawks, and they dance and sing in chorus: "What means that dance, that powwow dance," etc.*) [*Curtain.*

SCENE V. — *A woodland cot in Connecticut. Present, JACOB SPALDING. Enter BILL, deerskin in hand, intoxicated.*

Bill. Jacob (hick) me want to sell you (hick) a deer-skin.

Jacob. I will buy it of ye, Bill, if we can agree. How much do you claim for it?

Bill. 'Tis (hick) a good one. Me wants much (hick) wampum for it.

Jacob. I have no wampum, but I have a paper note, a tender-bill. This, Bill, I will give you for the deer-skin. It is good for six shillings cash. 'Tis good as money.

Bill. Good (hick) as money or as (hick) wampum?

Jacob. Yes, good as gold (*giving it to him*). Now don't you lose it.

Bill. (Hick) All right. It's (hick) a bargain (*taking it to his pocket*). [*Exit. Music. Re-enter BILL.*

Jacob. What now, Bill?

Bill. Me want (hick) me deer-skin.

Jacob. Begone, ye drunken scalawag; I paid ye for the deerskin; get out!

Bill. Ye much (hick) liar. Ye be (hick) dishonest. Me'll (hick) tell the chief (hick) of it. Me chief, Saw-nup, will (hick) give ye a licking. Me'll be (hick) revenged, (hick), get out. *[Exit.*

SCENE VI. — (*At a wigwam in the woods of Penacook.*)
JOHN STARK and AMOS EASTMAN, *captives, seated with Indian tribe on the ground.* LIGHTFOOT *appears; the chief salutes him.*

Lightfoot. Me come for white man to ask chief to release captives—Stark and Eastman. White man would pay small ransom—not much money, some.

Chief. Me no release um; they worth big pile of money; white man no pay it. Stark be brave—Injun have sport with him. We be now ready. Will give him the gauntlet. Come, braves, (*beckoning the tribes*) take places for the gauntlet. (*The tribe obeys and arrange themselves in two files, facing each other. Stark at the word leaps through and through between the files of men and squaws, who, with loud vociferations, pick up and throw brickbats at him, as he passes on his round, he occasionally and pugnaciously hitting the braves on the right and left as he runs.*)

Lightfoot (to the chief). Now the gauntlet be run, me want answer. Will ye sell um? Will ye sell Stark and Eastman to white man?

Chief. Oh nah, nah, nah. Me no sell um at all. Settler no give good price for um.

Lightfoot. Then me will go tell him.

Chief. Yea; tell him to send me twenty pounds in

money, a bushel of seed corn, two gallons of rum, and twenty plugs of tobacco. [Curtain.

SCENE VII. — *At Spalding's kitchen in Connecticut. Present, JACOB at his cot. Enter SAWNUP, the Sagamore, attended by two Indian braves.*

Jacob. Well, chief, what now is wanted?

Chief. Me want pay for the deerskins, ye took away from Bill.

Jacob. I paid Bill, and shall not pay him again.

Chief. But ye no pay him at all; he says, you no pay him. We come to get pay for the deerskin, out of ye own hide.

Jacob. *What?* three Injuns to fight one white man.

Chief. Nah; two only, and that be my decision, my order; and that be just right. Braves! down upon him! (*Here the two Indians rush upon him, but he knocks down each as he comes, each falling and recovering, and, again flooring them, he gives them both a drubbing.*)

Indian (rising up and turning to his Chief deplorably). I 'd no idea of this. [Enter NED and WRINKLE.

Chief. Me had n't neither. Ye both be big cowards. Ye be nothing but women. Poor dogs! poor dogs! Me wish he 'd killed ye both.

SCENE VIII. — *At Rumford, a kitchen.*

Uncle Ned. Well our distant neighbors are leaving us constantly, one after another; some by accident, some by fell disease, some by old age; and many by the cruel, cursed savages. But Mrs. Wrinkle, please, if you know, what became of that farmer's girl, Mehitable Johnson? and that cousin of hers, Elizabeth Tobey?

Mrs. Wrinkle. Liz is still at home with her mother ; and Mehitable, coming from the farm on a visit, is now at Tobey's also.

Uncle Ned. Does Liz get all the jewels she hankers after? all the equipage she wants to hang to her? That gal allays reminds me of an old squaw up in Quampegan, who, having but one pistereen, made a hole in it, and hung it right on to the tip eend of her nose, and wore it there.

Mrs. Wrinkle. Oh fie, Uncle Ned ! Liz, as you know, is young. Her father, Tobey, was an Englishman of wealth when he came from beyond the seas. He has a plenty of money, and why not let Lizzie indulge a little. There are young men of high promise who often visit her father, and no wonder she dresses in superb style, and has the habit of hating all plain, vulgar, country habits.

Uncle Ned. I can't understand all ye say (*his hand up*), but who are the young sprouts ye are talking about? Are they fit to be married? Have they houses or lands? Or are they mere dandies that dress like dolls, and "carry their characters on their backs?"

Mrs. Wrinkle (raising her voice). They are likely, lovely young men, I can assure you. Fred Freeman, you know him. He, though poor, is an intelligent young lawyer. Law, you know, leads to honor, and sometimes to wealth. And there is Major Mack, he, as they talk, was born wealthy, is rich in houses, horses and lands. These two are among the admirers of Liz.

Uncle Ned. I haven't heered *all*, but have heered enough. What you say may be all true. But, let me

tell ye, no wise boy of any means will ever want such a companion as that Liz Tobey. No man of wit will want a wife who has been bred in idleness as she has been. Idleness is sin. To be a drone, living on the labors of others, is to be miserable in life. No axiom is more true: the gods never favor anybody, save those who labor. [*Exit WRINKLE.*] But who comes? [*Enter MRS. TOBEY.*] Oh, it is you, yourself. Well, Mrs. Tobey, we've been talking about the gals. How are your daughters, and how is the young Mehitable? Since she came from the country, how do our Rumford fashions agree with her? Mehitable, as you know, used to be the gal who, as I judged, would become a queen of some household. I mean a woman worth having — not a mere butterfly, but a lady; such as a man that is a man would want for a wife.

Mrs. Tobey. As to myself I do not welcome young men as visitors who have no wealth. They who grovel in poverty may sometimes succeed as fortune-hunters, but [*turning in disdain*] not within my doors. You inquire for my family, sir; Mehitable was not one of *my* girls, you know. She was brought up in the country upon a farm, and having been accustomed to menial service, she is quite slow to forget her *country habits*, which our ladies of fashion regard as being decidedly *vulgar*. My Elizabeth, as you know, not having been accustomed to the drudgery of chamber or kitchen, is very different. Unlike Mehitable, she belongs to fashionable society, loves leisure, and follows the fashions of dress, propriety, and decorum.

Uncle Ned. Fashions, did ye say? Why should she care for fashions? Instead of fashions give her our

good old country common sense, if you would prepare her to enjoy life's comforts. Go in for industrial economical labor, and in that she shall find pleasure. Have no outside, put-up jobs about it. Go in, independently, neck or nothing. Who do you think I saw yesterday up town?

Mrs. Tobey. Indeed, uncle, whom did you see?

Uncle Ned. I saw Sal Strout with all her goods and chattels hanging about her; her left hand is always uppermost by reason of the gilded pewter that clings to her fingers. 'Twas much like this (*raising his finger adorned with a huge ring.*) [*Exit NED. Enter FRED FREEMAN and MAJOR MACK at opposite doors.*]

Mrs. Tobey. Ah, gents (*ringing a bell*)! It is long since we had the pleasure of a call on you, Mr. Freeman; and Mr. Mack I presume you have been quite busily occupied of late, as we have not so often seen you. How do you prosper, sir? I trust your good friends and elegant horses are all in vigorous condition.

Mack. Very true, madam. - All in good health.

Mrs. Tobey. And you, Mr. Freeman, as I suppose, are still in pursuit of the law. How long since you completed your studies, and how are you progressing?

Fred. It has been about a year. I am now advancing with a tolerable success. How are your daughters? and how is the industrious Mehitable?

Mrs. Tobey. They are very well, sir. They will be in soon. I have called them. [*Enter MEHITABLE, greeting the guests.*] Yes, here is Mehitable. It takes Elizabeth longer to arrange her toilet.

[*Enter LIZ, greeting the guests.*]

Liz. Mr. Freeman, we are very much pleased to be able to greet you once again. The hours have seemed long since your last call.

Fred. Yes: but you will excuse my long delays, remembering the hinderances that beset a professional life.

Liz. And you, Major Mack, as I hope are still enjoying your health and prosperity.

Mack. Thank you. I still try to make progress. I think we may all be made better by laudable efforts to an advancement. Now Lizzie, will you please entertain us with a song?

Liz. (indifferently). My music is not here, sir, and I am troubled somewhat with a cold. Excuse me, please *(turning to Fred Freeman)*.

Mrs. Tobey. Major Mack, please excuse Elizabeth; she is quite hoarse.

Mack. Well, then, Miss Mehitable, the music is left to you. What say you for a song?

Mehitable. Major, I fear my music, old-fashioned, may fail to please you.

Mack. Oh, never mind; we will take that risk.

Mehitable (with music, sings):—

ROY'S WIFE OF ALDIVALLOCH.

"Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
Wot ye how she chated me?
As I came o'er the braes of Balloch."

(Repeating the above as a chorus.)

(Meanwhile Fred, listening, moves nearer complimenting the performance with applause.)

[Music.]

SCENE VIII. — *Same. Present, Liz and Mrs. Tobey.*

Liz. Mother, why do you treat Major Mack with so much attention. If you flatter yourself that I shall ever select him as a partner with his awkward appearance, you will greatly mistake. Let him possess an estate ever so large, I could never endure his presence. If Fred Freeman had as much property, oh, how grand that would be. Then I would welcome *him*; and then all would be lovely.

Mrs. Tobey. You ought to remember, Elizabeth, that the wife of Major Mack would preside at the head of a lordly establishment. She would be adorned with diamonds, and other jewels, to the very height of the fashion.

Liz. All these accommodations are very fine. But to be tied up for life with so vulgar a personage as your rich major, to me it would be horrible. It would be worse than menial service itself, which any lady of fashion would avoid and [*disdainfully*] detest. Oh, how nice it would be, if Fred had a fortune like the Major.

Mrs. Tobey (breaking in.) [*Enter MEHITABLE.*] Elizabeth you talk very improperly. Fred never can be anything to you but a common acquaintance. True his is a youth of good manners, but of no estate. Beware as to how you talk or think of him. Only think of your becoming mistress of a family, with only one hired servant in it; to be obliged yourself to visit the market, to dust your own parlor, and generally to superintend your own affairs. And then when your husband comes home at night, he in his poverty must be busied upon

his hateful briefs in one corner, and you at work mending old clothing in another. [*Exit Liz.*]

Mehitable. My dear aunt, if your Elizabeth really loved Fred as her husband, would not the work you name be pleasant to her. I am unable to see anything degrading in the duteous services you have named. Would she not desire to do it as a privilege, for one on whom she depends and loves? Surely would not true affection invigorate such industrious services into healthy, lovely, and nobler aspirations.

Mrs. Tobey. Mehitable, I perceive you [*Enter Liz*], in your experience, are becoming quite sentimental. But you ought to know, that work would be degrading to my Elizabeth in the extreme. Fred might suit your requirement, but could never supply her demands.

[*Exit, vexed.*]

Liz. Old women go in for horses, for houses, and lands. I go in for love and leisure, and nothing to do. Now, Cousin Mehitable, tell me truly, tell me if you think Major Mack would be even tolerable, for a husband?

Mehitable. Liz, I would n't care for wealth as you do. Indeed, I would rather care to be independent of the wealth of others. I would prefer to be the author of my own livelihood, the originator of my own fortune. A fortune obtained through my own abilities to acquire it, to me would be worth a thousand borrowed ones. Duteous industry, exercised in the obtaining of a livelihood, would ever bring to life, comfort and satisfaction. I would dislike to be owned as a chattel, or to be worshipped as such. On my own gifts of God, and on my own gains through a duteous labor and econ-

omy, let me, as one of his creatures, stand or fall. Major Mack has a fortune already earned, and in person he seems quite respectable.

Liz. Respectable, that may be; yet how could I endure such a man, riches or no riches, wealth or no wealth? And as to Fred Freeman, he is as poor as a March rabbit. Although I intend to live without labor, and must have wealth and splendor, I shall never fancy such a numb-head as Mack is, to share it with me.

Mehitable. Why, not, then make the common daily duties and exercises of life a pleasure? Drudgery belongs to the sluggard; it rarely can be oppressive to a vigilant, active mind. Now, if you really love Fred, why not marry him? Why not be willing to share with him his fortune and fame, whether in wealth or in poverty. Your kind offices thus bestowed would be shared by yourself; it would encourage his manliness, and would not fail to bring to the household a corresponding delight.

Liz. You know, Mehitable, I am independent, and, as mother tells me, I was never born to be a slave.

[*Exit. Enter* UNCLE NED.

Mehitable (at her duties). We've just been thinking of you, Uncle Ned. •

Uncle Ned. What do ye say? Thinking of me. The gals are allers a thinking of me. They've been so persistent in their loves and love-pats, that sometimes I've been obliged to wear a mustache made out of a coonskin to keep the ravenous critters at a distance. So many on um I can't be of "no use to um, nohow." Sal Strout, you know her? The widow, I mean.

Mehitable. Yes, I know of her.

Uncle Ned (confidingly). Wahl, don't ye believe, she's threatened to sue me for a breach of promise. But never mind, don't ye tell on't. If I can, I am agwine to settle it with her. Don't name it. I would n't have my old woman — no, I would n't have Huldah to know about it, for all the whole town of Hardscrabble. *Enter Liz.*] But here's Liz. Lady, what do ye think of Mehitable? You see she's always to work; ye never see her idle. Don't tell on't, I have taken a mighty great liking to that gal. 'Tis a shine, as they call it.

Liz (aside). Ah, how tiresome all this talk is. Yet deliver me from being doomed to the darning of old stockings, or the washing of dishes. I fancy I am bound to enjoy a much more agreeable occupation.

Uncle Ned. Mehitable, I saw you out to-day on the hills taking sketches. 'Tis right good for ye to breathe the mountain air. I'll tell ye what, a wood-nymph takes solid comfort. And I see the mountains have painted the genuine colors of health upon that countenance you carry with ye. Yes Mehitable, you are young. Let me admonish ye. I believe in an honest heart like your'n; and in true love — love of the old-fashioned kind — such as was common in my own boyhood: —

At a time on memory's page,
When children paid respect to age,
When the man was always saint or sage,
And women made the matches;
Wealth then a beau could never catch,
And love it was that lit the match.

Liz, what makes ye look so pale. Come, cheer up. To-day I have just heard great news.

Liz. What is that?

Uncle Ned. Why, I've been told that Sam Simpson, that old miser who lived down in Hardscrabble, is dead.

Liz (earnest and aloud). Indeed, is it true? And was n't he the grandfather of Fred Freeman?

Uncle Ned. Faith, and he was; and it will turn out that his whole estate descends to Fred. And to so young a lawyer as Fred it is a mighty great windfall. 'T will give Fred wealth, if not wisdom. In fact, Fred is to inherit all the lands which that old miserly curse cheated out of the Injuns. Fred takes all his money, takes Pig Lane, half of the parish at Hardscrabble, including all the huckleberry plains; and besides he inherits all the old man's interest in the great goose-pasture down at Sligo. Now gals, Fred is the beau for ye; he'll be worth having. Hurrah, now, for a trial. Who is to be the lucky gal?

Liz (haughtily). Ah, that is a question easily to be answered (*tossing her head high*). There will be no great contest on that score, I fancy. A gentleman of Fred's wealth and rank would hardly look below his own dignity, below his own station in society, for a wife. Of course, he will act up to the dignity of his wealth. He will never select a low, ordinary worker for his life companion. Oh no, not he. [*Exit contemptuously.*]

Uncle Ned (aside). Wal; her cap sets high to-night. I wonder how it will set to-morrow? [*Curtain.*]

SCENE IX. — *Same.* *Enter* SAGAMORE SAM. *Present,* MRS. WRINKLE.

Sam. Since I was here news hath come to the Colony at Boston that Colonel Tyng and his fifty men, having

arrived at the pond at Pequawket, obtained the scalps of Paugus and his men, have buried um, all the dead ones, in Lovewell's battle-ground; and that the Colonel and his men have all safely returned.

Mrs. Wrinkle. That's right, let um return. They are quite lucky, — lucky to get back unscalped. But have ye heard; do ye hear how (as they say) Chocorua is meditating death on the Campbells, on account of the loss of that boy. He has long distrusted that family of Campbells; has been seen lurking about that white man's cot suspiciously. My word for it, he has it in his heart that they poisoned his boy. Oh, if this be true, woe, woe, is to be upon them, and upon their dear children, if not upon us all!

[A cry of murder and of wailings without, and soon the curtain rises in the rear, unveiling Chocorua, with tomahawk, dashing this way and that, seeking to escape. A shot comes at him from without, but he escapes.]

[A Dirge.]

[A slide, moving, unveils the family as slain.]

Uncle Ned. Oh, murder, murder! Where can he be? Where has that old rascal of a murderer gone to? Guess they hit him! Guess he's wounded! Suppose the Campbells did pison his boy, he had n't the ghost of a right to murder that whole family. Our settlers will follow; they'll hunt him down. They'll chase him by scores. Fled away, most likely. He'll take to the mountains.

Mrs. Wrinkle. Oh, what cruelties! what consternation our English settlers are having! Indeed, what atrocities, what terrible heart-rendings are fast coming to pass amongst us! They'll hunt Chocorua, and the

Lord, the Lord only knows how many more will be murdered before this matter comes to an end. But who are these?

[*Enter LIZ and MEHITABLE, breathless.*

Liz. I've been away on a ramble, following Mehitable; and I am tired and frightened all but to death. We've heard the bay of hounds in the forest, have seen men running hither and thither, and have heard frequent discharges of musketry. We've made home here upon the run, and it does seem as if I should never, never recover my breath.

Mrs. Wrinkle. Liz, don't you know it? the English have gone in pursuit after that dreadful old Chocorua, who's murdered the Campbells.

Mehitable (breaking in). O Lizzie, can it not be possible that your dear friend, Fred, has joined the company, and gone off in the dangerous pursuit after that old chief?

Liz. Indeed, I cannot think Fred would be so forgetful of me, and of my feelings, as to thus hazard his life without notice to us of his departure.

Mrs. Wrinkle. Ah, Lizzie, you will find that a heroic young man like Fred would never wait for ceremonies, if summoned upon an emergency like the one which has brought grief and sorrow upon these settlements. [*Enter FRED.*] But here he returns. Fred, we've just been speaking of you, and have been fearing for your safety.

Fred. I started off with our settlers. We divided into bands; one was to go and return by the way of the lake, others were to traverse the woods and the mountain cliffs, and drive the savages from thence. And, lest



THE CONJUROR.

that old fox should take the back track, to evade his pursuers, it has been thought best for me to be here, to give the alarm should he attempt to hide himself under these mountains, nearer home. The scouts are in hot pursuit, moving in all directions.

Liz (in flounced fantastic dress). O my dear Fred, remain here; don't venture any further. Remain here with us. We need your protection, and there are a plenty of settlers in the woods, who will hunt out the old chief.

Mehitable. Yes, Mr. Freeman, take Lizzie's advice. Rest yourself, and gain strength for the advance to-morrow, if the hunt of to-day does not succeed.

[*Enter* MRS. WRINKLE.

Fred. My dear ladies, I cannot see how I can well refuse your kind invitation to remain here a while. But will you appease our excited minds by the use of a song?

Mrs. Wrinkle. Yes, Mehitable; that means you.

Fred. Yes, Miss Mehitable, you are the queen of song, they say, as well as of duteous industry. Please entertain us with a song. Oh, yes (*rising up*), a song.

Mehitable. I fear my simple music may not please you, sir. Would a Scotch ballad be agreeable to you?

Fred. Oh, yes.

Mehitable (sings).

ANNIE LAURIE.

"Maxwelton's banks are bonnie, where early falls the dew,
And 't was there that Annie Laurie gave me her promise true,
Gave me her promise true, and ne'er forget will I,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie, I'd lay me down and die.

Her brow is like the snaw-drift, her neck is like the swan ;
Her face it is the fairest that e'er the sun shone on ;
That e'er the sun shone on, and dark blue is her eye :
And for bonnie Annie Laurie, I 'd lay me down and die.

Like dew on the gowans lying, is the fa' of her fairy feet,
And like winds in summer sighing, her voice is low and sweet ;
Her voice is low and sweet, she 's a' the world to me,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie I 'd lay me down and dee."*

(Meanwhile Fred, attracted nearer to the music, seems entranced ; whence Liz, in disgust, contemptuously retires, leaving the lovers alone, full in the faith of economical industry and connubial felicity.)

[Curtain slow falling.]

* Written by Douglas of Finland, about the year 1685. *Annie* was the daughter of Sir Robert Laurie. Annie afterwards became the wife of a Mr. Ferguson of Craig-darroch.

See a Ballad Book [printed in Edinburgh in 1824], page 107. Some of the words, to be more clearly understood by an American audience, are here printed in English.

ACT III.

SCENE I. — *Tents on the Shore of the Winnepisseogee.*
Present MRS. WRINKLE and UNCLE NED.

Mrs. Wrinkle. It's all up now, Uncle Ned. The Lord only knows how many more of us are to be murdered before this conflict comes to an eend. And what are we agwine to do?

Uncle Ned (agitated). What the devil's the use, old lady, in being always fussing about these deeds of blood, which happen to us every day. A mighty sight you'd better be seeking repentance of your sins, than to be forever brooding over life's troublesome trespasses, with that treacherous tongue of yourn. Yr tongue is hung right in the middle on't, and it goes clap, clap, clapping at both eends.

[*Enter* BLIND BILL.

[*Chocorua passes through, stealthily. An alarm is raised without. A slide unveils a scene in the woods, — a cot and a garrison, with settlers at the doors, armed variously, on tip-toe for pursuit of him.*]

Bill. The murderer! 'tis the murderer! Which way did he go?

Uncle Ned. Go, did ye say? He's gone back from the lake shore. Ye'll find him hid in the dark forest, or in some ravine behind the rocks, or climbing the cliffs; or perhaps you'll be able to shoot him, still lurking under the brow of the mountain. Up, and be going!

Hunt him out! hunt him out! But see to it that, from hidden ambush, he, or others, don't thrust ye through with arrows. (*Pointing the way.*) You go this way, you go that way, over the highlands, northward; we, the rest of us, will linger along the shore of the lake. He's an old fox; when ye start him he may return, taking the back track. Haste, now, and away! (*All answering at once.*) Yes, we'll away! (*and they dash away, vociferating, "We'll hunt him! We'll have him!"*) [Enter MRS. WRINKLE.

Mrs. Wrinkle. Oh, how terrible, terrible was that murder of the Campbells. Not a soul of them, save the father, who was away, now lives! Oh, what dreadful cruelty lurks and rankles in the unholy heart of a savage!

Uncle Ned. But I suppose 't is true that Chocorua's boy died of pison. The old chief thought the lad had been pisoned a purpose, by the Campbells. Chocorua was dreamy enough to believe they had murdered the boy; so it bewildered his mind.

Mrs. Wrinkle. Yes, but after all I do not imagine they intended any wrong to the lad. His being poisoned was, perhaps, nothing more than a sad accident, long to be deplored. But as against such impetuous barbarity, there seems to be no end, no respite, no relief to our hopeless, suffering settlements.

[*Chocorua passes through, dodging this way and that, and yells are again heard in the forest, by the English in fervent pursuit.*]

Uncle Ned. They are on the wake. They are pursuing the old curse. They are up and coming. He's got the start on um, yet they'll settle him. They'll

have his pelt! Wonder how much money they'll get for it in Boston?

Mrs. Wrinkle. Oh, you don't know what a bloody hunt they are making against that old murderous chief. They went past old Nathan's garrison but a little time ago, sabres and firelocks in hand, upon the clean run, in the chase. They were following, driving southward towards the lake. (*Loudly.*) But Sam says the culprit had skulked off t'other way, towards the great mountain.

Uncle Ned. I don't believe he'll take to a distance, at all. He's a coy fox. As he's wont, he'll be sure to evade the hounds. He'll take the back track, I guess. They're well armed, and they've taken Bickford's spotted dog with um. He's a hound of the first water. If he gets hold behind — if he gets hold of the slack — he'll hold, till the cows come home. He's like old Captain Stick-to-um; he's a hero in the rear. (*Strange noises and the tooting of horns without.*) Who, what's all that? Hunters in pursuit? He'll dodge into some hiding-place in the mountain. Ho for the hunters! they're on his track! Who, — what's that?

[*In the distance a hooting vociferously, and sounding of horns in the pursuit.*]

Mrs. Wrinkle. Yes, they are good hunters. They are teasing him! They're on his track!

[*Still the outcry, the sounding of horns, and the barking of hounds.*]

Uncle Ned. Heigh-ho! he's sneaking away. I see him, I guess I see him in the distance. They are after him, but he'll take the back track. He's a cunning old fox. But the king's forces are in the wake of him. They are in for him, straight atter him. Oh, they're

mad, and they may well be mad. They'll drive him out of the forest, straight down, down, down to — to h—ll, I hope.

Mrs. Wrinkle. How sad, sad this is, that the dear Keoka, Chocorua's squaw, fell at the first by a pining disease, and that, after they buried her, under the logs yonder, not far away, her dear, beautiful boy soon followed her by a secret, deadly poison. Then, as if some evil spirit had ordered it, Chocorua, as ye've seen, suspecting the Campbells as having poisoned his son, hath secretly, brutally murdered the whole family. Campbell himself then being away, hath now turned to the track, and, with Englishmen and hounds and weapons of death, they are all on the alert for Chocorua's life. (*Loudly to Uncle Ned.*) Oh dear, dear, what shall become of us amid all these terrible, terrible scenes of death.

Uncle Ned (aside). Scared to death, old Aunt Betty Wrinkle, — that's you, and no mistake, — always being begrieved, and allers grieving. There's no use in dying because all the t'others are dead. My love for my poor relations is profoundly sincere. But what's the need of caving in? Now I don't propose to skedaddle; no, not till I get due notice from headquarters. You may run, Mrs. Wrinkle, you may run, but I — I — I — won't.

[*Exit MRS. WRINKLE.*

(*From without, "News, news of a battle!"*)

[*Enter SAGAMORE SAM.*

Sam. Uncle Ned, have ye heard of it? There's been a battle, a bloody battle at Norridgewock. The English, under Moulton and Harmon, have invaded the Abenakies, have assailed and slain Mogg, and have

murdered that old missionary, Ralle, who had encouraged the Indians. The English assailed the castle, took his scalp, and put all his tribes to flight.

Uncle Ned. What is that ye say (*holding his hand, listening*).

Sam. They 've slain that old missionary, Ralle.

Uncle Ned. Wal; that's great news. Enough for to-day. Wonder how much pewter they 'll get paid for the scalp of a missionary? Indeed, they 'll have extra for that, and they 'll be entitled to it. Sure, the scalp of a head as mellow and as wicked as Ralle's was, will never be a drug in the Puritan market. I reckon 't will be just about equal to a coon-skin, half-tanned.

[*Curtain.*]

SCENE II. — *Same.* *At the brow of Chocorua Mountain.*

Outsiders (exclaiming). Oh, there he is, there he is on he crag; jump off there! (*Barking of dogs without.*)

Chocorua (from the crag, answering). The Great Spirit gave Chocorua his life, and he 'll not throw it away for the white man. (*Musket shots are heard from without; at length curtain rises unveiling Chocorua wounded, cursing, and settlers with firelocks and other weapons, who had followed in pursuit of him.*)

Chocorua. Curse on yr living! Curse on yr dead! Yr warpath, let it lay in snares! Blast, blast yr fields in frost and tares! Pestilence eternal, on all yr heads infernal! Ye killed my boy; me too ye 've slain! Let devils deride ye, torture ye, damn and detest ye! [*Enter MRS. WRINKLE.*] (*Staggering, he swoons and falls.*)

[*Dirge.*]

SCENE III. — *Same.*

Mrs. Wrinkle. O Lord have mercy, mercy on our afflicted English settlers. God only knows what troubles, what trials, what dearths, and what deaths shall henceforth follow on to us. The dread vengeance of Heaven, which has been evoked upon the heads of our own race, in this our New England, is threatening us. Oh, I fear, I fear it, near at hand. [*Enter ROBINHOOD.*] And here comes our native soothsayer, the interpreter. Oh tell us, tell us, Robinhood. What, what is to come next, from all, all these signs?

Robinhood. Signs; signs there be. Sure signs, from the Great Spirit they come. Me see um; me that can hold converse with the dead; me that can foretell events, ye ask me questions. Me that can take the rattlesnake in the hand without harm (*holding a snake*); me that can have talk and help from the Great Spirit, do ye ask me?

Mrs. Wrinkle. Yea; what mean all these gloomy signs?

Robinhood. You mean this strangeness in the sky, in the cloud, in the air, and in the earth?

Mrs. Wrinkle. Yes.

Veiled now in sackcloth stands the sun,
The Indian hunter's day is done,
In these New England borders;

Robinhood. Indeed

A deadly shaft his heart had broken,
High in the cloud the fates betoken,
Unwonted, strange disorders.

Mrs. Wrinkle. But what the dangers? what are the disorders to be?

Robinhood. Ah, they be none other than that which the Great Sagamore hath called out. Such as be seen in the warpath when the wrath of the Great Spirit have come, and the lightnings above have flashed over it with fiery fagots. [*Thunders in the distance mutter.*] Ah, Abamoco have heard the great chief. His voice there, his vengeance still there (*pointing his finger*) coming in the cloud (*still pointing*), away up yonder.

Mrs. Wrinkle. But tell us, Robinhood, whence this power in the old chief, now that he is dead, to bring dismay? Whence these threatenings which create painful fearfulness in the midst of these our lonely settlements, and all along beneath yonder bleak mountain.

Robinhood. Me no tell ye more (*winds whistle, a tempest, and thunders mutter*). Me have told it; me see it (*pointing, gesticulating*). Abamoco noisy; Abamoco mad. He's in the sky; he's in the pisoned, putrid air; in the cloud. Yes, 'tis Chocorua's curse (*rattlings of hail, lightnings, and thunder*). His curse upon the white man comes. (*A slide moving unveils poisoned, frost-bitten, blighted fields, pale, and sickly trees, and vegetation, lean, decrepit cattle, sheep and horses moping in despair*).

Robinhood. Ah, it be so — a curse, a curse upon ye. Me told ye of it.

Mrs. Wrinkle. You ought to have been there and heard Chocorua in all he told to the English. So loud he cursed them. Hark! (*Hoarsely behind the curtain, and but little seen, a ghost appears.*)

Chocorua's ghost.

Vile, heartless knaves, ye killed my boy,
My own Keoka's only joy,
E'er in the grave she rested;
By deadly drugs laid low he died,
Me too ye've slain, let devils deride,
Ye tortured, damned, detested.

Mrs. Wrinkle (the scene darkens). Oh, a ghost and a curse, the curse of Chocorua. — How dark it is! There's a chill in the air; there's frost in these veins. Hark! those accents are fearful. Though unseen, indeed, it is the ghost of Chocorua.

Ghost.

The moping owl hath ceased to hoot,
The scrub-oak falters at the root,
And the snail is lank and weary;
The fated fawn hath found his bed,
Huge hawks high up have fallen dead
Adown the apex dreary.

Robinhood. Indeed, Mrs. Wrinkle, this is the curse of Chocorua.

Mrs. Wrinkle. Yes.

Fated, the fields no fruits adorn,
The hills are pale with poisoned corn,
The flocks are lean, repining;
No growth the panting pastures yield,
And the staggering cattle roam the field,
Forlorn, in death reclining.

Robinhood. Me be necromancer; me told ye 't would be so.

Mrs. Wrinkle. Indeed, so it is, so it is, as 't is said.

Thus are we made the slaves of earth,
Mope in miasmas, deep in dearth,
Sad from some bad beginning;

From cruelty to friend or foes,
These morbid pains and mental woes,
Prove but the pangs of sinning.

Search now for the flower, not one is known,
The maple leaf is dry half grown,
And death is in the fountains.

(Lifting both hands.)

O God, forgive our Saxon race,
Blot from thy book, no more to trace,
Fraternal wrath infernal;
That taints the atmosphere we breathe,
The sky above, and earth beneath,
With dearth, and death eternal.

Uncle Ned. Yea, oh yea, 't is here ; Chocorua's curse.
The curse is here, and a devil of a curse it is.

Mrs. Wrinkle.

High now a voice is in the air,
As if Chocorua still were there,
With wood-nymphs wild attending;
Hark ! hear it afar on the mountain side,
The plaint of earth's down-trodden tribe,
Bleak with the azure blending.

(Hounds in the distance.)

Uncle Ned.

Come boys, we 'll take our tents away,
To better vales, 't is break of day,
The hounds are awake for duty ;
Blow, blow the horn ! a gracious sun
Hath brought a brotherhood begun,
In life, in love, and beauty.

*[Curtain descends amid the blowing of horns, answered
by the dogs.]*



BATTLE OF THE BUSH.

MULTIFARIOUS MATTERS.

PRIMEVAL, MODERN, AND PROGRESSIVE.

In "Jossely's Voyages to New England" he says : "Prince Philip, a little before I came from England to Boston, in 1671, had a coat on and buskins set with beads (wampum), in pleasant, wild works, and a broad belt of the same. His accoutrements were valued at twenty dollars."

Mrs. Rowlandson, as a captive, discoursing of Quinnapin, her late master, says, —

"Quinnapi was dressed in a Holland shirt, with great stockings, his garters hanging around with shillings, and with girdles of wampum upon the head and shoulders."

That Weetamoo (for a dance) "was dressed in a kersey coat, covered with girdles of wampum from the loins upward; that her arms, from the elbow to her hands, were covered with bracelets; had handfuls of necklaces about her neck, and several sorts of jewels in her ears. She had on red stockings, white shoes, her hair powdered, and face painted red, which always before was black. That all the other dancers were dressed after the same manner."

“Usually the dress of the women consisted of two articles; a leather shirt, or undergarment, ornamented with a fringe, and a shirt of the same material, fastened around the waist with a belt, and reaching to the feet. Their hair they dressed in thick, heavy plait, which fell down upon the neck. They sometimes ornamented their heads with wampum, or with a small cap.”

MUSIC OF THE MOHAWKS.

“At a dance, sometimes, there were two ” outsiders, “singing for the dancers, and playing upon a kettle, sometimes hopping up and down, sometimes taking a drink of warm water at the fireside, and now and then throwing out a compliment of wampum to the bystanders.”

INDIANS MEETING THE PILGRIMS,

1622.

Every man of them, it is said, was clothed in a deer-skin, and the principal of them had a wild-cat skin, or such like, on one arm.

Most of them had long “hozen ” up to their groins, close made, and about their groins another of leather. These, altogether, were like the Irish trousers.

COMPLEXION.

“Their appearance was like our English Gypsies. No hair, or very little, on their faces. On their heads long hair to their shoulders,” cut only on the forehead. Some, however, were trussed up before, with a feather, broadwise, like a fan. One had a fox-tail hanging out.

Their bows and arrows were not always kept with them. They sang and danced to the Pilgrims, after their manner, like antics.

PHILIP'S BELTS.

After the killing of King Philip, in 1676, it is said, Annawon, one of his men, meeting Captain Church, addressed him thus: "I believe me and my company are the last that war against the English; so I suppose the war is ended by your means. Therefore" (from a pack) "I give ye this belt, beautifully embroidered, which belonged to King Philip." "It was nine inches in breadth, and of such length as when put about the shoulders of Church it reached to his ankles." "It was reckoned to be of great value, being embroidered all over with money, that is, wampumpeag of various colors, curiously wrought into figures of birds, beasts, and flowers."

Philip had another "belt, with which he used to ornament his head, from the back part of which flowed two flags, which decorated his back; and then there was a small one, with a star upon the end of it, which he wore upon his breast. All thrée," it is said, "were edged with red hair, and were obtained from the Mohawks.

INDIAN TASTE.

The natives are noted for their strong propensity to gorgeous personal ornaments. But now, in civilized life, all show of wealth is to be regarded as vulgar. It is related of an Indian squaw, although otherwise peniless, having but one pistareen she put a hole through it, and hung it to the end of her nose, as an ornament.

INDIAN MONEY.

It appears that "the English merchant giveth them (the Indians) ten shillings a fathom for their white, and as much more, or near upon, for their blue beads." "These beads are their money. Of these there are two sorts, blue beads and white beads. The first is their *gold*, and the last is their *silver*. This money they work out of certain shells." "They grind the shell upon stone, so cunningly that neither Jew nor devil can counterfeit it." They drill the beads at the size of a pipe-stem, and four or five of them make an inch. They string them, and make curious works with them to adorn the persons of their sagamores and young women, such as belts, girdles, tablets, borders for their women's hair, bracelets, necklaces, and links to hang in their ears." As money, it is called wampum; sometimes "peak."

INDIAN HABITS AND CUSTOMS.

Indians, as did all other nations of the earth in the beginning, roam in tribes. Mere hunters and wanderers, they, from day to day, seek a livelihood at the seashore, on the lakes and rivers, and in the wilderness, where the salmon or the shad, or the beast or the bird, may best be found to supply their constant cravings. Their labor is but little, and that labor is, for the most part, performed by the women. They never had any written history prior to the advent of our Pilgrims. Their historic memoranda were confided to the retentive memories of their women. The braves made their

treaties, they did the talking ; and to the squaws were usually confided the task of remembering all that was said and done. Thus they, in the main, held the history of treaties and of other events.

INDIAN ART.

His wigwam, his wampum, his mortar, and his battle-axe made of stone, were samples of his best skill. His paintings were extravagant and gaudy, his colors brilliant. The flesh side of the skins of beasts were generally taken on which to do their painting. They spotted their work in curious fantastic hues, and often with strange colorings, such as none but a wild man could make, contrive, or invent. They knew but little, and sought inventive improvements in nothing.

CLOTHING.

Douglas, our first writer in New England Indian History, says, our Northern Indians at the first wore skins of seals cut in different ways and sewed together with thongs. They had no threads of flax or hemp. That in other parts of the country they usually wore skins variously from beasts of the forest, that after the first English settlements had been made, they, for the most part wore duffels and blanketings about two yards square, which the Romans would have denominated "togas ;" that their sagamores or sachems usually wore blankets with borders of different curious colors.

INDIAN MANNERS.

When the settlers first came here the Indians generally entertained them with a generous feeling. But after a series of years had elapsed, partly by reason of the wild, cruel, and uncultured nature of the Indian himself, and of his unstable, treacherous disposition, and partly by reason of the want of kindness, discretion, honesty, and fairness of individual white men, who, from time to time, violated law and justice; and partly from the secret machinations of French Jesuits, who hated the English in their dominion here, and who took an interest in that nation, who were accused of advising or instigating the northern and eastern tribes to invade and make war upon our English settlers, the native Indian was made to distrust them. Hence, true to his nature, at every provocation, real or surmised, he sprang forth from his secret hiding-places an implacable enemy, quick to a reckless revenge against the English. And yet the Canadian French, some of them at least, could but be convinced of his frailties, giving him, as some thought, his true character, to wit: *Les hommes des bois* — Men brutes of the forest.

Yet there was much of manliness in the Indian heart and many were his enjoyments of life. All had a share in the cool and shady hunting-grounds, and in the glittering skies of heaven. His fishing and hunting afforded him a pastime, tobacco was one of his best luxuries. His wants, being few, were easily supplied, and the bow, arrow, and fishing-rod were the leading instruments by which he was supplied with food and raiment.

With his tribe, his squaw, as well as himself, wandered, bearing, as often she did, the heaviest part of the burden. The New England lakes and rivers afforded fruitful fishing-places; and his wigwam was often made glad by the song and dance; and by the smoking or "drinking the pipe," as they called it.

The large lakes afforded them favored fishing-places. These, with the rivers, were a constant income as vast highways which brought to his use, at every returning spring, a full supply of salmon, alewives, and shad. At that day no dams or bars being in the way to prevent or retard the finny tribes in their advent up the rivers; and coming in vast numbers, they became a source of great wealth to the natives of New England. At the forks of the Merrimac, now Franklin, N. H., the salmon, which are prone to seek the coldest climes, generally took to the cold water from the mountains and went up the Pemigewasset; while the other tribes usually sought the warm water, and followed it upward towards the great Lake Winnipisseogee. From our rivers, — the Merrimac, Connecticut, Kennebec, Saco, the Penobscot, and their tributaries, — the thirty thousand Indians, that used to trail along these valleys, obtained their principal support. For thousands of years these flowing fountains had been held within their domains as inherited prospective property of the red man.

Sturgeons used to be obtained from the Merrimac. As these large fish passed up the river, two Indians, the one to scull the boat, and the other to throw the weapon, would spear them. Many a noble sturgeon in those years were thus slain and tugged ashore from his native waters.

Douglas, who lived among the tribes, and who gave an account of them a hundred and forty years ago, says, the "Indians are not so polite as the wandering Tartars. Like the wild Irish, they dreaded labor more than poverty. Like dogs, they are always either eating or sleeping, except in travelling, hunting, or dancing. Their sloth and indolence incline them to sottishness. Before Christians arrived amongst them they had no knowledge of strong drink. This Christian vice not only destroys their bodily health, and that of their progeny, but creates feuds, outrages, and horrid murders. They are much given to falsehood and deceit. Their temper is the reverse of Eastern Indians, whereof some castes or sects will not kill any animal. The West Indians or Americans are barbarous, and upon small provocations kill their own species. Some of them excel in barbarity, and in revenge and fury eat the flesh of their enemies, not from hunger or delicacy. Such were the Florida Indians: they said that the flesh of the English ate mellow and tender; that of the Spaniard, hard and tough; the Bermudian, fishy.'

"The Aboriginal Americans have no honesty, no honor; that is, they are of no faith, but mere brutes in that respect. They generally have great fortitude of mind: without any appearance of fear or concern, they suffer any torture and death. In revenge they are barbarous and implacable: they never forgive injuries.

"If one man kills another, the nearest in kindred to the murdered man watches an opportunity to kill the murderer; and the death of one man may occasion the deaths of many. Therefore, when a man is guilty of murder, he generally leaves the tribe and goes into a

kind of voluntary banishment. They are a sullen, close people. The Indian wars ought to be called massacres or inhuman barbarous outrages, rather than the necessary acts of hostility."

This is the descriptive account by Douglas of the Indians in New England one hundred and forty years ago. But it may be noted that this history of the Indian is written by a white man under all the prejudices which may be had by one race against another. So that it must be taken at least with a few grains of allowance

WAR BETWEEN THEMSELVES.

At Penacook.

The first great battle between the tribes, of which tradition has any account, was that at Penacook (since Rumford), now Concord, New Hampshire. It appears to have been not long before the plague of 1617. As appears, the hostile Mohawk tribes, coming down from what is now New York to Penacook, gave battle to the Massachusetts, Pawtuckets, and Penacooks.

The angry "Mohawks, who had once been repulsed by the Penacooks, came there with a strong force, and encamped at what is now called" Fort Eddy, opposite Sugar Hill, on the west of the River Merrimac. Thence they watched their prey, determined to starve the Penacooks by a siege, or to decoy them out and destroy them.

"Having gathered their corn for the season, and stored it in baskets around the walls of their fort, the Penacooks, with their women and children, entered

within, and bade defiance to their foes." Skirmishes often ensued. Whenever a Penacook left the fort he was ambushed. If a canoe pushed off from the bank, another, from the opposite side, started in pursuit. The Penacooks would not venture an open fight, nor did the Mohawks dare to assail the fort. At length one day a solitary Mohawk was seen carelessly crossing Sugar Ball Plain, south of the fort. Caught by the decoy, the Penacooks rushed out in pursuit. The Mohawk ran for the river. Band after band from the fort followed in the chase, till all were drawn out of the fort; when the Mohawks, secretly crossing the river above, having approached in the rear and secreted themselves, now suddenly sprang from their hiding-places, and took possession of the fort. At this a terrible war-whoop went up from the Penacooks. They turned back, and long and bloody was the battle.

The fight by the Penacooks was "for their wives and children; for their old men, for their corn, and for life itself." By the Mohawks it was "for revenge and for plunder."

The Penacooks were much reduced in numbers, and the Mohawks, retreating, "left their dead and wounded on the ground."

The diversity of skulls which used to be found on that ancient Indian battle-ground induces the belief that their dead were buried promiscuously.*

In Massachusetts.

The second battle was that terrible conflict between the Tarratines of the East and the Pawtuxets and other

* See Bouton's "History of Concord."

tribes of the west, during the plague which prevailed here amongst them, about the years 1617 and 1618, and it was their bones that were common to be found by the Pilgrims along the hills and in the valleys of New England, several years after that battle had been fought.

At Sachem's Plain.

The third great conflict, as among themselves, was that of Miantonimo against Uncas; to wit: the Narragansetts against the Mohegans, in 1637, on Sachem's Plain, which we have already herein elaborated.

In the Mohawk Country.

The fourth and last conflict among themselves was in 1669, when the Massachusetts tribes, enforced by English volunteers (without any authority from its colony), in all about seven hundred strong, took a march into the Maquaa's country. They were mostly young warriors, and moved with the intent of invading and destroying the Mohawks.

Eliot, the New England apostle, ardently advised against this movement, but to no effect; and five of his Indian disciples, also volunteering, went westward into the fight.

Josias, an ambitious, middle-aged Indian, led off, as commander. Thence they advanced two hundred miles through the forest, and, at length falling in upon a Mohawk fort, they stormed it, but lost scores of their men slain. Others fell sick and died; and, after much hesitation and delay, they gave up the siege.

On their retreat, the Mohawks following in pursuit, and obtaining position in swamp and ambush, in front

of them, gave battle. Their chief, Chickatabut, was killed, and nearly fifty of these warriors thus fell on their retreat from the invincible Mohawks. Their general loss was nearly one half of their original force.

INDIANS AGAINST THE ENGLISH.

As between the native tribes of New England and its English settlers, by force of a treaty with Massasoit, there remained, from the advent of the Pilgrims, as we have seen, a peace of fifty years; and then, with King Philip, hostilities commenced, which culminated into a war of extermination, which continued, to a greater or less extent, for nearly an hundred years. Its landscape, in the main, was a wilderness interspersed with now and then a clearing, a hamlet, a cot, or a wild wigwam. The conflicts were sometimes commenced at midnight, — as in the assault upon the garrisons at Cocheco, — but mostly in the early morning; and this accords with Indian customs. Their weapons of war were sometimes the bow and poisoned arrow, or, later, the English musket; yet generally they gave battle with the blazing fagot, the long knife, and tomahawk.

The weapons of the English settlers were the common firelock and the deadly sabre.

The Indians' mode of attack was, and is, like this: By the hundreds they at night approach a village, divide their force into small squads, who remain secreted in every part of it, and at dawn the battle commences in the slaughter of its men at the threshold, in the killing of their families, and in the burning down of their houses.

RUNNING THE GAUNTLET.

This was an Indian military punishment. It consisted in compelling the victim, with the upper part of his body naked, to run between two lines of Indians, usually with rods in their hands, who inflicted blows as he passed.

POW-WOW.

Mrs. Rowlandson, the captive, described a pow-wow, as foreshadowed on pages 173 and 174 of this work, and elaborates a scene after the fight at Medfield, as follows:—

“Before they came to us, oh the outrageous roaring and whooping that there was! They began their din about a mile before they came to us. By their noise and whooping they signified how many they had destroyed, which was, at that time, twenty-three. They that were with us at home were gathered together as soon as they heard the whooping, and every time that the others went over their number these at home gave a shout, that the very earth rang again. And thus they continued till those that had been upon the expedition were come up to the sagamore’s wigwam. And then, oh the hideous insulting and triumphing that there was over some Englishmen’s scalps, that they had taken (as their manner is) and brought with them!” *

* “Mrs. Rowlandson’s Narrative.”

LOCATION OF THE TRIBES.

1637.

In the East were the Tarratines, who, in 1617, had invaded the Pawtuxets, of Rhode Island, and other tribes, and who, aided by the plague of that time, had nearly annihilated them. Westerly, on the Mystic, still smouldered the ashes of the Pequot nation. In Massachusetts and Rhode Island the Narragansetts — that best informed of all the tribes, led as they were, and had been, by the renowned Miantonimo and Canonicus — still roamed. Further westerly, in Connecticut, the valiant Mohegan tribes, then, and for a long time, still wandered, under the chief leadership of Uncas. And then, along the Merrimac and Connecticut Rivers, and in winter along the shores of the sea, were the Penacook and Wamesit tribes, of New Hampshire and Massachusetts, under the lead of Passaconaway as chief sachem, and afterwards of his son Wonalancet. Also in their midst were the Nipmuck tribes, that roamed, located, as they had been, between the two great rivers above named. More northerly, and along the easterly borders of New York, there were the hunting grounds (six tribes in all) of the warlike Mohawks; and in the whole making up about thirty nations, and in New England to the number of about fifty thousand native Indian inhabitants. These nations, organized under laws unwritten, wandered wild, as all the inhabitants of the world (before the dawn of civilization) did in tribes wander.

ELIOT AMONG THE TRIBES.

In the year 1631, John Eliot, the apostle, came to New England, and studiously undertook the evangelization of these rude and uncultivated nations of the wilderness.

At the first, in preparation for this great work, he directed all his sermons to the English settlers in this region, and, with such assistance as he could obtain, organized and built up churches in the English hamlets, at his own Roxbury, at Boston, and elsewhere, preaching half his time at home, and the remainder of his time throughout the white settlements in the neighboring towns of New England. And thus he advanced for the first fifteen years of his mission.

In the meantime he had been educating young men for the ministry, had procured the building of an Indian college at Cambridge, in which the natives were taught the English language, as well as divinity; while others were taught the Indian language, and how to translate the English into the Indian language. During this fifteen years he was also at work, by pamphlet, by letter, and by books of his own making, whereby he shaped and concentrated public opinion of the settlements in favor of his plans, and to the advancement of his evangelical enterprise.

His assistant-preachers, his printers, proof-readers, and interpreters thus being schooled, the apostle then in the year 1646 commenced his missionary work by preaching his first sermon to the assembled tribes at Nonantum, near Natick, Massachusetts, and at Wabun's tent, in the wilderness.

TROUBLES BEYOND THE SEA.

1631.

Eliot, in New England, had left the Old World, as we have seen, when the unfortunate Charles I. was king, and at the time when the religious creeds of the realm were distracted, all in dread conflict; when the king was at war against parliament, and parliament was angry against the king; when the English government was powerless to advance, its wheels being clogged up, the kingdom throughout broken down, and falling apart into factions. It was then the religious and political rights of the realm seemed to have come to an end, and the armies of England, Scotland, and Ireland were making sad havoc on many a field of battle. And it was then that our Eliot had left England, and the comrades of his youth, among whom was that valiant heart, then young, like his own, and full of Republicanism, Oliver Cromwell.

Cromwell, as appears, disgusted with England's troubles, had, at about the same time, packed his trunks with intention also to embark for our New England; * but the God of governments, for wise purposes, turned the intent of Cromwell to still remain in England; while Eliot was led, for another wise purpose, to seek the broad field of apostolic labors among the natives, in this then wilderness of the New World. And thus it

* "Urged by his wants and his piety, Cromwell had made a party with Hampden, his near kinsman, who was pressed only by the latter motive, to transport himself into New England, now become the retreat of the more zealous among the Puritanical party; and it was on an order of Council which obliged them to disembark and remain in England."—
"Hume's History of England," vol. 5, ch. 61, p. 437.

proved, that while Cromwell soon became the renowned Protector of the realm in the Old World, Eliot, coming here, became the great primeval leader to a Christian civilization among the settlers and Indian nations of the new.

ELIOT'S BOOKS.

During the existence of Cromwell's sovereignty, of seven years, ending at his decease, September 3, 1658, Eliot here had written a book entitled "The Christian Commonwealth." In this he had planned and praised and chalked out a republican form of government. But, sad as it seems, Cromwell dying before the book issued from the press, and the work coming, in its terms, in conflict with the crown, Eliot began to see danger to himself upon the kingdom's being restored to the reign of Charles II.

The colonial government also becoming anxious upon the matter of this book, which sought a republican form of government, and advising its suppression, — the work was suspended, and the book never was given to the public. Thus, more than two hundred years ago, did John Eliot foreshadow our republican form of government in his "Christian Commonwealth," thus suppressed; yet his cautious plans and suggestions became popular, and lived to be adopted and sustained by a noble nation an hundred years after his death.

These were times of great anxiety and trial on both sides of the sea; and on the change of the government back from the Protectorship of a Cromwell to the crown of a kingdom, all of the Protector's adherents

were narrowly watched, and, as we have seen, some of them escaped to foreign ports, for their lives, under the general appellation of the "Regicides."

CIVIL POWERS.

All the way along, in the Apostle's progress in New England, there were several elements of power which had to be respected.

First of all, there was the parent English government, at London, then distracted, as we have seen, by terrible conflicts. Then there was the Colonial government at Boston, and then the loose, rude, and undefined governments of the Indian nations in New England.

The rights, rules, habits, and customs of all these, at all times, were to be heeded and respected; for there is no nobler reward in this life than the consciousness of having rendered to all their dues.*

NATICK AN INDIAN TOWN.

Early in his mission Eliot obtained a gift, or exchange of lands, on which to build up and organize an Indian town, which took the name of Natick, and which, in their language, means a "Place of the Hills."

This was peopled, organized, and officered by Indians, and all the affairs of the town were conducted in a perfectly orderly manner by its Christian Indian inhabitants nearly through the fifty years of Eliot's

* See Caverley's "Lessons of Law and Life from John Eliot the Apostle."

labors in their midst, and for nearly fifty years afterwards. At Natick, Eliot, often attended by his ministry, met the assembled tribes of red men there, up to the end of his days, as well as in other Indian towns, then fast becoming civilized within the spacious fields of his labor. But, alas! the advent of Philip's war, a war of extermination, fell upon Eliot and all the vast labors of his life, bringing dismay. The war trumpet and the conflict came upon him like the rushing of a terrible tempest, threatening devastation and death to the nations. The tomahawk and scalping-knife on the one hand, and the English bayonet and sabre on the other, were being brandished, threatening the overthrow of his Indian churches; and Eliot's Zion was beginning to be tossed by the tempest. The tornado gathered blackness, and the lightnings and thunderbolts of war came down, chilling the blood of mortals. It was then that Christian peace and love were turned into madness, cruelty, and blood. Thence came the blazing fagot and the deadly tomahawk, with all of their nightly and morning horrors, waging a war of extermination, which wielded the blood-stained weapons of demons.

And in this the Christian Indian was not allowed to stand neutral, but was compelled to take up arms against his own kindred race, or be manacled, imprisoned, or slain. Under this pressure some of the natives not being willing to allow their own kindred people to be destroyed, fled into the ranks of King Philip; some of them, like Wonalancet, seeking peace, wandered away into the dense wilderness far away; while Eliot's non-resistant Christian red men were seized, as at Na-

tick, manacled, and boated down Charles River, and were held at Deer Island as prisoners of war.*

Hence it was that one of Eliot's disciples, Job Nesuton, when the dread alternative came, taking sides with the English, turned into the fight with them. Job had been long with James, the printer in Eliot's service on the Indian Bible and other works, was a good linguist in the Indian tongue, as well as in the English language. In the conflict he proved a valiant soldier, and fell in the fight during the first expedition at Mount Hope.

1. 'T is sad to tell, how the Indian fell,
How the storm had swept the deck,
How the tribes of yore, all dashed ashore,
The craft became a wreck.
2. Bright stars shall burn, and seasons turn
Their sunny sides forever,
But ne'er to change, that mountain range
Again shall know them never.
3. True, true, they say, there's a better day,
And, faith, we ought to find it;
For the lights of love that burn above
Are lit for man to mind it.

THE SHAM FIGHT AT COCHECO.†

About a month subsequent to the death of King Philip, the war was supposed to be ended, and proclamation was made by the English that on the sixth day of September, 1676, there was to be a great training at Cocheco, in which the red men in every part

* Caverly's "Lessons of Law and Life from John Eliot the Apostle," page 15.

† Dover, N. H.

of New England were invited to participate. The day arrived. The peaceful Wonalancet was there. Four hundred other Indians were there, among whom were that scattered and bereaved remnant of Eliot's men, from Wamesit and other places, some of whom had been pressed into the fight against a strong desire to be neutral. Some of them, peaceful, had fled away for a while, but had returned at the joyful news of peace; and all, now willing to join the white men, bringing a Christian olive branch, had now come to take part in the great training at Cocheco.

Major Waldron, (who, as we have seen, four years afterwards by the tribes was murdered, at midnight,) was the commanding general of the day. In the order of exercises the sham-fight was conspicuous. In this, Indians, without weapons, were stationed to the dragropes of the artillery. The English, as of course, had charge of the guns. All being ready for the onset, a signal was given by the discharge of a field-piece, at which, by a preconcerted manœuvre, the English infantry, closing in upon the Indians, on all sides, seized, manacled, and confined them all as prisoners of war.*

Thus, at Cocheco had assembled the Wamesits, the Penacooks, the Ossipees, Pequakets, and others, all at the peace-making beck of the white man, and under his then supposed benign protection, as well as of their leader, the peaceful Wonalancet, and of Eliot's Christian civilization. But, alas! they were all prisoners. And

* Hubbard, the historian, says: "They were handsomely surprised, without the loss of any life, to the number of four hundred Indians." That parade field was on the rise of ground east of the bridge over the Cocheco, in Dover, N. H.

then and there, without a trial, they were separated, the peaceful from the perfidious. About two hundred of them, with Wonalancet, then thought to be harmless, were released. The other two hundred, being suspected of evil intent, were marched or boated away to Boston. Seven or eight of them were hanged as murderers, some of them sent to other parts, and some sold into slavery.* The selling of Indians into slavery appears not to have been uncommon.†

KING PHILIP'S WAR.

This terrible conflict with the natives took its origin not from the masses, on the one side or the other, but from the depredations of desperadoes, from time to time, the embers of anger were constantly kindled, soon to be fanned forth into furious flames; and although terrific scenes of war and blood had transpired, beclouding and hedging up the pathway of the apostle, in the killing of his educated ministers and teachers, and in the distraction or destruction of his churches, and the people of his faith and care, Eliot was still prayerfully active, and, but for him and his people, New England most likely would have been lost to its first English settlers.

ELIOT IN WAR.

In that dread conflict the apostle had followed his disciples, his ministers, his teachers, his printers, his

* See Caverly's "Indian Wars of New England."

† Just prior to this time seven Indians were sold by the Treasurer of the Colony, "to be transported to any place out of this continent."—See "Genealogy of the Eliot Family," pp. 133, 134.

interpreters, and other adherents to their many places of imprisonment. At the Pines, on Charles River, as they were boated away; at Deer Island, and other places, while they were held imprisoned and in chains, — he was ever present, and, although powerless to rescue them, his kind, discreet voice, everywhere and to all administered comfort, encouragement, and consolation. And when, at Philip's death, the rancor of war seemed to subside, the apostle again advanced, not as before, but as well as he could, on foot, in the forest, preaching and trying to re-establish his former missionary stations, advancing sometimes through torrents of rain, storms of hail, or drifts of snow, and, as it is said, sometimes for days with scarcely a dry thread in his garments.

ELIOT AT NASHUA.

At one time previously, in the summer of 1652, he had started from Roxbury to preach to the tribes at Nashua, some sixty miles away, as then reckoned. But while on the journey, about midway a notice reached him of a conflict up there among the Indians, that might endanger his own life. Thereupon, for a day or two, he turned aside, and waited.

The old chief at Nashua, hearing of this, at once organized an armed force of twenty Indian warriors, and bounding through the forest surrounding their old apostle, escorted him safely through, with gallant honors, to the place of his appointment, where he was privileged to preach to their waiting assembly.

ELIOT'S FRIENDS.

His Christians, in the advance of years, those who had already been driven out from their native soil, those that had perished in the fight, or otherwise had been slain, or had died of disease or starvation during the wars, including those whom he in his long life had parted with at the common grave, had been thousands.

Yet he had consolation, that amid all the trials of earth he had constantly borne to the breeze that gospel banner of righteousness, beautifully inscribed "Love to God; Peace on earth, and good-will towards men."

ELIOT AN ADVOCATE FOR SCHOOLS.

At one of the synods held in Boston, Cotton Mather says: "I heard Eliot pray, 'Lord, for schools everywhere among us; that our schools may flourish; that every member of this assembly may go home to procure a good school to be encouraged in the town where he lives; that before we die we may all be happy to see a good school established in every part of the country.'" This was two hundred years ago.

TEACHERS.

Oh that the conductors and teachers of the schools of our time would but take inspiration from the precepts and examples of Eliot and of earlier days; that the light of heaven, as at early morn, might break in upon them, that the youth of these years may be trained to the true science and economy of life, — to a becoming servitude; to a code of genuine good manners, —

without which there can be no substantial success in the world; that pupils, male and female, may be trained to love labor; industrious, ardent, economical labor; without which there can be no sound health nor solid comfort; and thus that the rising generations may be led to fervent, lofty aspirations, to duteous lives, and noblest achievements.

SAGAMORE JOHN.

In time of Philip's War this Indian came before the Council at Boston, bringing with him one hundred and eighty warriors, with their wives and children, all of whom surrendered.

In the following winter, also, under a Boston proclamation, previously made, it is said, John, being a Nipmuck sachem, with many others came in, and all were protected of their lives. And Hubbard, who lived and wrote at that day, says, —

“Yet did that treacherous villain make an escape this winter from Captain Prentice's house, under whose charge he was put, about Cambridge village, and with twenty more fled away into the woods, to shift for himself with the rest of his bloody companions. They were pursued, but had gone too fast and too far to be overtaken.”

It was thus, and otherwise, the natives vanished from New England.

EFFICACY OF PRAYER.

Mr. Hubbard being a clergyman, as well as historian, complaining of the pagan propensities of Uncas, the

Mohegan chief, substantially says: "That Parson," Fiske, of Norwich, "in the great drought of that summer, had prayed constantly and fervently for rain, but in vain; that the English were left to pray *without any motion from the Indians*; and that the drought long remained upon them. But that at length, by reason of the dearth, *Uncas* and his tribes were induced to come in and join in their prayers; at which dense clouds at once covered the earth, a rain-storm followed, and that *the river rose more than two feet in height that night*."

WONALANCET.

This was a son of Passaconaway, the famous sachem of Penacook. The name Wonalancet is defined to signify the "Hero who maketh his bed well." According to Indian customs it must have been given him in his early manhood, by his then chief, for some praiseworthy deed. Indian heroic names are given as follows:—

At the conclusion of a great feast, a battle, or a pow-wow all are assembled, and, kneeling in a vast ring around their chief sagamore, the chief then rising, and advancing, takes the young hero of his choice—who is known to have performed some valiant or noble deed—by the hand, leads him into the ring, and crowns him with an appropriate name.

In this instance it must have been done like this: The chief makes proclamation, announcing to the ring the noble deeds done, and then, turning to the hero, in substance he declares, that for all this thy name shalt be *Wonalancet*.

This noble chief, though peaceful, held a fort or what is still known as Fort Hill, in our ancient

Wamesit, and at one time lived on an island in the Merrimac, in the neighborhood of that locality. Soon after Philip's death, Wonalancet wandered away to Canada, but never returned.

WABAN.

Waban's tent was at Nonantum, near Natick. He was Eliot's first Indian convert to Christianity. He being an Indian of strong mind and good common-sense, was made the Police Judge of that locality of Indian inhabitants. The following is a verbatim copy of one of the warrants, which issued from Waban's bench at Natick :—

“You, you big constable, quick you catch Jeremiah Offscow, strong you hold um, safe you bring um beffore me.
Waban, Justice of the Peace.”

INDIAN ORIGIN.

At first, from curious gem beneath the sod,
Well blest in needful care of nature's God,
Whose eye, all-seeing, here began to scan
The strange invention of mysterious man ;
By vigorous thrift, as fell the beaming rays
Of Phœbus, fitly felt on vernal days,
Came forth an Indian's * infant, form divine,
First spawn of manhood on the stream of time ;
Basking in valleys wide, earth-formed, earth-fed,
For ripened age ; by native reason led,

* The natives were called Indians by Columbus through mistake, who at first supposed he had arrived on the eastern shore of India, by which they took their name.

And chief o'er beast and bird, in power became
A fitful terror to the timid game.

Increased, at length, by Nature's self-same laws,
To numerous tribes, prolific, men and squaws,
From artful wigwams, new, spread o'er the land,
First skill evinced in architecture grand.
He wanders wild, belted with arrows keen,
And blest with knowledge, right and wrong between,
A stately priest at peace. Provoked to strife,
He wields a hatchet and a scalping-knife
With dire revenge. E'er true to self and squaw,
He knows no faith, no code, but Nature's law.

His footsteps fondly dwell where now we trace
Primeval heirlooms of the human race ;
The chisel smooth and tomahawk, first made
Of stone, ere art had formed the iron blade ;
Where from a narrow dock, with native crew,
He launched, in naval pride, the first canoe,
And ploughed the Merrimac. His dripping oar
Ripples the waters, never pressed before,
Bestirs the scaly tribes to nervous fear
For rights, most sacred, thus invaded here ;
As if by instinct, they the chieftain knew
To be a tyrant and a glutton too,
Intent on native beast, on bird, or fish,
By slaughter dire to fill a dainty dish ;
Whose webs are nets, from bark of trees alone,
And mills that grind are mortars made of stone ;
Who clothed his tribes, if clad they e'er appear,
In raiment plundered from the bounding deer ;

Who maketh treacherous hooks from guiltless bones,
And drags a deadly net o'er sacred homes.

And thus, o'er land and stream, for ages long,
A race of red men, vagrant plod along,
With language taught from rustic nature's throne,
And habits, each peculiarly their own ;
On growth spontaneous fed, content with prey,
What serves the purpose of a single day.
Their God is seen afar, at rise of sun,
Their life in heaven is hunting here begun ;
By laws unwritten sachems rule the tribes,
And lead the host, wherever ill betides,
To fatal war. By force of arrows hurled,
They reigned sole monarchs in this western world.

The countless years thus passed of man's career,
Fraught with achievements oft enacted here :
With works of skill, what human thought could do,
With grand exploits, or deeds of direful hue ;
With kings and prophets, chief in note or worth,
Through generations vast, transpired on earth,
Make but a blank in Time's historic lore,
Till voyagers from another world came o'er ;
Columbus first of all ; then many more
Within an hundred years then next before
The Pilgrims land ; adventurers indeed,
From Adam sprung, juniors in race and breed,
But versed in letters, statute law, and art,
Seniors in science, just in head and heart.

Now, then, Samoset comes, with heart and hand
To "welcome Englishmen," and grant them land.

His visage dark, with long and raven hair,
No treacherous marks his beardless features bear ;
With frame erect, and strangely painted o'er,
Belted around his loins, a sagamore,
Whose bony arm a bow and arrow held ;
A heart unsoiled his tawny bosom swelled
To generous deeds. He broken English spake,
And talked anon of men, — of Francis Drake,
That gallant white man, years before who came
And gave New Albion her historic name ;
Of Captain Smith, who since surveyed the coast,
And other voyagers, now a scattered host, —
Of former days some history tried to give,
And lay of land where rambling red men live.
Truthful Samoset proves, and seeks to bring
The Pilgrim saints in audience with his king.

Then Massasoit, the king, and chiefs appear,
As well the governor and suite draw near,
By music led ; and soldiers at command,
Clad in the homespun of a foreign land,
And greet the king. The king no armor bears,
Save on his breast, a knife-like weapon wears,
White beads about his neck, a gaudy ring,
Tobacco in a bag, hung by a string,
Comprise the insignia of his regal power,
Known and observed of nations as of yore.

Both king and chiefs, with painted features, wear
Feathers, disjoined from birds of plumage rare,
But little else. Kindly in turn they greet
The Pilgrim band ; and down in group now seat

Themselves, holding discourse of allied strength
In treaty. And when agreed, at length,
They pass the pipe around, each drinks in turn,
A sacred compact thus they all confirm ;
A treaty wise, that full contentment gives
For fifty years ; while Massasoit lives.

Advancement.

Thus did the English proud possession share,
By dint of treaty, all this region fair ;
Forever thence, to lay the forest low,
To fence fair fields, and drive the crooked plough ;
To waste the wigwams which for ages spread
The wild, and build broad mansions in their stead,
School-houses, temples to the God of grace,
And cities proud, peculiar to the race
Of Adam. Diligent, through honest toil
They reap rich harvest from the virgin soil ;
From culture, urged with bold, aggressive sway,
Wild beasts, becoming frantic, flee away.

As ravenous bears, and moose and wolves recede,
Neat-cattle and the noble horse succeed,
In aid of husbandry. Full flocks abound,
The herds increase as roll the seasons round,
The desert even, through culture's grateful care,
Soon set with fruit, begins to bloom and bear ;
Fair Nature smiles, responsive to the plan
Of faith in God and industry of man.
Then follows war, and anarchy appears,
Which came to blast the crowning thrift of years ;

Yet peace at length, sweet harbinger of health,
Of generous thrift foreshadowing weal and wealth,
Brings her glad tidings down, and cheers the land
With prompt good-will, and noble deeds at hand ;
To heal the broken heart, and make amends
For waste of wars which from the past descends.

Thence this fair vale, from mountain to the main,
In vernal grandeur buds, to bloom again ;
And plenteous harvest, with her golden ears,
Crowning the prudence of progressive years,
Adorns the field, and grace triumphant gives.

Thus smiling spring comes in from winter's blast,
To swell the seed. And now the bloom is past,
Productive seasons flit their hours away ;
Each warms the world in bounty, day by day,
That living things in nature may survive,
That man and beast, that come and go, may thrive.
From varied gifts subsistence we devise,
And in due season gather in supplies ;
The husbandman hath care for weighty sheaves,
Yet for a time unthreshed the grain he leaves,
While down the meadows mowers all the way
Swing swath on swath of verdant, heavy hay,
Tugged there by Johnny, tossing it in air,
To cure the crop, while yet the field is fair.
The rakers next. The teamster, in his turn,
With rattling cart and wheel, the forkman, stern,
Each vies in strength, in manly ardor shown,
They glean the glen, and bear the harvest home.

But when wild clouds have gathered in the sky,
They quit the fumed field to thresh the rye ;
Up to the barn the fathers built of old,
Where fearful swallows weary wings unfold
Above ; there, face to face, within the door,
In squads divided on the spacious floor,
The heavy sheaves lay head to head between,
The swinging flails high in the air are seen ;
Blow follows blow, and strength to strength they vie,
The bundles bounding rattle out the rye.

As when two charioteers, by Bacchus strong
Inflamed, now homeward lash their steeds along
The bounding bridge — swift whirl the wheels around
By dint of trial, and heavy hoofs rebound ;
So from the floor the farmer's noisy flail,
Reverberates aloud along the vale.
Then note when evening gathers o'er the plain,
Now laid at length a heavy heap of grain,
There to be winnowed when bleak Boreas blows ;
Then high the chaff in cloudy current flows,
And from the lifted measure, shaken seen,
The grain in conic pile falls pure and clean.
Then stored in bin, or cask, safe held at will,
Awaits the money market or the mill.

Meanwhile the field assumes a spiky form,
The time hath come to gather in the corn ;
On hand the laborers, on hand the cart,
The lads are all aglee to take a part,
For now they know, when night approaches near,
'T will bring that joyful husking of the year.

All now one purpose faithfully fulfil,
The rustling ears are hurried from the hill,
With ardent zeal; and flushed with hopeful joys,
Above the standing stalks both men and boys,
High on their shoulders crowded baskets wield;
The heavy harvest carted from the field,
They pile in heaps within the grating door,
Throughout the spacious barn and kitchen floor
At eve. There then the guests all seated down,
From every cottage home in all the town —
Some old, some young, and some quite lately born —
Vie with each other husking out the corn.
Then comes the hour that gathers large supplies
Of apple-dowdies and of pumpkin pies;
Then bends the board with viands, fruit, and wine,
All hail that gleeful hour, the olden time!
Then when the week hath turned her toils away,
How mild and silent is the Sabbath day.

'T is then the *maiden*, churchward as she goes,
Proud in good looks and go-to-meeting clothes,
Across the glen, untouched of dust or dews,
Bears in her hand her nice embroidered shoes:
Her stockings, too, home knit of purest white,
Now near the temple pulls them on aright;
Then in the precinct of that holy place,
Where loud the parson grave dispenses grace,
Shines forth a beauty, flounced, there seated down,
The belle of all the beaus in all the town.

Such neat conceptions and such care in dress,
Deliberate judgments do not count the less.

Go back and see ! A glance shall well suffice,
Our kind old mothers were the best of wives ;
They paved the footpath of our lengthened lives,
Their precepts prayerful pointed to the skies ;
True joys most dear to early days alone,
Ungrudged they brought, forgetful of their own.

Men of my age, we hail that Highland glee,
That cheered the home, the hearts of you and me
Of yore. Ye matrons, too, whose childhood prime
Is merged in memories of that olden time,
Call up that hour ; and bear me witness too,
Of what in early life you used to do ;
How then on tip-toe cotton yarn you spun ;
How buzzed the band, and how the spindle run,
How moved the thread around the handy reel,
How dear old mother whirled the linen wheel ;
While at her knee the prattling baby stands,
Provoking grandma with his little hands,
To feel the forked distaff's flaxy curl,
Or ferret out the curious whiz and whirl
Of wheel and spool ; so fondly he admires.
The enchanting scenes of childhood's joyful day,
We cherish still, though fled like flowers of May.

Invention.

Anon advance the riper years of art,
In which inventions take decisive part ,
Whence generous genius prosecutes the plan,
To overcome the drudgery of man ;
Makes lifeless things impelled at his control,
To do the duty of a living soul.

Hence cotton gins and spinning jennies fine,
Outrun the wooden wheels of the olden time ;
Hence power of steam, applied on sea or land,
Expelling labor with a heavy hand,
Work startling wonders through mechanic skill,
To move the car, the steamboat, or the mill.

The Iron Horse comes next to greet the day —
A gift of Stephenson — now on the way,
With charioteer half hid upon his back,
Along where Merrimac hath led the track,
Bears high his head ; held harnessed to a train,
Fraught full of life, his energies aflame,
Loud whistling wild, and fierce impelled amain,
He skirts the hills and snorts along the plain.

When in the shades of night you chance to hear,
The screaming whistle of that charioteer
Afar — then note the belching smoke and fire ;
The train impelled as if by Pluto's ire,
Darts like a dragon, whizzing winding past,
As if from gates of hell let loose at last :
Yet takes a charge to distant realms afar,
And brings a kind return in peace or war,
Shortens for aye the tedious length of space,
Fruitful in freight for every clime and race.

Not less the Telegraph, contrived of Morse,
Makes labor less. Thrown out upon its course,
Full fraught with messages diffuses light,
Nor time, nor space, is measured in its flight ;
From state to state in every region hurled,
Skirting the ocean bed from world to world,

To bear the news ; to tender useful aid
To all the traffic of a foreign trade ;
To catch the culprit in his wayward flight,
And turn him back to rectitude and right.

'T is thus the "letters to the lightnings" given,
Flashed o'er the earth, reflect the light of heaven,
Make common cause for good with all mankind ;
So man progresses in the march of mind.
No less the fields in cultivation fine,
Through deep discovery in progressive time
Advance. The patent plough, the scythe for mowing,
And all things else of art, that seem worth knowing,
Invented now o'ercome the farmers toil ;
They make him monarch of this sacred soil.

Machinery.

By Industry that artful Lowell led,
By faith far-seeing which a Jackson had,
The noisy flood that o'er the breaker swells
Is turned aside to follow huge canals ;
Structures gigantic rise in prospect fair,
Cities that spread in beauty here and there
Adorn the valley ;* manufactories filled
With prompt machinery as art had willed
Her work — in stately ranks now line the shore
Of Merrimac. Now changed the torrent roar ;
Her fountains turned, flow down in tranquil stream,
And rolling round the graded hills between,

* The Merrimac now sustains seven beautiful cities and is renowned as being the hardest working river in the world. It waves its waters ninety miles from Franklin to the sea.

Through deep-laid channels never washed before,
Propel the ponderous wheel with mighty power.

Fierce then the wheels, alive with one consent,
Fly round and round, each on its duty sent ;
Ten thousand spindles, in their places spin,
Ten thousand spools, fast wind their fibres in ;
Ten thousand shuttles shoot across the web,
Fed by the mules, slow back and forward led ;
Fast roll the fabrics from the rolling beam,
Complete in beauty, true in thread and seam,
The sheeting white, the listed broadcloths fine,
Neat satinet, and carpets superfine ;
Bright gaudy prints, and blankets plainer made,
For realms remote, for home or foreign trade ;
Workshops with throngs the vills environ,
Magic in power, o'er wood, o'er steel and iron ;
Alive in thought, and helping one another,
Onward in handy art, advancing further,
Embracing all the works that man can do,
Through labor fruitful, and inventions new.

Come back, Tisquantum ! if above ye dwell,
Behold thy Merrimac, once loved so well !
Thy race had traced it from creation's start,
The white man turns it to the works or art ;
Survey its progress these three hundred years,
Since up and down, ye wandered here in tears,
Alone, bereaved. Call once again to view
Thy thick-set forest wild, thy birch canoe ;
Where now thy kindred sleep, as from the first,
Where pilgrim saints since mingled in the dust ;



TISQUANTUM'S RETURN.

Where now the ploughman trudges in his toil,
Thoughtless of what still lies beneath the soil.

Oh ! let us know, from what thy name inspires,
What is man's destiny ; what Heaven requires
More fully still. From realms eternal fair,
Tell us of hunting-grounds, of glory there ;
Where blissful prospect, Heaven shall fulfil
To generations onward, upward still ;
While purest fountains, flowing, failing never,
Shall swell the tide of Merrimac forever ;
Sure sign here given, of God's enduring care,
For what we see in heaven, in earth, or air.

THE END.

INDEX OF DRAMAS,

AND

ACTORS' COSTUMES SUGGESTED.

NO. I. — THE LAST NIGHT OF A NATION. — Page 1.

- BREWSTER English dress coat, violet colored; small clothes and green waistcoat; ruffled wristbands, broad-brimmed hat, knee and shoe buckles, and locks long and frosty.
- MAJOR SNODGRASS The sack-coat of an English settler and slouched hat.
- HULDAH An old lady's jacket, white cap, bordered, and blue petticoat.
- BRADFORD Cocked hat, dress coat, English small clothes.
- MASSON In uniform as an English captain of 1647.
- HOOKER Sailor's jacket, cap, etc.
- UNDERHILL Uniformed as an English captain, — blue, with white facings.
- WEQUASH With long black hair, face painted, girdled, and nearly nude (see page 307).
- UNCAS Plumed Indian dress, — fantastic (see pages 303, 305).
- STANTON Slouched hat, sack-coat.
- JOHN ALDEN Clothed as a gallant youth of 1650.
- PRISCILLA In tasteful habit, according to her age and time.
- THE NARRAGANSETT Adorned in common Indian dress (see page 307).
- SASSAMON Dressed half Indian, half English.
- HYPHABETH In large cap with border, heavy shawl, and drab petticoat.
- SASSACUS Plumed, apparently naked save the belt, paint, and plumes.
- SUSANNA Dress long-waisted, old-fashioned, homespun, and heavy.
- WEETAMOO Plumed, and in gorgeous costume (see page 303), and adorned with wampum, etc.

No. II. — MIANTONIMO. — Page 59.

- ROGER WILLIAMS . . . Broad-brimmed hat, small clothes, standing collar, heavy wig, and necktie ribbons.
- CANONICUS Plumed, in Indian costume, as a chief, locks long and gray (see page 305).
- MICHAEL Dressed Irish fashion, as in 1650.
- PETER Same as Michael, varying in colors.
- AGNES In dress of a servant girl of old; skirts red.
- MOSSUP In Indian dress (see page 307).
- MASON Uniformed as in the olden time, — blue dress coat, white facings.
- UNCAS Plumed, belted, and painted (see page 303).
- STUBBS In slouched hat and Quaker dress.
- PASSACONAWAY . . . Plumed and belted, painted, varying from dress of Uncas (see pages 303-7).
- SHIPMASTER English dress coat, etc.
- GARDNER Cocked hat and uniformed.
- ELIOT Broad-brimmed hat, knee and shoe buckles.
- PESSACUS Indian costume, varying from the others (see pages 303-7).
- FRANK FELTON . . . English lawyer's dress, and wig.
- AUGUSTINE In a habit, nice and plain, then in fashion.
- DEACON AVERY . . . Dressed as an English settler.
- QUAKER Slouched hat and Quaker dress.
- STANTON In common English costume.
- SICK MAN As in night clothing.
- WINTHROP Cocked hat, small clothes, knee and shoe buckles.
- NINIGRET Indian, plumed, painted, etc.
- JAILOR English apparel in fashion of that time.
- MIANTONIMO Plumed, clothed, and equipped somewhat like Philip (see pages 303, 305, 307).

No. III. — KING PHILIP. — Page 125.

- GOV. LEVERETT . . . A cocked hat, small clothes, knee and shoe buckles.
- KING PHILIP Plumed, belted, etc. (see pages 303-305).
- MOSELEY In uniform of an English captain of his time.
- FULLER Dressed the same as Moseley, but in a different color.

- MATILDA Clothed in the fashion of a lady of 1675.
 SASSAMON Dress, part Indian and part English fashion.
 QUINNAPIN In costume, as seen on page 303.
 ROWLANDSON Drab dress, in fashion of that day, — English.
 WEETAMOO In plumes, etc., as seen on page 303.
 WHITTAKER Dress common to young English settlers.
 MARY Skirts red, in the then common fashion.
 OLD JETHRO In Indian dress (see page 307).
 DUMKINS Slouched hat and habit of an English hunter.
 LIGHTFOOT Fantastic, in Indian dress.
 WATACHPOO Plumed, as an Indian warrior.
 ATTORNEY-GENERAL Small clothes, knee and shoe buckles, dress coat and heavy wig.
 COURT In gown and heavy wig.
 CLERK Dressed in the fashion of English settlers.
 MAJOR WALDRON In dress coat (English), broad-brimmed hat, long and frosty locks.
 MRS. KIMBALL In heavy shawl, with other heavy, weather-beaten apparel.
 PETER An Indian, in common apparel of belt, etc.
 SIR HARBOTTLE With white, heavy wig, knee and shoe buckles.
 WONALANCET Plumed, and belted, etc. (see picture on page 328).

No. IV. — THE REGICIDES. — Page 190.

- WILLIAM GOFFE English dress coat, broad-brimmed hat, knee and shoe buckles, long and frosty locks.
 EDWARD WHALLEY Same as Goffe's dress, varying only in color; wig, gray.
 JOHN DIXWELL Dress the same, substantially, but varying in color.
 SIR JOHN AYSKUE Cocked hat, Englishman's dress coat, etc.
 JO. BRADSHAWE Dressed English, and entirely in scarlet.
 MICHAEL MCPHERSON, In ordinary dress of the Irish gentleman.
 DR. DRUG Dressed after the English fashion, sack coat.
 KING CHARLES I. His apparel, as usual, evincing royalty.
 THE DUKE OF YORK In a boy's neat jacket, etc., as may have been the royal fashion.
 THE PRINCES In rich dress, as would have been the fashion of that day.
 AUNT MARGERY Dressed in the fashion of a Scotch lady of her time.

- JENNIE GEDDES . . . In apparel similar to Margery's, varying in color.
- KIANEMO Plumed, and in bright, fantastic dress (see page 303).
- OLIVER CROMWELL . . English uniform and Napoleon hat, with knee and shoe buckles.
- MESSENGER In jacket ; dressed as an English settler.
- NIMROD In the garb of a hunter.
- KING'S CONSTABLE . . In the uniform of an English bailiff.
- MRS. FLEETWOOD . . . Dressed fashionable for 1650.
- MRS CLAYPOLE Clothed same as Fleetwood, varying in color.
- RICHARD In hunter's dress, English.
- JOICE Uniformed as a captain.
- NAYLOR With broad-brimmed hat ; dressed as a Quaker.
- HARRISON, }
 PETER, and } Each in citizen's dress, as Englishmen ; sack
 JONES, } coats.
- SAGAMORE SAM Dressed mostly in Indian fashion.
- LEONORA Plumed, and in fantastic garments, ornamented (see pages 303-5).

No. V.—CHOCORUA IN THE MOUNTAINS.—Page 249.

- MR. CAMPBELL Dressed as an English settler in the wilderness.
- MRS. CAMPBELL Apparel common to her station.
- ELIZ. WRINKLE In neat English dress, common to a frontier life.
- UNCLE NED In a hunter's garb ; hat broad-brimmed.
- LOVEWELL In English officer's dress.
- ROBINHOOD In apparel as an Indian, painted and plumed.
- CHOCORUA Plumed, painted, armed (see page 262).
- MRS. TOBEY In height of fashion, garment long-waisted.
- LIZ. TOBEY Well painted and flounced.
- MEHITABLE In modest apparel.
- FREEMAN Dressed in ordinary apparel, wearing the wig of an attorney.
- INDIAN CHIEF Plumed, belted, and painted (see pages 303 and 305).
- LIGHTFOOT With or without plume, belted (see pages 305 and 307).

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